Collier's

AUGUST 28, 1948 TEN CENTS

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Teheran: Stalin makes commitments but insists on three exits

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

WHY IKE SAID NO!

By Marquis W. Childs

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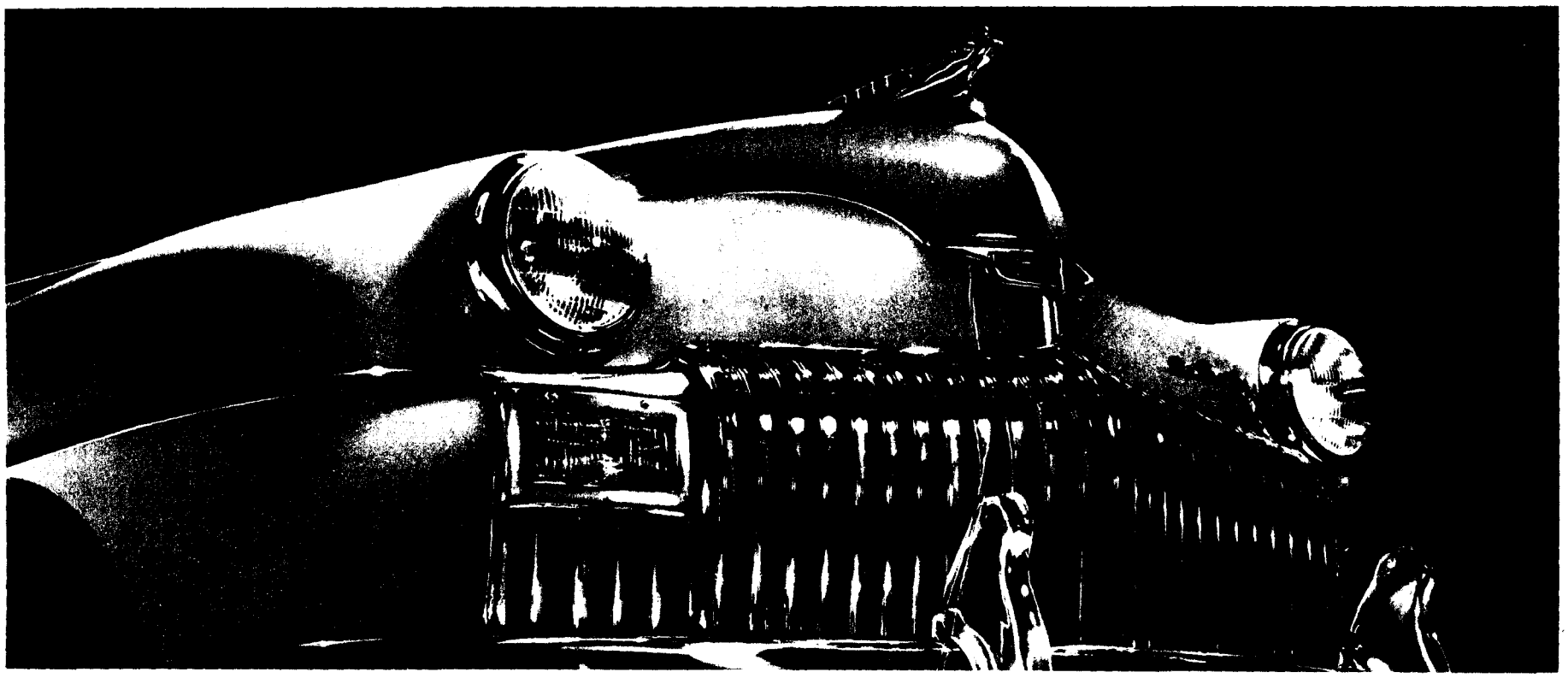

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COLLIER'S

August 28, 1948

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LASSIE

in

"HILLS OF HOME"

co-starring

EDMUND GWENN • DONALD CRISP

TOM DRAKE • JANET LEIGH

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG

Suggested by the Ian Maclaren Sketches "Doctor of the Old School"

Directed by .....FRED M. WILCOX

Produced by.....ROBERT SISK

When "The Green Years" appeared on the screen a few years ago it was hard to imagine there could be another tale so wonderful in sentiment, a love story so tender. M-G-M found such a narrative in "Hills of Home" and has now dramatized it magnificently in Technicolor.

The story was fashioned from the well-known sketches by Ian Maclaren. William Ludwig did a screen play that really tugs at the heart, and the director Fred M. Wilcox wielded his megaphone superbly. Robert Sisk, the producer, had the guiding hand in the production.

It has been cast with skill. No one but Edmund Gwenn could play so brilliantly the beloved Dr. MacLure who shared the joys and heartaches of his people. It is another Academy Award performance, equal to his well-remembered "Miracle on 34th Street".

Only Lassie could portray so intelligently the dog who at first outrages the Scottish homeland with his cowardice and ineptness in the stern tasks of the hillside. His attachment for the old doctor leads to what in human terms, would be called regeneration.

For the character of the Highland youth whose courage overcame great obstacles—the natural selection was Tom Drake, young hero of "The Green Years". His sweetheart, and most attractive, is talented Janet Leigh.

You will want to visit the "Hills of Home" because, as Tom Drake whispers to his sweetheart in the picture: "The very hills of the Glen are special hills. The sweetest hills of all. The hills of home."

M-G-M is proud of this motion picture and rightly so. It lifts the screen a notch. It is important because it is good.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

UNWANTED

DEAR EDITOR: When I read W. B. Courtney's article Unwanted in this week's Collier's (July 17th) it made me proud to be on his team fighting un-American "Americans." Courtney starts his article with a statement to the effect that the first boatload of DPs came over on the Mayflower in 1620. I as a Jew am glad no "patriotic" Indians objected to that landing because I the son of an emigrant wouldn't have been able to send four sons to the war zones so that those early Pilgrim Fathers' philosophy could remain a working sensible democratic force. What philosophy are these objectors using? Certainly not that of the Sermon on the Mount.

GEORGE BARKIN, Brookline, Mass.

. . . Never in my life have I read such hearts-and-flowers drivel. Comparing the DPs to the Pilgrims, indeed! Did the Indians publish heart-rending accounts of the persecuted Pilgrims in England and pass laws and raise subscriptions to bring them over? Did the fugitives arrive on ocean steamers, nourished on fresh food, attended by ships' doctors, and a safe arrival guaranteed? Did they land in a country complete with Social Security, vaccines, pasteurized milk and oil burners? In a pig's eye they did!

My heart bleeds for the DPs. It bleeds for everyone who is unhappy and uprooted. But let's be realistic. Life is uncertain and insecure for us all. A secure life is unnatural.

Let the DPs work out their own destiny. Let one of their leaders come forth with a plan for resettlement in Africa, such as Liberia. Or maybe even Alaska. Let them build their own heritage as our founding fathers did. Let them become great in their own way.

RUTH BINGHAM DE LAURIER, Hamden, Conn.

. . . It is to be hoped the article will arouse interest enough so that Congress will further a reorganization of the IRO to make it more efficient.

Humanely, giving these Unwanted a chance—a new lease on life—would be of inestimable value not only to them but to us as a nation. We would demonstrate to the world our greatness as a democratic nation by truly being a haven for the oppressed peoples of the world and not merely talking about it.

E. STENBERG, Monroe, La.

(Continued on page 42)

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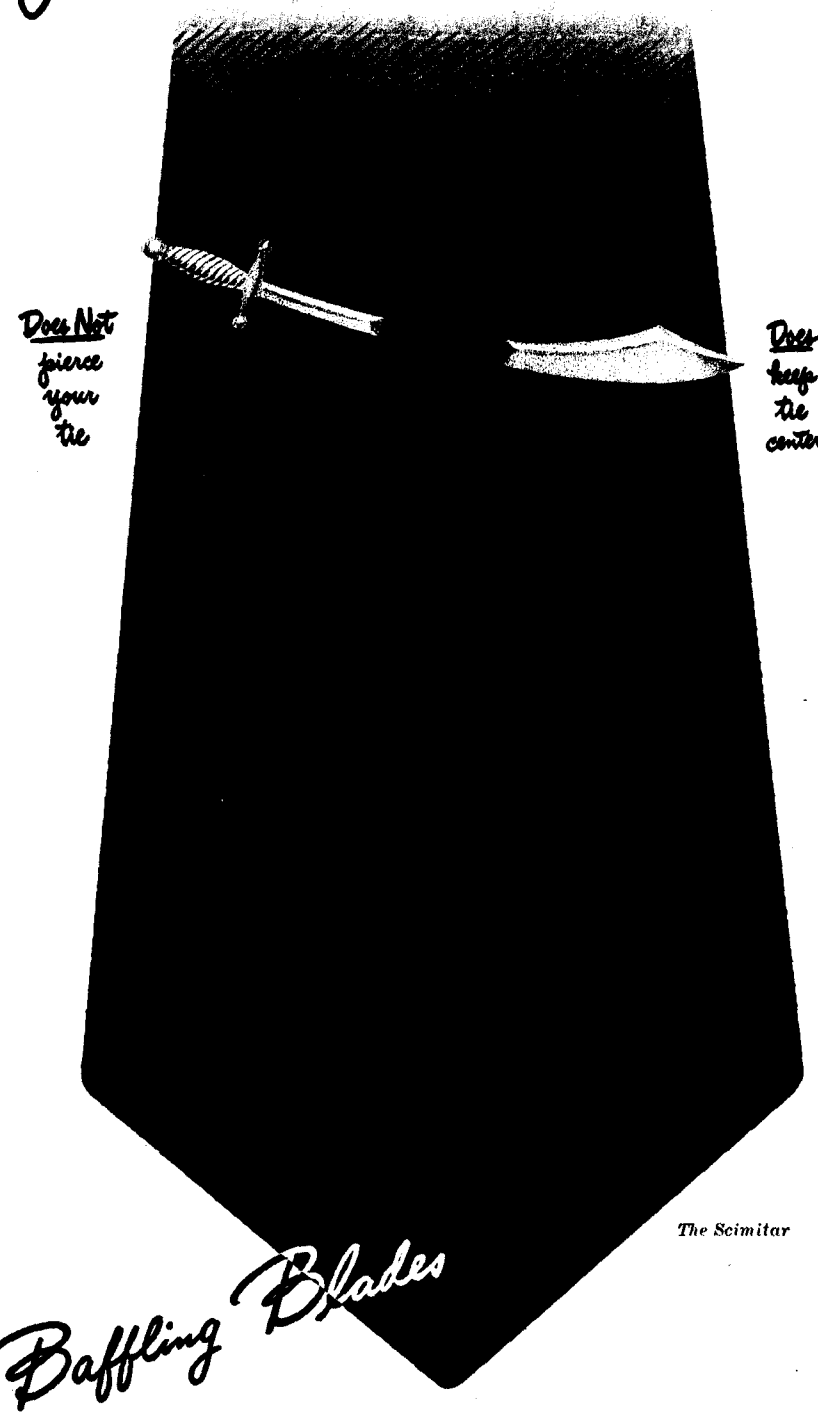

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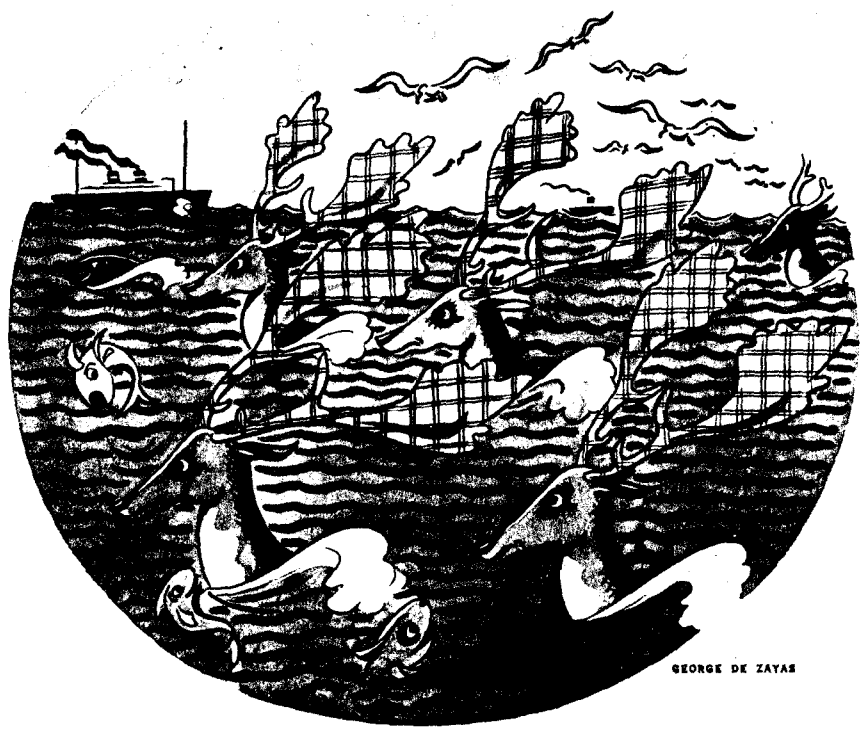

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of all wild animals, members of the deer family undoubtedly possess the most highly developed homing instinct, an outstanding example of which concerns a number of Scottish stags that were shipped from Scotland to New Zealand a short time ago. Soon after their arrival, several escaped from their new quarters and, days later, were found far out at sea swimming courageously toward home, 13,000 miles away across both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

One of the most impressive hoaxes of all time was perpetrated in London in 1704 by a French adventurer known as "George Psalmanazar." Posing as an educated native of Formosa, which neither he nor any Englishman had ever visited, the impostor ingeniously invented and wrote several books about his country's strange language, religion, manners, customs, geography and history. So complete and convincing were these works that Psalmanazar was accepted and lionized by British society until he revealed the deception nearly 30 years later. The books had created such faith in the man that few of his contemporaries believed his confession.

In 1912 in New York, fire insurance was still issued with little or no investigation, and arson, therefore, was so common that members of the city's fire department decided to publicize the situation dramatically. So they rented a cheap bare room, furnished it with a chair and curtains costing $4, and then one of the firemen, dressed in plain clothes, got the articles insured for $127,500, or nearly 32,000 times their actual value.

Special issues of postage stamps, when produced in small numbers as collectors' items, are so profitable that, in Liechtenstein, the income from their sale constitutes about one quarter of the country's total revenue.

Although the Marquess of Ripon was one of Britain's busiest statesmen for 56 years before his death in 1909, he also managed to achieve the reputation of being the greatest hunter of all time. Between 1867 and 1900, when his secretary kept an exact record of his hunting expeditions, the Marquess is credited with killing 370,728 animals, including tigers, deer, buffaloes and rhinoceroses, an average of 216 a week.

Among the scores of glorifying titles used by the native princes of India and Pakistan, a unique one is "Sawai" which is employed by the Maharaja of Jaipur, Sawai Mau Singi Bahadur. As the word means "one and a quarter," his subjects consider him 25 per cent better than an ordinary monarch, a fact constantly impressed upon them by his royal flags, each of which carries a quarter-sized duplicate directly beneath it.

A device that enables persons, while talking over the telephone, to see each other on a television screen built around the instrument was set up and demonstrated between two distant buildings in New York during the summer of 1930. But as it is too costly to be practicable, no attempt to install it for general use has ever been made.

A New York bookbinder makes a specialty of covering books with the material he considers most appropriate to their contents. He has used ostrich skin to bind a book on ostrich farming, human skin to cover one on dermatology, zebra skin on one dealing with prison life, lambskin on the Bible and sharkskin on The Merchant of Venice.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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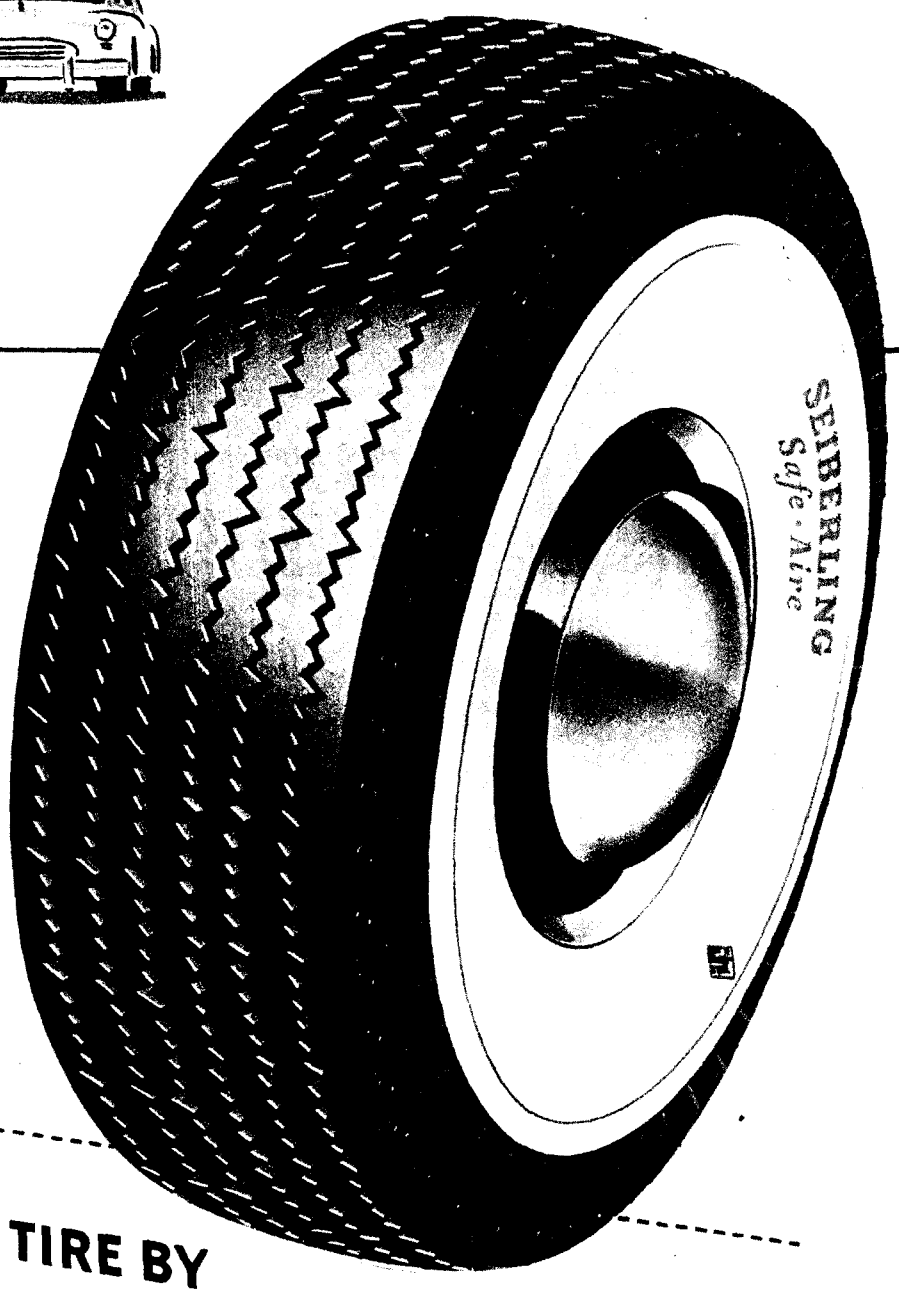
DANGEROUS: Running past School Safety Patrols is running head-on into danger, says the National Safety Council. *Teach boys and girls to respect Safety Patrol instructions.* Only with cooperation can Safety Patrols protect America's thirty-two million school children . . . Teach them to play safe!



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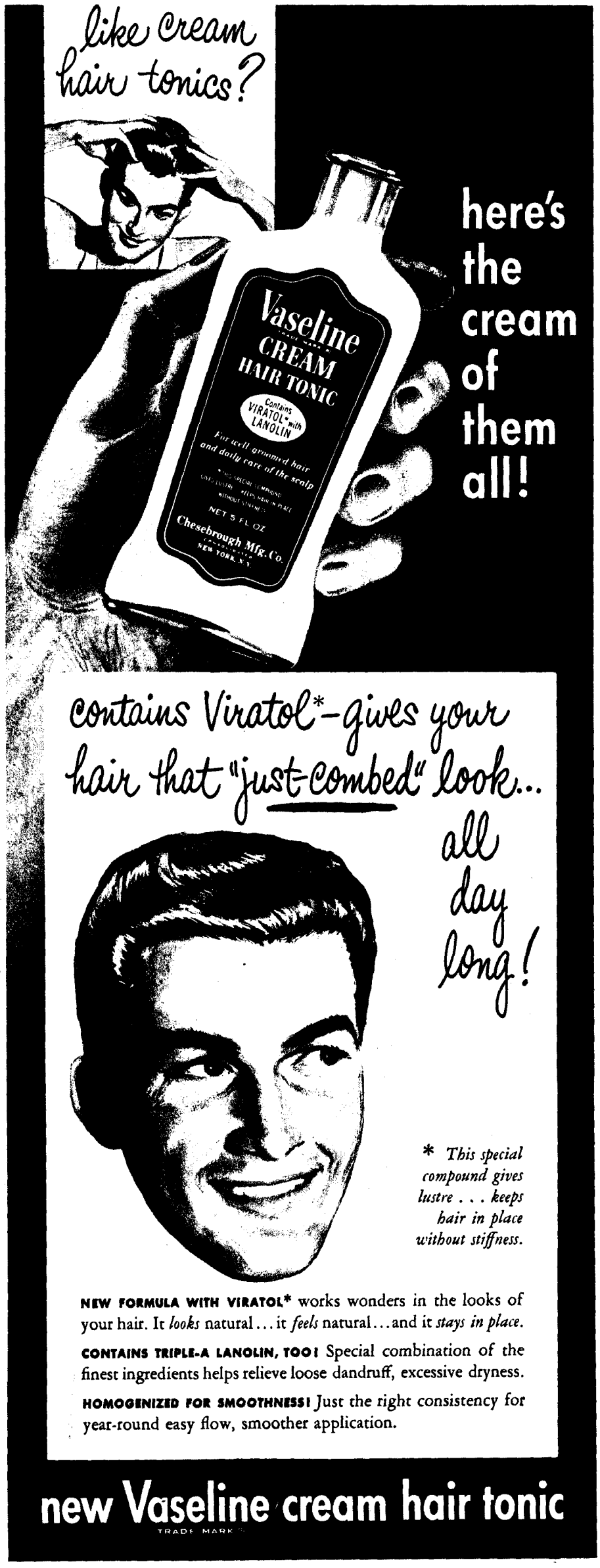

HERBERT GEHR

Reading from left to right: Ross, Ben Roth, Salo and Roir in an antic mood

THE cartoons on pp. 34, 50, 53 and 70, labeled Ross, Salo, Roir and Ben Roth, are the work of four brothers—the prolific and genial Roth brothers. There is one Roth sister. She doesn't draw.

Born in Austria, the Roths survived World War I and its aftermuss, then immigrated to the Bronx in 1922, bringing two earthly possessions—a sense of humor and drawing talent. Collectively the brothers worked their way through the New York public schools and into art schools, slinging vegetable crates in markets, running errands and freight elevators, and doing this and that.

Brother Ben started the boys on the road to riches. One day he submitted a "rough" to Collier's which promptly "okayed it." Before collapsing from excitement, Ben carefully informed the brothers—who promptly dashed off a few thousand roughs. Al, then known as New York's Leading Freight Elevator Cartoonist, from his habit of decorating elevator walls, made the second sale—for $15. He signed the cartoon Ross.

After that it was only a matter of tramping a few hundred thousand miles between cartoon editors, toting hundreds of thousands of roughs, and the Roths—now known professionally as Salo, Roir, Ross and Ben Roth—were operating humming cartoon factories. Today they average from 25 to 50 roughs a week. Combined, they can easily fill your magazine with laughter—selling gags by the piece, package or pound.

The brothers all married the same year—1937—and are busy raising more little cartoonists. "Let's see now," we thought we heard a non-Roth cartoonist once mutter, "four times eight to the thirtieth generation divided by 22 cartoon markets @ $25 a gag equals—"

MARQUIS CHILDS, the distinguished writing and radio man responsible for the political scoop on p. 14—Why Ike Said No—was lecturing a journalism class at Columbia this year when the new Columbia prexy, General Ike himself, walked in. Mark asked Ike to explain his secrets of working with the wartime press.

The general obliged by recounting how in North Africa he'd called the American correspondents together unexpectedly for an off-the-record announcement: the date of the impending Sicily invasion, about six weeks off. The general asked for absolute secrecy. What followed was exactly what Eisenhower had anticipated: The newsmen were so overwhelmed by responsibility they didn't dare to talk about any phase of the war in public after that except in a sort of code. In time they asked the general never to put such a burden on them again. They'd rather not know.

"That basically was how the general did it," sums up Mr: Childs. "He craftily found responsibility was the best honor system with newsmen."

WE ASKED Jack Finney, who copped the first of our new Star Story $1,000 Awards with his hilarious whodunit rib, It Wouldn't Be Fair (p. 20), how he'd done it. "I always finish a mystery," he admitted, "a little confused as to just who done it and why, and not even too sure who, exactly, the corpse was. Then my wife picks up the same story, and a few minutes later, about page 36, she says briefly, 'The daughter—obvious the moment she strolled in the grape arbor that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.'

"This sort of thing encouraged me to get my little burlesque off my chest before Hercule Poirot drove me to a well-padded cell."

When asked about his plans for the future of the Star Award money, Mr. Finney said he hoped to take a mail-order course which advertises "Follow That Man! You, Too, Can Be a Private Eye!"

This week's cover: Purl of Great Price. When Artist Wilson Cutler found his girl friend Marge entangled in yarn, needles and Argyles, and she sighed what a cover it would make—he agreed. So he hired Billie Darling, seventeen, a pro model, recently of Hollywood High, borrowed some half-done Argyles from his ma, begged a cat from a friend—and set to work. May the result be a welcome relief to all knit wits—and may we be forgiven for such a remark. . . .

TED SHANE

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The ride of the Year

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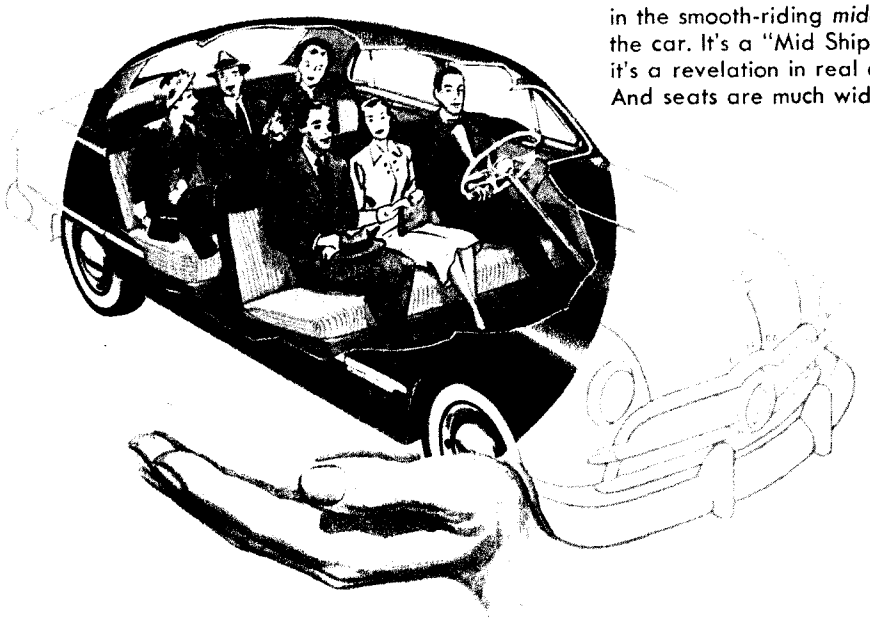

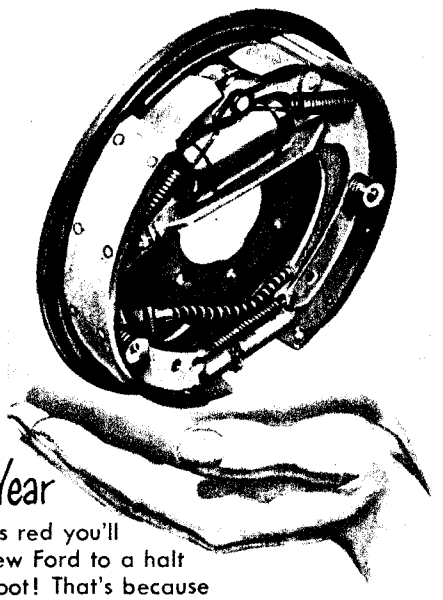

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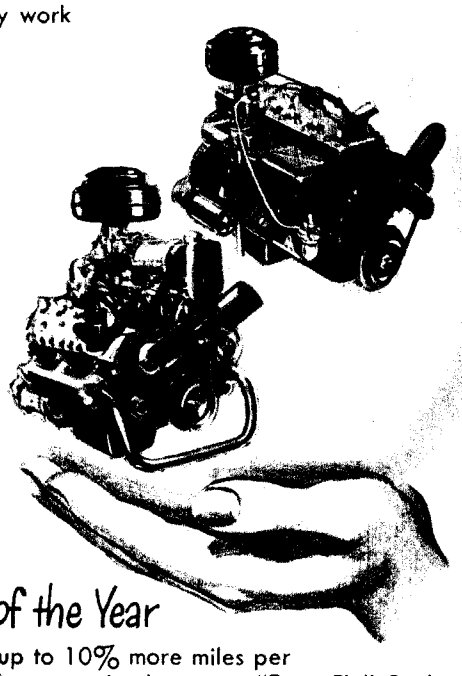

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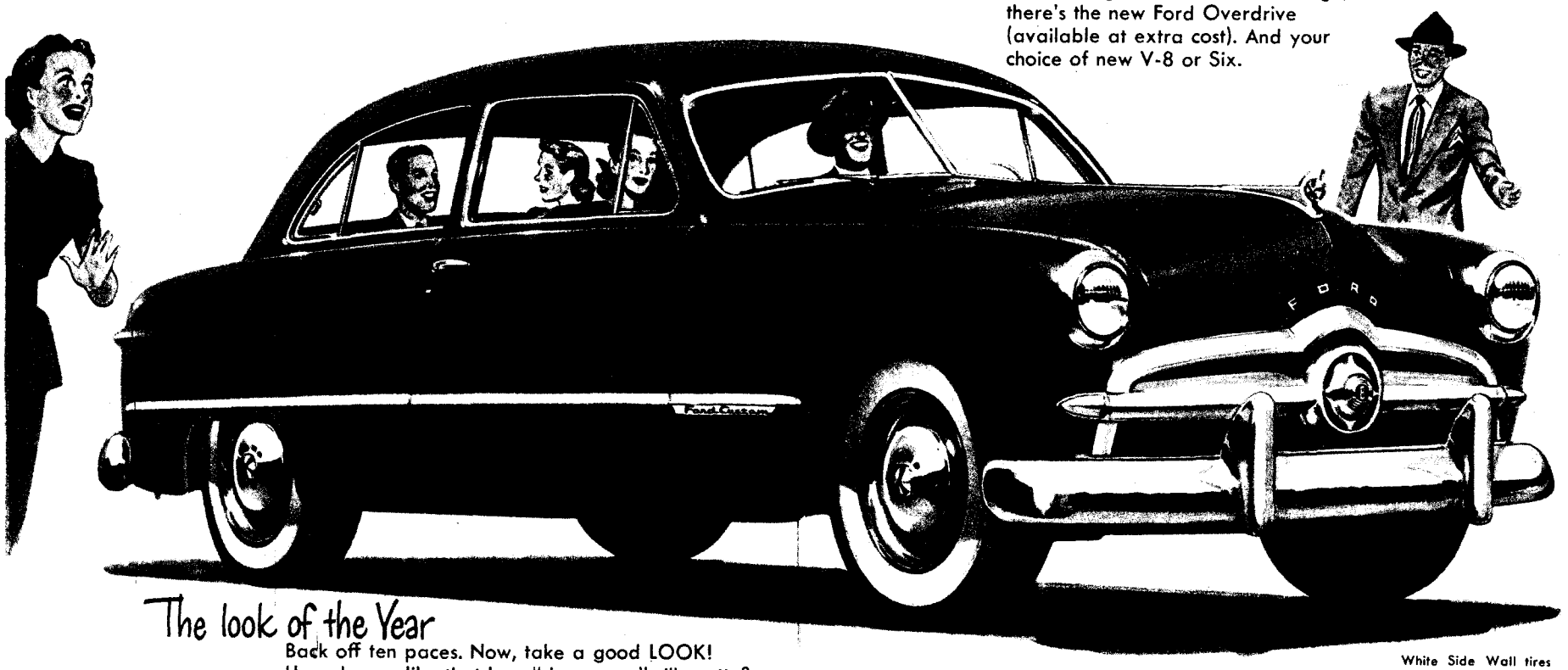

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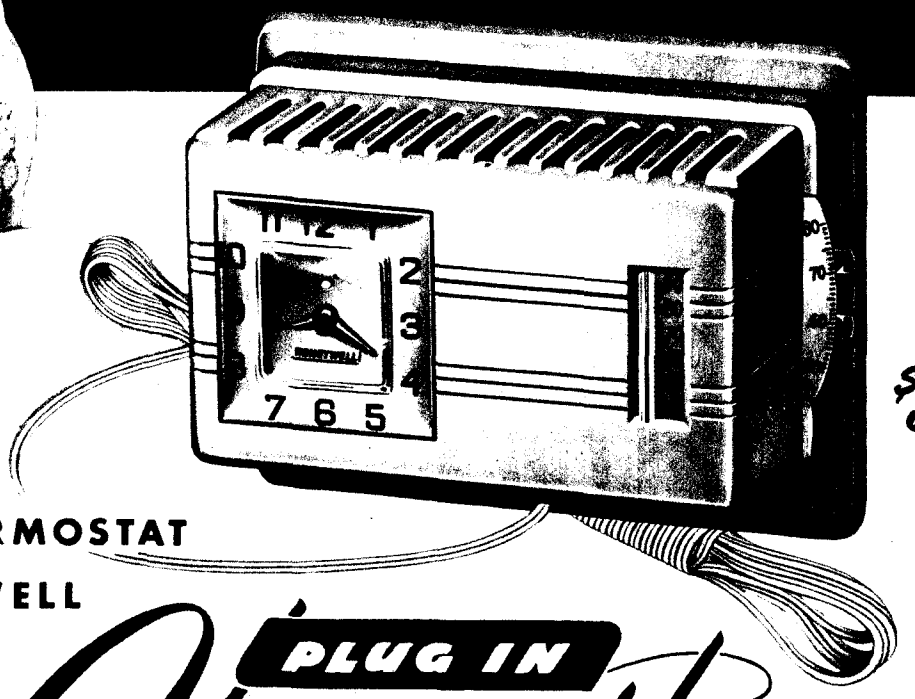

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SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Governor Warburton told his beautiful young secretary that there was nothing in his past to prevent him from becoming Vice-President. But a Washington gossip columnist found something—something that would smear like mud. Beginning a new serial of love and political intrigue

THE expression on Governor Willis G. Warburton's full, relaxed face was familiar. I had seen it the night he tried to conceal his pride and satisfaction as he read aloud a telegram from his opponent in the gubernatorial contest, conceding his election, and again the afternoon a three-year-old bearing the Warburton colors nosed out the favorite to win the President's Handicap, $50,000 added, back in the days when the Governor owned a small racing stable. This time I thought I knew what it meant; it meant that the Governor had a full house, at least. My hand was a nine-high straight.

Even though I was sure I would take a beating this time, I did not mind. It was good to see the Governor enjoying himself; it was good to see the lines of strain in his face relax. Campaigning is hard on the most durable candidate, even for the second man on the ticket, and Governor Warburton had campaigned with an indefatigable sense of responsibility to his country and his party. I was aboard his special train because I wanted to see him in Washington, Vice-President of the United States. I was there to help all I could, even when it involved bucking a full house with a nine-high straight.

Bill Evers, the Governor's press secretary, had dropped out when the Governor opened, and the other three players, all newspapermen assigned to cover the Warburton campaign, had failed to improve their hands on the draw. I was left there with a pat straight, facing the Governor's pat hand and looking into his pleased, amused blue eyes.

"Roy," he said, "this is going to cost you."

He said it like a man with a bludgeon, and a casual observer would never have

Clyde McDonald was just leaving the table when I looked in. Lucy gave me the high sign—but big

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guessed there was a ten-cent limit. At worst the hand could cost me hardly more than half a dollar, but the Governor had drawn his heavy eyebrows down over his blue eyes, he had set his square jaw, and looked as hard and overbearing as he could. Of course I knew Willis Warburton. I had known him for ten years, from the time I broke in as a reporter covering the Statehouse, when he was highway commissioner. So I was sure that if I were so rash as to continue the betting he would simply grin and show his hand, if he knew he had me beat.

"I'm raising you one dime, Roy," the Governor said.

The three reporters grouped around the table in the Governor's private car grinned because of his sonorous tone, like a carnival barker. They liked the Governor, and enjoyed these casual games of poker almost as much as he did, although later, they would probably continue the game at considerably higher stakes in the press car. They knew the Governor needed to relax

The Governor put his dime on the table. "It's up to you, Boswell."

He often called me that, because I had whipped out a campaign biography entitled Second Man on the Ticket: The Career of Willis G. Warburton. There was a pile of copies on a table in the private car, and the only resentment I had ever held for the Governor was because he had never read one, on the grounds that that sort of thing embarrassed him. He had helped little in the preparation of it, and Bill Evers and I had pieced the facts together from newspaper clippings and talks with relatives.

In the past few years I had written a couple of biographies, thoroughly researched and documented, which had been well received by the critics. I never asked the Governor if he had read them, but I knew he had, and thought well of them, and he called me Boswell as a sort of appreciation of my risking what reputation I had to write a campaign brochure.

I looked again at my nine-high straight, squirmed again. "Oh, hell!" I said. "I fold."

The Governor's bushy eyebrows went up and he pursed his lips. "Why, Roy," he said, with fatherly rebuke. "You shouldn't have done that. I have nothing." He faced his cards, showing two pairs. The other players laughed and the Governor said, "First time I ever bluffed anybody with a ten-cent bet." He grinned at me.

"Next time I'll call with this," I said, and took my Win With Warburton campaign button from my lapel and dropped it on the table. "You think its chances are worth a dime, Governor?"

"No comment," the Governor said. "Whose deal?"

Bill Evers reached for the cards, but his shuffle was interrupted by Lucy Strawn, the Governor's personal secretary, who came in from her office in the car ahead and laid a telegram on the table at Bill's elbow. Lucy had warm brown hair and warm gray eyes and she walked with a quick, mincing step that caught the eye and held it usually a little longer than good manners allowed.

"This came at that tank-town stop we just made, Bill," she said.

He gave Lucy Strawn a speculative glance as she bent to put the cards away. She straightened, and met his eyes

BILL picked up the telegram and read it with a worried expression. He usually looked worried. The duties of a press secretary are varied and unremitting, and I doubt if Bill had slept a night through since he took over the job when Warburton first ran for governor. He was a serious, nervous young man who stuttered a little when he was excited. Anything unexpected had a way of throwing him off balance, with the result he walked a daily tightrope as press secretary to a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but somehow at the same time he always managed to keep his center of gravity low enough to stabilize his head.

"Fellows," Bill said, with an unhappy frown. "I guess we'd better postpone proceedings here. Something important has come up."

"Yes, sure," the reporters said. They all stood up, nodded to the Governor, grinned at Lucy Strawn and filed out.

"Bill," the Governor began, leaning back in his chair and smiling patiently. "What's exercising you now?"

"Listen to this," Bill said, and read the telegram aloud: "Boarding train Marketville stop please arrange accommodations."

"Yes?" the Governor said.

Bill said with emphasis, "It's signed 'Clyde McDonald.'"

"McDonald?" said the Governor. "Clyde McDonald? Oh, you mean that fellow from Washington?"

"Hatchet-man McDonald," Bill said. "What does *he* want?"

"No doubt we'll find out," said Governor Warburton, and sighed wearily. "Did you break up the game just for that?"

"I did," Bill said firmly. "And there won't be any more poker games."

The Governor laughed tolerantly. "Bill, you're always issuing these secretarial commands, with a snap of your ink-stained fingers. May I ask why?"

Bill stuttered a little, it was the gauge of his excitement. "G-Governor, don't you know who Clyde McDonald is?"

"A newspaperman," the Governor said. "Just another columnist."

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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Kansas legislators give Attorney General Arn (left) only three men to patrol the state's 80,000 bootlegger-infested square miles. When desperate, Arn calls on Lou Richter, State Bureau of Investigation chief, for help

KANSAS STAGGERS TO THE POLLS

BY COLLIE SMALL

Stop us if you've heard this one: In Kansas you call up your bootlegger and after having a few you trudge to the polls and vote dry. But maybe this time—Oh, yeah?

SOME years ago, in front of the railroad station in Wichita, Kansans raised a shining monument to the memory of Carrie Nation. While it lasted it was customary for passers-by to pause for a draught of the cool water that gushed from the fountain and to reflect with varying degrees of despondency on the great crusades that have kept Kansas dry

Alas, that is only the way it *used* to be. The weary traveler no longer is able to lose himself in quiet meditation at that shrine of temperance. In the spring of 1946, the monument was knocked down by a beer truck.

Whether it was the will of the gods or a simple case of erratic driving that dislodged the tombstonelike chunk of granite will not be established until November, when Kansas votes again on whether to go wet or stay dry. On Election Day, Kansans will pull the levers that elect the governor, a senator, the usual complement of congressmen, and any number of local officials, each of whom will have sworn to uphold the duties of his office as they have never been upheld before. But the real issue, to be fought to the death, is prohibition.

This is a perennial issue, and while it in no way affects the availability of spirituous liquors in Kansas, there being plenty for everyone, it is a problem which Kansans enjoy grappling with periodically just for the moral exercise.

The last time the state voted on prohibition, in 1934, the late William Allen White, the Emporia editor, predicted that most Kansans would stagger to the polls and vote dry. He was right. When it was all over, the dry forces had won by 89,000 votes and to celebrate the victory a good portion of them toasted the cause with homemade Kansas Deep Shaft.

What will happen this November is beyond the ken of ordinary mortals who are still baffled by the paradox in 1934. One theory is that Kansans operate on the selfless principle that each of them is the only person in Kansas who can be trusted with liquor. The average Kansan is sure it is best that he keep it away from his benighted neighbor, who drinks from a pail. Another, more plausible, theory is that the voice of retiring Senator Arthur Capper, a lifelong "teetotaler," is still powerful enough through his many newspapers and farm journals to blow the Wets down.

Whatever the reason, the arrangement to date has been a convenient one, everything considered. The Drys

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BRYSON SNYDER

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WHY IKE SAID NO

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THIS is the story behind Dwight Eisenhower's "No." It is set down as I saw it at close range.

A year ago the Eisenhower boom began to take form. The general got the feeling that he was being stalked by a possessive demon that he could not shake off. As Chief of Staff he was trying to carry through the enormously difficult task of changing the Army from a wartime to a peacetime basis. To his office in the Pentagon Building, with the row of windows looking across to the distant dome of the Capitol, came many visitors.

Among them were old friends who had been with him through the campaigns of Africa and Europe. They would ask about his current problems. But invariably sooner or later they would begin to hint about politics and the Presidency.

"The thing that gets me down," Eisenhower often said at that time, "is that my oldest friends behave like this. They just can't seem to believe it when I say I don't want it. They kind of smile and—"

The hinting and the smiling and the direct questioning increased. To everyone who inquired, the harassed Chief of Staff repeated a statement made in his home town of Abilene, Kansas, shortly after his home-coming in 1945:

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

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"In the strongest language you can command, you may say that I have no political ambitions at all. Make it even stronger than that if you can. I'd like to go further than Sherman in expressing myself on that subject." (General William Tecumseh Sherman in 1884, when offered the Republican nomination, said: "If nominated, I will not accept. If elected, I will not serve.")

In the months to come, Eisenhower considered using the same language. But the second sentence seemed to him to violate his own sense of a soldier's duty. After all, as many of them were to remind him in a great outpouring of letters, millions of young men had been drafted to serve under his command. What he felt most strongly was that there should be no limit on the duty of any citizen, and particularly of any soldier, to serve his country in any way he could.

But in political-minded Washington, where ambition and a yen for power are second nature, the skeptical smiles grew broader. They refused to believe that Ike really meant it.

Last December the general and Mrs. Eisenhower were invited to a dinner at the smart 1925 F Street Club. It was organized by the club's sponsor, Mrs. Laura Curtis Gross, for a group of Pennsylvania politicians celebrating the election to Congress of Representative Franklin H. Lichtenwalter, Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Pennsylvania State Legislature. Lichtenwalter had defeated a C.I.O. candidate running on the Democratic ticket, and the Pennsylvania Republicans wanted to let the world know about their victory. They did just that—but not quite as planned.

Among Those Present at the Party

Significantly enough, in the light of later political developments, the faction behind Lichtenwalter was headed by Pennsylvania's venerable Joseph R. Grundy and his right-hand man, G. Mason Owlett. To make the dinner really an occasion, invitations were sent to all Republican bigwigs in Washington, including the candidates then under discussion. And surprisingly enough most of them came. Present were Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan and Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio as well as a stable full of dark horses. It was a gay party with no holding back on the cocktails and the wine.

When the men were alone for coffee and brandy, the conversation immediately turned to politics. With the facility and the warmth that are so much a part of him, Eisenhower began to talk about the plight of the country. Soon most of the others in the room were listening. He talked about how in the dispute between labor and management both sides were simply thinking of themselves and not of the country. The threat of inflation was consequently real and terrible. Because management was a more cohesive group, perhaps it could take the lead in forgoing higher profits to set an example and call a halt to the inflationary spiral. Thus the general held forth.

To the politicians present this sounded like the talk of a candidate. Apparently they could not credit Ike with holding a sincere conviction. A few nights later a radio commentator took to the air with a disputed version of what Eisenhower had said.

According to this commentator, "General Eisenhower, who has been mentioned as a possible Presidential candidate, propounded his views on how to cure the domestic inflation threat, and his proposal was that the government call in the big industrial leaders of the nation, and put the pressure on them to agree to reduce all prices for a period of two or three years, so as to eliminate all profits whatsoever. . . . When it was suggested that maybe the idea would not appeal to them, the general is reported to have suggested that the solution, then, would be for Congress to enact a 100 per cent tax on corporation profits, and use the proceeds for a program of subsidies, to bring the prices down by force of government."

Someone had decided to spike the general's candidacy by making him out to be irresponsible and a dangerous radical. Immediately a public row was on over what the general did, or did not, say. The only two newspapermen at the party, Frank R. Kent of the Baltimore Sun and Arthur Krock of the New York Times, both refuted the commentator's version.

What the public did not know, as the ensuing tempest raged, was that one of the guests came to Eisenhower with a remarkable offer. Senator Vandenberg went over to the Pentagon to tell the general how indignant he was at what had happened.

"I am going to make an affidavit stating what you actually said as I heard it. And I'm going to make that affidavit public," the senator said.

Eisenhower was smarting at what he considered a gross violation of the ordinary rules of hospitality. He had persistently refused to comment on the controversy in spite of a hundred queries put to him. Expressing his deep gratitude to Vandenberg, he said:

"I don't want you to do it. I don't care what they say. Just let it pass. They won't believe anyway that I don't want it."

This incident did two things: First, it strengthened the general's ties with Vandenberg, for whom he already had a great admiration. Second, it helped to convince him that the professional politicians in the Republican party wanted none of him and would do everything in their power to block him.

But with the year's end, events began to move swiftly and the boom for the general filled the political horizon. State organizations of Eisenhower-for-President were being formed. Offices opened to receive contributions from those who wanted to promote the campaign.

When the general realized that sincere people, perhaps thousands of them, would put up cash in his interest, he decided to act. With his friend, Major General Floyd Parks, then head of Army public relations, he discussed how best to put his refusal. It was at this time that a prominent Republican came to him with a proposal.

"What if I brought a half-dozen leaders of the party, including maybe even a man talked of as a candidate, would that influence you?" the visitor asked.

"That's not hard to answer," Eisenhower replied, "because I know it couldn't happen. I know that the people who run your party don't want me."

It was decided finally to put the refusal in the form of a letter to one of Eisenhower's most impassioned promoters. Leonard V. Finder, publisher of the Manchester Union-Leader at Manchester, New Hampshire, had written to say a slate of delegates pledged to Eisenhower would be entered for the Presidential primary to be held in New Hampshire on March 9th. Finder enclosed a front-page editorial urging election of the Eisenhower delegates.

For three days, spent mostly in the privacy of his quarters at Fort Myer, General Ike sweated out his reply to Finder. He wanted to make his refusal clear beyond any doubt, but he also wanted to be certain that he did not shirk duty as he conceived it. With the advice of Parks and two or three others the letter was gone over and over. When the last comma was in place, it was released by Parks with a significant memorandum which said that it was being made public "because General Eisenhower hopes through this means to inform every interested person or group that he is not in politics and that he would refuse nomination even if offered."

Each sentence of that now historic document had been carefully weighed and measured. Nevertheless, certain passages were charged with more meaning than others. One is the expression of "my conviction that unless an individual feels some inner compulsion and special qualifications to enter the political arena—which I do not—a refusal to do so involves no violation of the highest standards of devotion to duty." Another is:

"Politics is a profession; a serious, complicated and, in its true sense, a noble one. In the American scene, I see no dearth of men fitted by training, talent and integrity for national leadership. On the other hand, nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces. At least this is true in my case."

Disclaimed "Miracle Man" Abilities

In the immediate aftermath of his refusal the general felt a vast sense of relief.

"They were attributing powers to me that no man could have," he said. "They were trying to make a miracle man out of me. That's what it came down to. Well, I'm not that and I just won't have it."

For a time, at least, the letter took Eisenhower's name out of the political headlines. He was preparing to make the change from military to civilian life. A great many offers had come to him. Some were from business firms offering front jobs with large salaries.

The general was finally prevailed upon to accept the presidency of Columbia University at a salary much lower than some of the fancy figures held out by business. He was deeply interested in education and he felt that such a position, in the nature of a public service, was in the tradition of his career. But promptly a political interpretation was put on it. He was taking this opportunity, it was said, to build a bridge from the Chief of Staff's office to the White House.

At this time Eisenhower was also preparing to write his memoirs. He obtained a stipulation from the United States Treasury that since this was his lifework, the fruit of his entire career, he would be taxed not as though this were income but as though it were a capital gain. This meant the general could keep a much greater part of the proceeds.

So Eisenhower was sitting pretty. He finished dictating his life story and got ready to go away on that long-promised vacation. But the political hex kept bobbing up. Rumor got around that he would be the guest of George E. Allen on a golfing holiday in Georgia. Known as the White House court jester, Allen is a shrewd Mississippian whose friendship with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman helped him to climb the business-government ladder. One of Ike's friends came to him and urged him not to vacation with Allen.

"I don't care what they'll think," the general said with considerable heat. "George Allen is a friend of mine and I'm not interested in his politics."

As a matter of fact Eisenhower was the guest not of Allen but of William E. Robinson of the Herald Tribune. But news photographs showing Allen and the general together in golfing togs may have helped to get the Eisenhower boom moving in another direction.

A combination of circumstances had sent President Truman's rating in the polls tumbling toward the cellar. At the same time his civil-rights program alienated Southern politicians who began to look for some way to sidetrack the President. A popular candidate was the first necessity of all the dissident elements. This was the genesis of the Democratic boom for Eisenhower. And this one was even greater than the Republican balloon that had been punctured in January.

Eisenhower was hardly established in his spacious office in Columbia University's Low Memorial Library before a stream of Democratic politicians began to come to see him. At least eight senators and a half-dozen *(Continued on page 76)*

Julius Caesar, great general, smart man, refused the crown only three times. Dwight Eisenhower, smart man, great general, turned it down at least six times. Here's the story, told completely for the first time. And told with authority, by one of Eisenhower's good friends

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SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER

Katie

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

For all Sam cared, his ex-wife could lead her own life. But he drew the line at wolves like Sweetie Pie Venner, seven times married

IT WAS Friday night, the apartment was quiet, I had the whole week end free for work, and I was busy. I'd just diagrammed the molecule we were working on at the lab—one of the hydrocarbons, a tricky one—and was staring at it when the buzzer went bzzt. I sat there. After a minute it went bzzzzz-bzt. I turned around and looked at the door.

"Busy!" I yelled. "Go away!"

The buzzer said bzzzzzz—without stopping. Somebody banged on the door. Somebody began kicking the door. Somebody wanted to come in.

I listened to it for a while. By this time, any normal person would have gone away. There was only one answer. And there was no use trying to dodge. I was on the fourteenth floor, and she'd look in all the closets first thing. I put down my pencil, went to the door and opened it.

"What the hell do you want?" I said. "I thought you were in Reno?"

Katie looked up at me. She had a little hat cocked up on top of her black hair, a red dress, a pair of little black shoes. She was being a sweet, wistful, appealing little girl.

She said, "Darling," and waved her lashes. "I'm back. Are you glad to see me?"

"No."

"I came straight to you, Sam. You were the first person I thought of." She waved her lashes. "Aren't you going to ask me in?"

Without a tommy gun, how could I stop her? I opened the door wide and stepped back. Katie glanced over her shoulder, said, "All right, boys," and came in. The doorman came in behind her, then the elevator boy, then a cabdriver. They were loaded with luggage and pets.

"Just put it anywhere," Katie said.

I swallowed. I said, "Wait. Listen. Aren't we divorced? I thought—"

Katie looked surprised. "Why, of course we are, darling."

"But you can't just move in on me! Dammit, Kate, it's indecent!"

She waved her hand at me, frowning. "Don't be Victorian, darling. Where else would I go at this hour?"

All the hotels in town had gone out of business, of course.

"I don't care where you go. I've got work to do. Go to the Y.W. Go to the Travelers Aid. Go to—"

"Hush, darling." She wasn't even listening. She fished money out of her bag, tipped everybody and chased them out. Then she turned to me and took off her hat. She smiled. "It's just for a few days, darling. Just until I can get settled somewhere. You know I loathe hotels."

She hadn't changed. She was the same old Katie. A grown woman, an actress, with a career and everything. She made more money in a week than I did in six months, but she still needed somebody to take care of her. A couple of guys in white uniforms, say.

"Okay," I said. "I'll pack a bag and go over to—"

I stopped. She had that look in her eye. She put her hands on her hips and stared at me.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "Don't be ridiculous, Sam. There's plenty of room here for both of us. We're not children, you know."

That was what bothered me. We'd been married two years, we couldn't get along together, we'd agreed to break it up. But that didn't change biology.

I said, "One or the other of us has got to go."

Katie looked at me for a minute, and decided I meant it. "All right, then. If that's the way you feel about it." She came close and patted my cheek. "Dear Sam," she said. "You were always so quaint."

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Katie came in, followed by the doorman, the elevator boy, the cab driver. They were loaded. "Put it anywhere," Katie said

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

To Katie, anybody with a grain of sense was quaint. I gave her a cigarette, lighted one for myself and walked up and down. The week end was shot. I couldn't work with Katie in town. On the stage or off, Katie had to have an audience.

I stopped walking and looked at her. She was sitting in her favorite chair, running a comb through her hair. For a minute, seeing her like that, I got a funny feeling. The soft kind. Like a kitten. It was too bad we hadn't got along better.

"Look," I said. "I'm sorry. I'm glad to see you, of course." She looked up and smiled at me, the special smile, and I looked away quick. I said, "Did you have a good trip?"

"Oh, marvelous!" She sat up with the comb in her hand and her hair hanging all on one side. There were a couple of hairpins in her mouth. She took them out; her eyes were dreamy.

"Harold Venner," she said. "The third."

I said, "Huh?"

"On the train, coming back. He's really charming, Sam."

You could meet anybody on a train. That was what they ran them for. I said, "Uh." Then it hit me. "Venner!" I said. "Sweetie Pie Venner?"

She got a little pink. "It's not his fault if the tabloids—"

"They just print what happens. You're not goir to fall for a guy like that, Katie! My God, he's been married eight times already!"

"Seven," she said. "And he's a fine, charming, intelligent, cultured gentleman. And it's none of your business, anyway."

Romeo with bags under his eyes. Adonis with a hang-over. I didn't know him personally, but I learned to read in the first grade. Pick up any newspaper. Venner in an airplane, with a babe. Venner on his yacht, with a babe. Venner at the Stork Club, El Morocco or Coney Island. With babes.

I said, "Katie, listen. You're needling me, aren't you? You're not serious?" *(Continued on page 53)*

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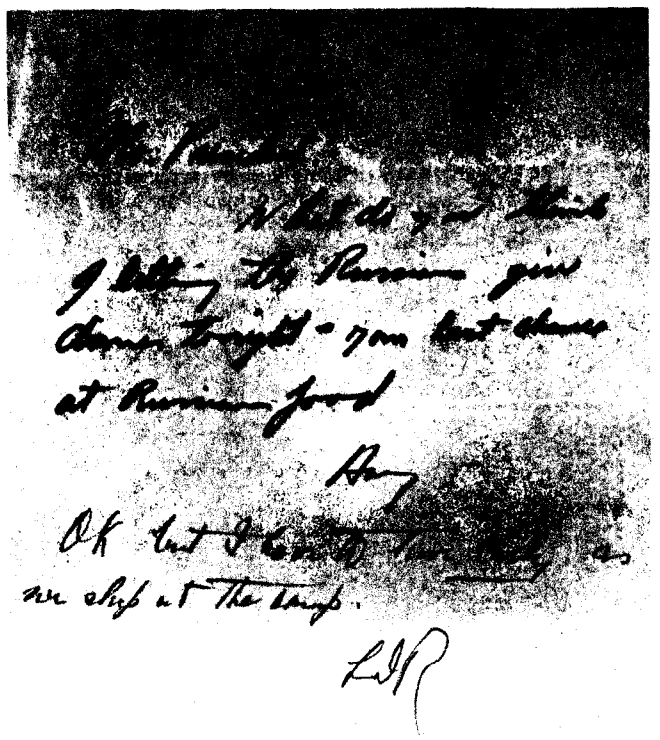

Hopkins scribbled this note during the last Teheran session, as the Allies continued to argue over Germany's partition. Roosevelt and his party left that night to return to Cairo

The Secret Papers of
HARRY L. HOPKINS

Roosevelt springs the United Nations idea on Stalin, and the Big Three plan the future of the world. Here's how the Allied leaders talked turkey at Teheran. Here's how Stalin the Stubborn listened, asked questions—and expressed his views at one of history's most perilous crossroads

PART XIV—THREE TITANS SPIN THE GLOBE

THE Second Plenary Session of the Teheran Conference was scheduled for Monday afternoon, November 29th. Roosevelt lunched quietly with his own household. His son Elliott had arrived that morning from Egypt, his plane having been delayed by engine trouble.

After lunch the President had a short session with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who reported their conclusions on the southern France operation, and presented memoranda they had prepared for the President to discuss with Stalin. At 2:45 Stalin arrived. Roosevelt said he wished to lend Stalin a report from a U.S. Army officer who had been with Tito in Yugoslavia and had the highest respect for the work being done there by the Partisan forces. Stalin thanked the President.

Roosevelt then gave Stalin three memorandums:

1) A request for permission for U.S. bombers from Britain to use Russian air bases for refueling, rearmament and emergency repair in the proposed "shuttle bombing" of Germany.

2) A request that *(Continued on page 70)*

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Outside the Russian Embassy at Teheran, General George Marshall (left) stops to shake hands with an old friend while Hopkins (center), a Russian interpreter, Foreign Minister Molotov, and General Voroshilov all cluster around Stalin

ACME

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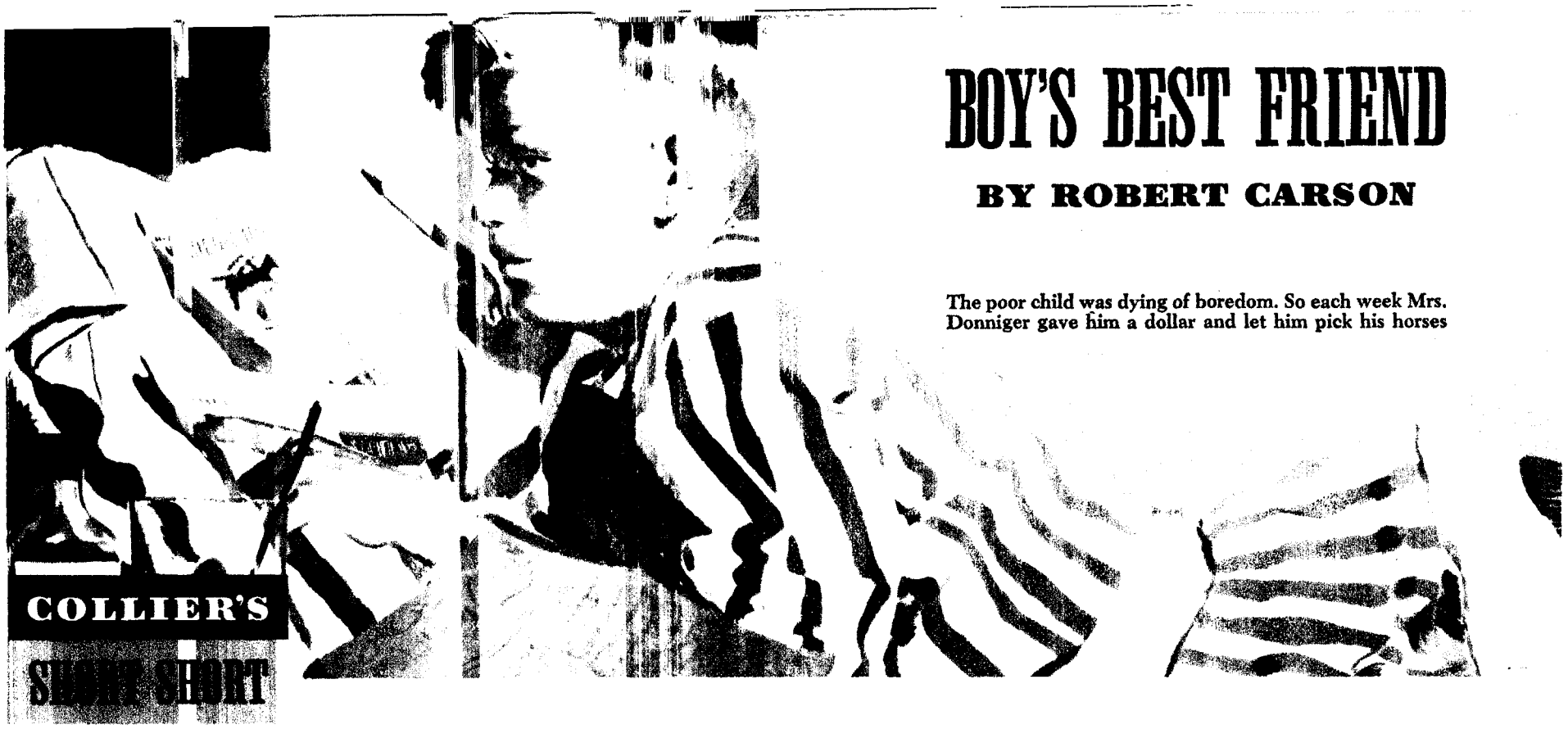

BOY'S BEST FRIEND

BY ROBERT CARSON

The poor child was dying of boredom. So each week Mrs. Donniger gave him a dollar and let him pick his horses

VAUDEVILLE died like a dog, but Terry & Alfredo (they were billed that way) went right on living. Living and dancing. They did ballroom stuff. When five-a-day was gone, Terry & Alfredo footed at night clubs and supper rooms and private entertainments from Portland, Oregon to Portland, Maine, and from Mexico to Manitoba.

Terry was the former Theresa Mulcahy. She had a creamy skin and natural red hair and a slim figure. Alfredo was the former Al Sullivan, of the Boston Sullivans. He was a black Irishman who managed to look somewhat Latin under colored spots.

The then Miss Mulcahy had met him in the early thirties, when she was a chorine and he was a chorus boy in a weak and trembling Broadway musical. Even before the show closed, which was pretty quickly, they were in love and married and dancing madly to a phonograph in a tiny apartment.

They stayed in love, even with the kind of life they had to lead. Terry was the serious one; she wanted to get out of show business eventually and start a dancing school. Alfredo was as happy-go-lucky as real Latins are reputed to be. He was satisfied with music and traveling, and he liked a social glass with his friends and an occasional small wager on the ponies.

Sometimes Terry was irritable and impatient with him, but she did realize they were very happy; Alfredo continually brought her flowers and he danced with no other girls.

It was Terry who bought the modest house outside of the city as a home base. It was Terry who had Stephen, though Alfredo pointed out to her that having a baby involved the risk of missing good engagements, losing your life, or even losing your figure.

Stephen grew up a quiet, good boy. He was serious and intent, and had high marks in school. When Terry and Alfredo were away on their trips one of Alfredo's old aunts, a Mrs. Donniger, stayed in the country and watched over Stephen with loving care. She was the widow of a trainer and breeder of horses, and thoroughly reliable.

In Stephen's twelfth year he contracted rheumatic fever and it affected his heart. The doctor ordered him to bed for three months. Terry & Alfredo were beside themselves. They had an offer to go away on a tour, and because of Stephen's illness, they needed the money. At last, with lamentations, they left him in Mrs. Donniger's hands and went dancing across the continent. When the tour was over, they rushed to the bedside of their son.

Putting aside a Racing Form that he was reading, Stephen greeted them gladly. He was feeling much better, being in bed wasn't too dreadful, and he was having quite a bit of fun. Yesterday, for instance, he had hit four winners.

"Four winners!" Terry said, and grew pale and tottered. "Stephen, what are you saying?"

"Just that." Stephen said. "One paid eighty-eight dollars to win, Mother."

Neither Terry nor Alfredo could think of much to say until they talked to Mrs. Donniger later. The good old lady was astounded at their excitement. She explained that the poor child was dying of boredom lying in there, so she'd thought up a little game for him. Each week she gave him a dollar in dimes and let him pick his horses. He could bet as much or as little as he wanted each day. If he lost his dollar early in the week, he received no more money until the next week.

Mrs. Donniger wished Mr. Donniger were alive to see the kid picking them—it was wonderful!

"I pay track odds, of course," Mrs. Donniger said, "and Stephen is into me for sixty-two dollars already. But I imagine his streak will break pretty soon— Is something the matter?"

AS SOON as she was gone, Terry dissolved into tears and sought Alfredo's arms. She said brokenly that the bar sinister had finally turned up —the sins of the parents were being visited upon the children. Stephen was going to be a lousy little racetrack bum. This was the end. And so forth.

"Oh, I don't know," Alfredo replied, in a suspiciously cheerful voice. "Give him a little more rope. All horse players go broke. On the other hand, if his streak should hold—" He stopped and gulped.

"Al, I warn you—don't go betting on any of those nags," Terry said. "I'll have you for contributing to the delinquency of a minor—I'll kill you or leave you! Why, you'd be an unnatural father!"

"All right, all right," Alfredo said, and gulped again.

Later on, he visited privately with Stephen. The child casually mentioned a horse named Fussbudget running that afternoon at Jamaica.

"I know that dog," Alfredo said. "He'll run out, son."

"No, he'll win," Stephen said. "I can hear it in my head."

"Ah—?" Alfredo said. "I dare you to put all your dough on him."

Stephen agreed to that. Moving with the absorption of a mongoose retreating from a cobra, Alfredo sought a cigar stand and put two on Fussbudget's nose. Not long after, Fussbudget came in and paid forty-five sixty to win. Though Stephen had him across the board, it took Alfredo's winnings and all the other money in the house to pay the kid track odds on the barrelhead.

A pale Terry & Alfredo regarded each other after dinner. "Where is this going to end?" Terry said.

"End?" Alfredo said. "Either in the poorhouse or on Park Avenue. If he stays hot, we'll be rich!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Terry said. "You're not going to use your own flesh and blood for a tipster! I'll divorce you and take him away!"

"Go ahead, divorce me!" Alfredo said. "I'll fight you for custody in every court in the land!"

"Remember," Terry said, rising from the table, "a boy's best friend is his mother." That night Terry slept in the guest room. Alone for the first time since his marriage, Alfredo couldn't sleep thinking of horses.

The atmosphere was tense the following day when Alfredo took Stephen to the doctor for a checkup. During the ride on the train, Stephen mentioned a horse running at Tropical Park named Night Out that he liked. On some flimsy pretext, Alfredo made a detour to Third Avenue and placed a wager. When he had a moment with the doctor, he tipped him on Night Out and kiddingly said the medico could use it in lieu of a fee. The doctor said he might look into it. Before they went home, Night Out was back eating his oats and had paid a hundred-and-two fifty to win.

Alfredo couldn't keep the news. His wife listened to him coldly.

"Suppose I bought you a mink coat?" Alfredo said winningly. "Would you see the light, angel?"

"A mink coat," Terry said. "I'd feed it back to you skin by skin."

She was out buying groceries the next afternoon when the doctor phoned Alfredo that the electrocardiogram on Stephen was fine and that he could get up and return to school. He also said he certainly appreciated that tip on Night Out and to forget any bill his nurse might send. Alfredo hung up and stood with perspiration forming on his brow. He was thinking of horses, and sleeping alone all the time. He went in to see his son and heir.

TERRY returned and found them gravely listening to the race results. Shutting off the radio, Alfredo told her the good news about Stephen. Terry wept and clutched her child to her bosom; and Alfredo had to wipe his own eyes. He got up.

"Well, I have to do some things," he remarked. "I'm sorry for the bad day at the track, Stevie."

"That's all right," Stephen said. "I'm sick of playing that game anyhow. It's for kids who stay in bed. If I bring anybody home from school, you won't mention it, will you? It might sound kind of silly to them."

"I guess it might," Alfredo said. "Now, I'll clam up. And—and I might buy you a bicycle, Stevie."

"Oh, gee," Stephen said, "that'd be wonderful, Dad!"

Terry followed Alfredo from the room and closed the door. He was mopping his forehead.

"How did you do it?" she asked. Her eyes were shining mistily.

"I touted him off his noises," Alfredo said, "and got him to shoot his roll on a couple of mine." He looked momentarily anguished. "He thought his father was his best friend and couldn't be wrong. I said he couldn't play any more now that he was going back to school. I—I had to do it for you. My feet get so cold at night."

"His father is his best friend," Terry said, "and he couldn't be wrong—Ah, Al!"

"I'll tell you something funny," Alfredo said. "The horses his noises gave him didn't come in either. His streak was over—I'm glad I did it."

Then he took her in his arms, and Terry & Alfredo danced rather happily. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

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Of course, the murderer didn't have to have red hair and a lisp, but according to the mystery books Annie read, all criminals leave clues. Otherwise . . .

It Wouldn't Be Fair

BY JACK FINNEY

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

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The editors of COLLIER'S have awarded Star Rating to this story because they believe it especially worthy of your attention. Each week Collier's editors will select for award of the Star Rating one short story. To the author of each STAR STORY a special bonus of $1,000 over and above the established price of the story will be paid.

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COLLECTOR'S ITEM

By Roald Dahl

For the best in fiction read COLLIER'S

"SUPPOSE you found this guy dead," said Charley. He stood beside the lieutenant's desk, hands in pockets, rocking gently on his feet, a lean young man, with an intelligent face. "Murdered. Shot and poisoned in his library."

"The library?"

"*His* library; *big estate in England.*"

The lieutenant swung his swivel chair toward the window behind him. The morning light cut across one shoulder onto a face made thin by years of insufficient sleep and grooved from decades of worry. "Out of our jurisdiction," he said.

"You investigate anyway," Charley said cheerfully, "and find that the dead guy's wife is a homicidal maniac, that her husband kicked her out into a blizzard on Christmas Eve, after squandering her fortune on another woman, and that she happens to own the Webley-Vebley 12-12 pistol which fired the bullet found in his brain."

"Someday," said the lieutenant, "you'll be too smart for your own good. Whatever you're up to or after, I have a feeling, amounting to a conviction that the answer is going to be no. I never heard of a Webley-Vebley."

"Annie would not be surprised." Charley took a paper clip from the desk and, lowering his head, began carefully bending it straight. "Furthermore, the dead man's wife had run a full-page ad in the local newspaper threatening to kill him, she was alone with him during the last ten minutes of his life, and in her handbag are three African darts each tipped with a poison which kills instantly by turning the blood into putty. You suspect anybody?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "Looks like maybe the wife did it."

"Typical police stupidity." Charley tossed the paper clip at the polished spittoon on the floor and it hit with a ping, then rattled inside. "Annie has often pointed out to me that we constantly leap to conclusions on just such flimsy evidence."

The lieutenant leaned forward, hands clasped, forearms on the desk. "Okay," he said coldly, "just who is this Annie?"

"Annie is a brain. Of frightening power. A marvel at murder. But a brain bounded on the north by gorgeous brown hair, on the south by a magnificent coast line, and—"

"Spare me," said the lieutenant. "I am an old, old man. Just how does this mighty brain work?"

"While we absurd police, satisfied with our ridiculous evidence, are lounging around the station house or stealing fruit from innocent peddlers, Annie is finding the more subtle clues which blundering police methods invariably miss. And she discovers presently what she suspected all along." Charley hitched his chair closer to the lieutenant's desk. "The wife is innocent. The murdered man's aunt, who raised him from childhood, sacrificed everything to put him through college, and who has been completely paralyzed for thirty-five years except for her ears which she can still wiggle slightly—"

"She did it?"

"Exactly. The rare Webley-Vebley is the only known pistol with a trigger so sensitive it can be fired by a flick of the ear."

The lieutenant leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the ceiling for a considerable time. "Colhaus," he said finally. "You know Colhaus in the Thirteenth Precinct? He has a daughter—"

"No," said Charley, "Annie. I am not interested in anyone's daughter but Annie. You may not understand—"

"I might," said the lieutenant. "Unlikely as it may seem, I was young once. The remedy in a case like yours—I should say, the cure—is to marry the girl."

"I can't." Charley's smile disappeared, and his face looked thinner. "In spite of some success during six years as a member of Homicide, Annie regards me as only a reasonably well-qualified moron in the field of murder investigation. From her experience," he said bitterly, "covering hundreds of cases, she has formed a very low opinion of police and their methods."

THE lieutenant gestured with his thumb toward a huge oak-framed display cabinet which hung on the wall opposite. Its green felt surface, under the glass, was paved with dozens of overlapping photographs and deadly mementos: cruelly sharp photos of bodies in every state of violent death, sullen-faced men and women, struggling or passive, in the arms of the police, actual pistols and blackjacks wired in place.

"You were with me on those," said the lieutenant. "Some of them. You did good work; sometimes. *Tell* her about them."

"I did."

"And?"

"Crude and slipshod work. We often arrested and convicted the first guy we suspected. Sometimes, in fact, the only suspect. And often very obviously the obvious suspect. Do you realize what that means?"

"Tell me."

"They were innocent."

The lieutenant smiled bleakly. "Yes? What about the Crowley case? Clear-cut."

"It was," said Charley gravely, "but it took two weeks to break. Perhaps you thought that was fast? Tell me. You sometimes stop to eat, on a case? Even sleep?"

"Yes."

"Fool. There is no time for anything but drinking. Naturally you are pitifully slow."

"This Annie is faster?"

"She often solves cases a full forty-eight pages before Perry Mason."

The lieutenant sighed. "Just what did you have in mind?" he said.

"Well, sir." Charley selected another paper clip. "Singlehanded I have been unable to convince Annie that the murders of fiction, filled with brilliant deductions and subtle clues, have nothing to do with the facts of life. I have told her about our cases. They are dull. No African darts. No guns concealed in the wall which fire when the first frost contracts the woodwork. *(Continued on page 58)*

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"Fine! Marvelous!" said the lieutenant, glancing at Annie. "Annie has given us enough to work on, the rest will be strictly routine"

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CARELESSNESS . . . THE CHILD KILLER

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

INTERNATIONAL

In California's San Fernando Valley, Sunday's fun at Hansen Dam turns to tragedy. Mrs. John Thomas (striped blouse) is told the bodies of both her children have been found

THE day was bright and sunny. Mabel, upstairs, could hear Ed, her husband, telling the boys that they'd leave as soon as their mother came down. "You boys get the lunch out to the car," he was saying, and she smiled to herself. Though the children were only four and two and a half years old, they loved to help. She was starting downstairs when Bobbie's choked-off scream made her dash for the garage with terror squeezing her heart. Ed, tears running down his white face, was trying to pull Bobbie out from under the car. Little Carl, dazed and uncomprehending, was slowly picking up the spilled picnic basket.

Their grief and what occasioned it is an old story to the police. Ed had climbed in the car and waited. When the children didn't show up, he decided they had been detained by their mother and that he'd better bring the car out. When he started backing, Bobbie had just stepped directly behind the car. It was that simple.

This tragedy is repeated up and down America, with minor variations, a lot more often than you'd think possible. A recent study by safety experts of automobile fatalities among children from one to four years old proved that. It showed that 10 per cent of these children were killed in driveways. And usually by a mother or father, who simply backed over his own child. Nearly all of these accidents could have been avoided if the parents had made a policy of backing the car into the garage, instead of driving it in frontward. For most of them this had been too much trouble.

This is one of the remarkable things about America—the casualness with which we kill children. Every day 39 youngsters under fifteen years of age meet with a violent, sudden death somewhere in the United States. That's almost one every 30 minutes.

What does 39 a day add up to in a year? Just about 14,500—all hopelessly, irrevocably dead.

These children were killed by what we call "accidents." Nobody's fault. You could say that these innocent dead children are sacrifices to our mechanized high-speed way of life, not much different from the innocent children sacrificed by ignorant, primitive peoples to appease their gods.

You could also say that what killed our children was the carelessness and stupidity of adults, especially of parents. You might think it almost impossible for a father to put his kids in the back seat of his sedan without pushing down the door lock. Yet this happens constantly from Maine to California. And, just as constantly, it would seem, the wind pressure yanks open the door and hurls the child out on the highway.

This happened recently to a Middle Westerner, who ran back to find his three-year-old son, unconscious, his head bleeding profusely. The father propped up the child tenderly on the seat beside him and started to drive at 60 miles an hour to a hospital. But at an intersection a car pulled out in front of him. He jammed on his brakes. That did it. He didn't hit the other car. He didn't even skid.

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Every day we Americans kill 39 of our children. We drown them, we crush them, we scald them to death. THESE ACCIDENTS CAN BE PREVENTED

drowned in the Johnstown flood, one of the nation's greatest disasters. But these children were drowned by negligence and stupidity—not water.

Negligence can cause drowning even when there's hardly enough water to do the job. Several hundred mothers this past year left their babies in a few inches of water in the bathtub to answer the phone—and came back to find them dead.

In a large Southern city one child was drowned when it crawled up on a chair—as it frequently did—in order to peer into its mother's washing machine and watch the plungers beat the foamy water. It amused the child and the mother—until one day the mother left the room for only a few minutes. The child leaned too far forward and tumbled in, her cries lost in the throb of the machine, her head battered by the plungers. She was dead before her mother got back. Note this: This accident actually began the first time that the mother permitted the little girl to climb the chair and stand peering into the machine. After that, it was simply a question of time and negligence.

Pediatricians say the main cause of accidents among preschool children is imitation, trying to do what they see grownups do.

Hundreds of youngsters drown each summer while swimming. The American Red Cross, which has been tabulating and analyzing swimming drownings for years, can tell you who is going to drown, where and why. "It's this way," said one of the chief lifeguard instructors. "About 80,000,000 go to the beaches and pools every year. Actually, half of these people can't swim a stroke and have sense enough not to go near the water. We don't have to worry about them.

"But the other half—they all think they can swim. Actually only 10 per cent, just one out of 10, of them, really can swim. The rest can swim a little, but they are not as good as they think they are—and they do the drowning. Most of them are young boys, twelve to fourteen, trying to show off." Most drownings occur in water from seven to nine feet deep and within 10 yards of safety!

Newspaper files bear out these findings. The words "drowned while attempting to swim to . . ." occur again and again. The object to which the victim was trying to swim—a float, a boat, the opposite shore—was always too far, and the swimmer overestimated his skill and his strength.

The lives of many of these young swimmers would have been saved if they had been taught that they weren't really *(Continued on page 66)*

He just drove his son's already battered head into the dashboard clock. At 60 miles an hour, which was the speed the child's body continued to travel when the brakes were jammed on, his head was hurled into the dashboard at a speed of 88 feet per second.

This man might have saved his child's life if he had laid him down. But his real mistake was speeding. The accident record books are full of cases of emotionally upset people crashing while en route to or from other wrecks.

Today, carelessness, stupidity and negligence on the part of adults have reached the point where "accidents" are the chief cause of death among children. They outrank all diseases. To quote Pediatrics, the medical journal of doctors specializing in child care, "Accidents not only kill more children but also, in the ages of one to fourteen inclusive, accidents take as many lives as pneumonia, diarrhea and enteritis, measles, diphtheria, meningitis, poliomyelitis, whooping cough and scarlet fever combined."

Children are scalded to death, blown to bits by war souvenirs, electrocuted by frayed wires, poisoned, burned, suffocated and killed by animals. The two most frequent causes of death, automobiles and drownings, claim their highest toll in the summer months. Together, they are responsible for nearly half the deaths of children in accidents.

Tots Drown in Very Shallow Water

Take drowning. It is a simple case of suffocation in water or some other fluid. Children have drowned in rain barrels, watering troughs, aquariums and oilcans. Two years ago, a two-year-old drowned in a mudhole on his father's farm. He wandered off by himself, stepped into the mudhole, sank up to his knees and couldn't step out. Eventually he lost his balance, fell forward on his face—and drowned in less than an inch of water.

Each year many children drown in those pretty fish ponds that have become fashionable on suburban lawns. Though such ponds are only a few inches deep, they are certain death for unsupervised toddlers. In one tragic case two small boys, one four years old and the other two, were drowned simultaneously. They had been left alone by the shallow pool, to play with their sailboats. The younger child's boat sailed toward the center of the pond, and he reached for it. As he toppled in, the other child grabbed him. Their heads struck, knocking them both unconscious. They drowned immediately. That's how the coroner reconstructed it.

In Dayton, Ohio, a father whose son was a polio victim, remembered that Franklin D. Roosevelt had swum to strengthen his weakened leg muscles. So he took the boy swimming in deep water. The son was quickly exhausted and the father, an inexpert swimmer himself, could not save him.

Altogether about 2,200 children drown each year, most of them during the 90-day period from June through August. Just about that many people

INTERNATIONAL

Rescuers bring in body of Mrs. Thomas' 9-year-old son. He and Patricia, aged 7, wandered from a family picnic and drowned fifteen feet from shore. They were not found till Monday

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24

Rain in the Night

You could say Monsieur Noé was crazy—and you could hope to Heaven you were right

IF I had not heard Professor Berthot's series of lectures on comparative psychology, I do not pretend that I would be questioning, even at this late stage, the popular explanation of Monsieur Noé's strange state of mind.

I am the village schoolmaster in a southern region of Algeria, and last year I attended a teachers' summer course at the *école normale* in Bouzarea. It was here that the Professor lectured.

So deeply did he impress me, that I have since devoted a great deal of my spare time to the study of this absorbing subject, and it is because of the extensive reading I have done that I am able to advance an altogether more plausible interpretation of the happenings of the past few months.

I have said nothing to my friends. They have never heard of Professor Berthot, and they would imagine me to be talking through my hat. Yet it is the Noé affair which tonight has brought them all together, has made them gather here in this room.

From my corner table in the Bar Pigalle I can watch them without fear of interruption, except perhaps from Simone, and at the moment she is helping Madame Ramera behind the zinc-topped counter.

There is certainly a large crowd. They have been drinking steadily for an hour or more, and now the rising hum of their conversation does much to drown the drumming of the rain on the tin roof.

If I were to ask any one of them his opinion—even the Notary, whose broad back is toward me, or the Curé, whose face shows like a rosy moon above the former's shoulder—it would be indistinguishable from that of his companions.

"But, my poor friend, it is as plain as the nose on your face! Aristide Noé has the desert madness."

As an explanation, this sounds rational enough. Our village lies close to the desert, and in summer the intense heat has been known to make quite normal people behave in the most peculiar fashion. If they are badly affected, we say that they have "desert madness"—although it would probably be more accurate to describe them as suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Yet however likely such a thing may seem at first sight, I am certain in my own mind that this is *not* what has happened to Aristide Noé. To begin with, the facts hardly fit. He came to the region a great many years ago, and it is difficult to imagine him succumbing to its rigors at this stage. Furthermore, the first evidence we have of his derangement dates from the cool of the year—a point which seems conveniently to have escaped people's notice.

The answer lies elsewhere, and, in a manner of speaking, I came to suspect this before the question ever posed itself.

After my return from the *école normale*, the

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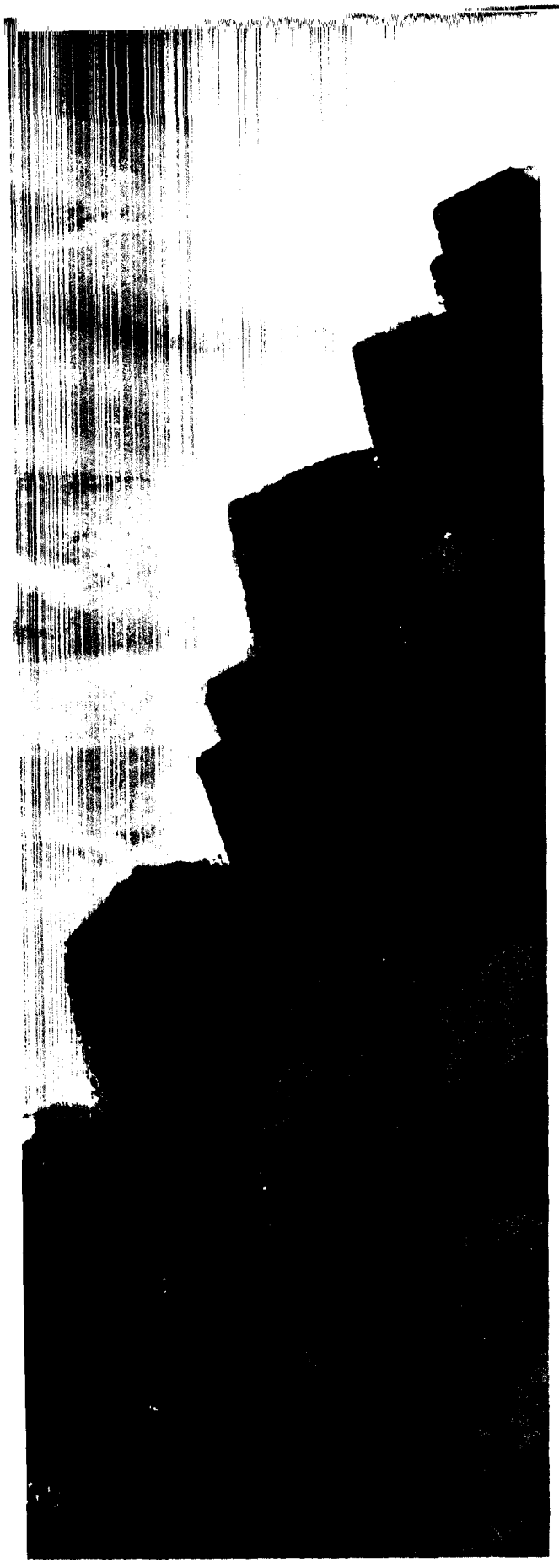

study of my fellow creatures exercised an increasing fascination over me. I amused myself by trying to classify the people I knew, and I admit to deriving a certain amount of private pleasure from deciding that whereas old Monsieur So-and-so showed some of the tendencies of a schizophrenic, the elderly spinster who lived in the cottage opposite him was very obviously a hypochondriac.

In this game, which was no more than a harmless outlet for my new enthusiasm, none roused my curiosity so violently nor eluded my diagnosis so completely as Monsieur Noé. If I succeeded in detecting neurotic symptoms among my acquaintances, I was quite unable to pin him down. I told myself that it was because I saw too little of him.

He lives in a remote farmstead some miles from the village. There, with his old woman, his three sallow-skinned, ill-favored sons, and a handful of half-starved Berber tribesmen, he raises sheep which are marketed in the coastal towns far away across the mountains to the north.

Visitors have never been encouraged, and all we ever see of the family is when one of them drives down to the village in a dilapidated Peugeot to buy stores and collect the mail. That has normally been once a week. Latterly, their visits have been less frequent.

My interest in the old man was instinctive, and at the start had nothing to do with his odd Biblical name, the dreary wilderness in which he preferred to seclude himself, nor even the animosity he plainly bore the world at large.

Nothing happened to justify my interest until the arrival of the timber in January. I remember the event with great clearness, although at the time I did not recognize its significance.

IT WAS New Year's Day, and my thirtieth birthday. I had to buy stamps. The air blew cool and sweet as I crossed the square, and above me the palm fronds moved lazily against the silver-blue of the sky. By the fountain some children were playing hopscotch. Old Madame Baudin sat in her customary place at the entrance to the post office, knitting busily. She is very deaf now, and so she lets her niece, Simone, do most of the work; but as I passed, she lowered her needles for an instant. In that way she salutes her friends.

I pushed my way through the bead curtain into the dim interior. Simone, who not only registers the mail and sells the stamps, but has to operate the switchboard for all incoming and outgoing calls, was taking a telegram. I rested my elbows on the counter.

"Oui . . . oui, d'accord. Oui, monsieur . . . entendu."

The earphones were perched on her honey-colored hair. I could see the movement of her slender wrist as she wrote down the message in her large childish hand. When it was finished, she read it back. It was to Monsieur Noé. I could not avoid overhearing.

"Timber arrives Aumale railhead Monday, third January," ran the telegram. "Arrange collection." There was some name in signature, but I have forgotten what it was.

"That's strange," I said. Simone pulled off the earphones and turned toward me. There was a mischievous smile on her face.

"What's strange?"

"Old Noé wanting timber."

"You had no business to listen in."

"I know I hadn't, but it's strange, just the same."

The Noés are a miserly family, and timber is a costly item.

"Perhaps he wants to build a hencoop."

"Or a cage for those three apes," I suggested unkindly.

Simone gave me a reproving look.

"The Noé boys aren't so bad."

"How do you know?" I demanded jealously. She leaned across the counter and kissed me softly on the mouth.

"Happy birthday," said Simone. . . .

Three days later the timber started to pass through the village on its way to the Noé farm.

The lorries bringing it from Aumale, thirty miles to the north of us, were laden with heavy beams and stacked high with lengths of planking. It took them several journeys, over a space of days, to complete the job. So much timber must have been worth a fortune.

For weeks afterward we wondered what old Noe could be up to. One or two enthusiastic spies made their way to a point overlooking the farmstead. They could only report that the timber had been laid on a small plateau behind the main group of buildings; there was no activity so far to suggest for what purpose it was to be used.

The days went by, and the sun rose higher and higher in the sky. People's minds turned in upon themselves. Curiosity in the Noé project waned. Nobody could muster the energy to go spying any more. We drank or we smoked kef or we made love. If we had to, we worked.

One evening in July, I was sitting in the Bar Pigalle, playing dominoes with Louis Masson. It was breathlessly hot. Madame Ramera, who has run the bar since her husband's death, stood watching us, her hands on her hips. The cotton frock she wore clung damply to her great shapeless body. The glossy black hair was scraped back from her handsome head and pinned in a knot on the nape of her neck. She has fine dark eyes, and a smile of quite dazzling whiteness.

"I hear you were thrown out of the Tendre Logis last night," she said to Louis.

"I was drunk," he replied simply. "One of the girls complained. You know what old Madame Ruad is!"

Madame Ramera chuckled. Louis is a nice, gay lad of whom she approves. He works as a lineman with the telegraphic service and is billeted in the village.

"Well, she did quite right," declared Madame Ramera firmly. "If *she* didn't take care of her girls, I'd like to know who would."

Louis appealed to me, a grin on his snub-nosed face. "Just listen to her! You can agree with everything she says, and she still wants to start an argument."

Madame Ramera laughed. It was deep and pleasant to hear. A few years ago, before her figure went, she must have been quite a girl.

Jean Nattier, from the *gendarmerie,* strolled in.

"By the way," he called to Louis, "Simone would like to see you. The line's down somewhere between here and Aumale."

This was bad news for Louis. The thought of having to check the line northward for fifteen miles or so in the broiling weather we were enduring just then was enough to make a man weep.

"Let's go and have a word with Simone," I suggested.

It was like an oven in the square. An Arab, muffled up in his burnoose, lay dozing on the steps of the fountain. Near by a stray cur was investigating an unemptied refuse bin. Ticks, horribly bloated, hung like white grapes from its ears.

In the post office it was less oppressive. Simone looked at Louis with sympathy in her gray eyes. The line *was* down.

"Look," I told Louis, "don't go out today. There's a chance the damage is the Aumale end, and they'll send someone out to patch it up. If it isn't fixed by the morning, you can get away to an early start while it's still cool."

The idea appealed to Louis.

"I might even come along with you."

"Yes, but I've only got a motorbicycle," he protested.

Simone supported me.

"It's a fine idea!" she cried. "You can ride pillion and watch the cable for a break while Louis drives."

And so it was agreed.

NEXT morning the line was still dead, and Louis and I were away before sunup. It was deliciously fresh. My head felt clear for the first time in weeks.

The sound of the engine shattered the sleeping street, and the houses fell away like pale ghosts in the dawn. We rode northward through a land sun-charred and dreary. No green of any kind relieved the eye. Here and there, formations of lava and sandstone stuck like white and red bones through the seared skin of soil.

Our pace was leisurely, and I do not suppose we had covered more than six miles when I spotted the break. In fact, it was not a break but a cut. The work of Bedouins, Louis said. It was a habit they had. The penalty if they are caught is severe, but if they need the wire—to make a bangle for a wife or to repair some object—they do not hesitate to cut it from the line.

Louis wasted no time. He wanted to complete the job before it got hot. I watched him idly for a moment or two, for there was nothing I could do to help. I looked around in the rising dawn and decided to take a stroll.

It was only then that I realized where I was. If I climbed to the top of the hill at the base of which we now were, I would get a clear view of the Noe farmstead. The going looked rough, but there was not more than half a mile to cover.

Remembering the timber, all my old curiosity flared up again. When I told Louis, now perched comfortably at the top of a telegraph pole, where I was going, he only grunted in reply. He was holding a pair of pliers between his teeth.

I had been climbing for ten minutes or so, when the light strengthened, and I saw the sun pushing upward like a hot coin beyond the rim of a table-topped mountain. The eastern flanks of the giant boulders through which I now picked a path were washed in rosy light, but westward their shadows raced opaque and blue. *(Continued on page 62)*

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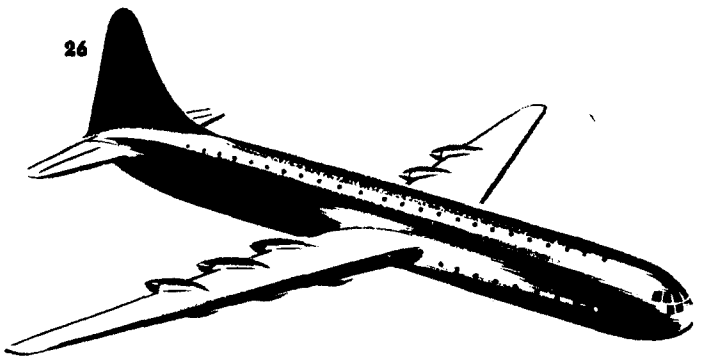
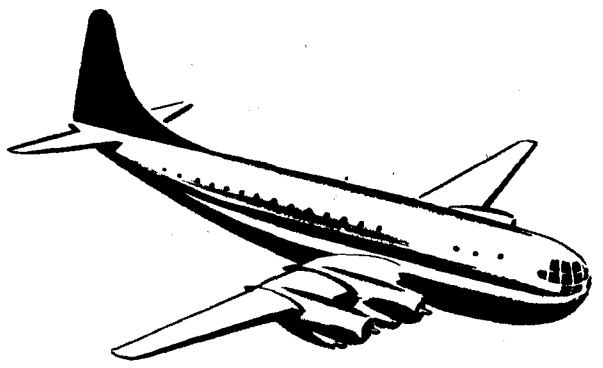
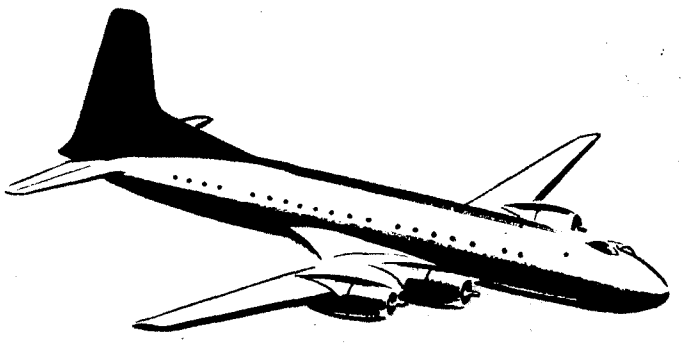


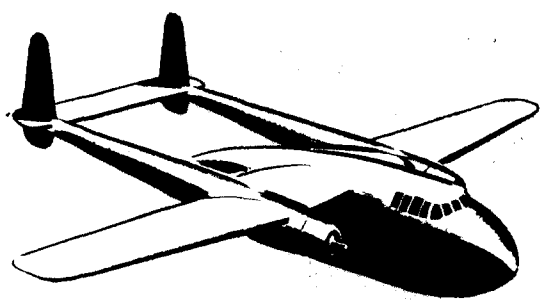
Consolidated Vultee XC-99



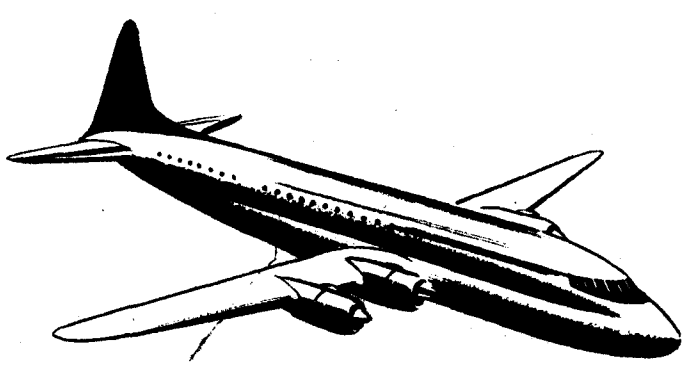
Boeing C-97



Douglas C-74



Fairchild C-82 "Packet"



Lockheed Constitution

AIR TRANSPORT
THE ANSWER TO
AIR POWER

BY W. B. COURTNEY

In another war airheads will be more important than beachheads. Neither one will work unless we can keep it adequately supplied. The successful combat air force will require a huge transport fleet for air lift

THERE are a lot of your definite tax dollars being spent for aircraft, and a lot of vague figures about those aircraft are being shuffled around in headlines from Washington, in these days of lusty young air power when all our eyes are looking upward with apprehension.

It's hard to keep track of either the dollars or the latest figures. But it might be well to try to poke behind the hosannahs and handouts and hogwash in search of the answer most of us are sweating to know.

Will our umpty billions preserve us from a spot of shoveling in Uncle Joe's salt mines?

They might. Then again—well, you learn such funny things. Like:

1. We have not one, but TWO Air Forces. The Navy, and the Air Force proper. Each is independent. Neither is on speaking terms with the other. Each has its own notion of how to safeguard you and muck up the enemy.

2. A 70-Group Air Force isn't a new idea. General Spaatz recommended it in 1945 (See Collier's, December 8, 1945) as the absolute minimum for safety in the postwar years all of us then figured would be ducky with sweetness and light.

3. The 70-Group Air Force is still only an illusion on paper and in administration pigeonholes. Full and honest steps have not been taken for its planned completion by 1952.

4. Much of the recent hoop-la, which *seemingly* created a 70-Group Air Force, was a political *Schlummerlied:* a lullaby crooned reassuringly from Capitol Hill by the November-rememberers, while they swapped low punches with the White House, made Universal Military Training vanish up their sleeves, and pulled a rabbity Draft bill out of their hats.

5. The 70-Group Air Force does *not* restore health to America's waning aviation industry.

6. A 70-Group Air Force will *not* make it okay for us to relax, in confidence that those "Red so-and-sos can't hurt us!"

Because in the global-warfare realities of today, there is no magic in mere numbers—"55-Group Air Force"—"66-Group"—"70-Group"—unless the most intense and intelligent proportionate attention is also given to just *two* background elements.

From the lessons of the last war, and the already clearly focused problems of the next one, those two elements now stand out as beyond question the most vital and decisive elements of modern war.

Neither element is glamorous; nor a headline grabber. Yet both are the utter marrow of victory.

The first element is TIME.

The second element is TRANSPORTATION.

Time does not yet imply a one-shot war. The Atom Bomb, or any other scalp-curler now perfected, cannot guarantee a first-round knockout of a powerful nation. Time remains a bedrock element for staving off defeat until triumph can be sculptured. Its solemn warning for us is that economic and scientific compulsions will unstuff the cushion of the months and years the United States has always had tucked in the seat of its britches to soften initial falls. No man can forecast with certitude—war is too full of imponderables, including weather and luck. But General Eisenhower has suggested that the first 60 days of another war may well reveal its final verdict. One thing is certain. The Time element nowadays simply means that *next* time there will be *no* time to switch our latent strength into fighting strength.

Transportation, in military science, is called "Logistics," and covers the whole flowing business pattern of war. Its magnitude can be judged from the last war: Of the total war cost of $350 billions, $250 billions went for supplies. Logistics undeniably is the biceps, legs, bones, muscles and life line of any nation's war body.

Logistical operation, moreover, is incomparably more difficult, complex and mathematically exacting than peacetime transportation.

Logistics in a global brawl, as one between Russia and the United States would be, entails prodigious movements of hordes of men, armaments, equipment, food, building materials, machinery and other supplies through a variety of climates and over enormous distances.

That is why objective military students believe that Logistics—and not the Atom Bomb or industrial development—offers the principal hope that Russia cannot with optimism undertake a global war for some years to come.

Russia has, with German and Czech technical help, and with forced labor of several million still-held Austrian, German, Italian and Japanese prisoners of war, fetched up her industrial potentiality to where it is no longer inferior to ours in quantity. Her pools of natural resources and man power greatly surpass ours. But the Soviet Union cannot yet draw conclusive profit from those factors, or from the Atom Bomb if she has it, because she is hamstrung by Logistics.

Only her airways are modern. All her surface means—rails, highways, motive equipment and general transport experience—are a century behind ours. It is to them, not to the consuming adventure of actual war, that her production and resources must be drained.

Russia thus poses a sharp illustration of the meaning of Time element; an even sharper one of the Transportation element. *(Continued on page 55)*

DRAWINGS BY JO KOTULA

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An Affair OF STATE

BY PAT FRANK

The final installment and the end of a bitter struggle for Jeff Baker. Suspected of treason and forced to resign from the State Department, he is faced with the question of what to do about the girl who loves him

The Story: Determined to help keep his country out of war, ex-Army officer JEFF BAKER joins the State Department early in 1949. SUSAN PICKETT, whom he loves, promises to wait for him when he is sent to Budapest. There Jeff works on top-secret Atlantis Project, an attempt to build a secret underground organization that will operate in Europe in event of war. Jeff meets LEONIDES LASENKO, a Russian who was a good friend of his in Italy in World War II. Leonides tells Jeff of a counterrevolutionary group in Russia, and enlists Jeff's co-operation. The jeep which Jeff drives is booby-trapped and explodes with Jeff and RIKKI TELREDY, a beautiful dancer, in it. Jeff's reaction to the blast is a recurrence of battle fatigue. Susan Pickett writes Jeff and tells him to give up his efforts for peace. Shortly afterward, Jeff meets Leonides again and the Russian tells Jeff that the Atlantis Project is known to Moscow and that any Hungarian seen associating with American agents will be killed. When Jeff recommends that Atlantis Project be abandoned, he is confined to his apartment by ADMIRAL BLANKENHORN, chief of America's Budapest mission. MAJOR L'ENGLE, the mission doctor, is sent back to the States because he has befriended Jeff. Jeff gives L'Engle a letter to his old friend HORACE LOCKE containing the intelligence concerning the counterrevolution. Locke is a veteran State Department official. Leonides' underground activities are discovered by the Russians and he has to desert the Russian army; Jeff gives him money to make his way to a secret Radio Free Russia station in the British zone. The admiral cables a request to the Secretary of State for Jeff's resignation, and sends a Security officer, WILLIAM QUIGLEY, back to report personally to MATSON, head of the Balkans Division. Quigley takes another letter from Jeff to Horace Locke. The cable requesting the resignation of Jeff Baker reaches the Secretary of State late at night. He initials the cable with his okay.

THE cable reached Budapest Tuesday morning, addressed BLANKENHORN FOR BAKER, but it was almost midnight before Jeff Baker sat down to type his answer. It had taken him that long to make up his mind. Some decisions, even of life and death—such as whether to cross the street—are made in an instant. Others bear a clear sign saying "crossroads" and require thought and calculation.

The request for his resignation had hardly surprised him, but he was startled by the detail in which his sins were listed. The cable was like an indictment drawn up by a prosecuting attorney not quite sure of his case, who seeks to base an edifice of guilt upon many thin laths of accusation. It was not at all like a cable from the Secretary of State, and yet the Secretary's name was signed to it, and it could be assumed that such a cable would at least be seen by the Secretary, and initialed, before dispatching. But there was no way to be sure, for all cables from the department bear the Secretary's name, whether they concern the drafting of a new treaty or the disposition of an old steamer trunk.

(Continued on page 43)

"What happens to us, Jeff?" He knew what he had to say. It was the only thing. "I'm afraid this is our last time together, Susan"

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

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Through his spotting-scope Wayne Moore can dope the wind by figuring how fast it blows through a heat mirage

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

BY BILL FAY

WAYNE MOORE'S auto repair shop sits in a valley near Washington, Pennsylvania. Across the creek—some 300 yards from the shop—there's a dead tree overgrown with brush. The groundhogs who live in that thicket are not very smart. If they were, they would have moved a long time ago.

Moore is the national small-bore rifle champion. Every time he crawls out from under a car he looks out the back window at that dead tree. When he sees a blur of groundhog, business halts for target practice.

"I don't hit every shot," Wayne admits, "but I get one now and then. After lunch I fire a practice round with the .22-caliber I use in competition. Have a target set up a hundred yards down the hill. Between the groundhogs and the target, I keep my shooting eye."

Moore is forty-one. He surprised everybody by winning the nationals on his first attempt in 1946—with a borrowed gun. He retained the title last August with a record 3,194 x 3,200. It was the first time a winner repeated on the new firing line at Camp Perry, Ohio.

Wayne's a friendly, modest fellow with tremendous shoulders.

"I developed the shoulders going around on crutches as a kid," he recalls. "Hurt my left knee in a sand-lot football game. Tuberculosis of the bone set in and the leg was finally amputated, but the injury never handicapped my shooting. We fire the nationals prone and I'm just as comfortable as the next shooter. My brother Chuck is a one-legged shooter, too, but it's never bothered him in competition."

Chuck lost his right leg in a railroad accident. The four Moores—Wayne, Chuck, cousin Bob and Bertie (Bob's wife)—captured the national any-sight team title last August with 1,591 x 1,600. They followed Wayne's simple shooting formula: Make 'em or miss 'em quick.

"At Camp Perry," Wayne says, "you get 20 minutes for 20 shots. I run mine off in eight to 10 minutes."

Wayne can shoot bang-bang fashion because he has a fast system for doping the wind. "Ever notice how a sidewalk shimmers in the summer?" he asks. "That's warm air rising. Same thing happens when you look along the ground at a target a hundred yards away. The warm air makes a mirage in front of the target, sort of a steamy, colorless vapor. You watch the mirage through your spotting-scope (telescope) and dope the wind by figuring how fast it blows the mirage along."

Wayne tries to pump two or three shots into the target before the wind changes. "You keep adjusting your sights to compensate for the wind," he says.

Oddly enough, national champion Moore hasn't been able to win the Pennsylvania title. "Been runner-up four times," he says, "but that's a tough tournament. Pennsylvania's got more good shots than any other state." National Rifle Association statistics confirm Wayne's claim: 107 of the nation's 460 master riflemen live in Pennsylvania.

Wayne plans to retire from national competition this year.

"Takes too much time," he explains. "Besides, hunting and fishing with my kids is more fun."

Wayne has three sons—Dave, sixteen, Gary, twelve, and Dick, ten. Dave got his first buck last winter.

WATCH THOSE SPARES

Buddy Bomar became a champion bowler in his spare time.

"At least once a week I go out to the alleys early," Buddy explains. "I give a boy a couple dollars for setting up the 7-8-9-10 pins. Then I spend a couple hours pickin' them off. Those are the positions you shoot at all the time in matches—no matter what other pins stand."

Bomar rolled five games in an exhibition recently. He missed six spares—and lost $2,000 in prize money.

"Not what you'd call spare change," Buddy cracks.

"Always remember to concentrate on those spares," Buddy says. "You lose them through carelessness and lack of practice, and no number of strikes can offset them."

GOLF'S BROTHER ACT

It's been a long time, nearly sixty years, since Michael Turnesa emigrated from Italy and settled in Elmsford, New York. Michael might have taken any of a hundred jobs, but he went to work at the country club. Six sons of groundskeeper Turnesa—Phil, Frank, Joe, Mike, Jr., Doug and Jim—caddied up into pro jobs.

Joe made Turnesa a headline name by finishing second to Bobby Jones in the 1926 National Open. The next year Joe was second to Walter Hagen in the P.G.A. Then the six Turnesas held a meeting to make plans for the seventh Turnesa—13-year-old Willie.

"Six pros are enough for one family," Joe declared. "Willie should be an amateur."

"Right," Phil agreed. "Willie should go to college, too."

Both motions were carried unanimously. Phil, Frank, Joe, Mike, Jr., Doug and Jim started the savings account that put Willie through Holy Cross. The investment paid off. Willie won the National Amateur in 1938 and the British Amateur in 1947. Now he's president of a firm that manufactures fire extinguishers.

Meanwhile the six professional Turnesas were breaking the course record for hard luck. Jim whipped Jug McSpaden, Byron Nelson and Ben Hogan in the 1942 P.G.A., but lost to Sam Snead in the final round. Mike gained the P.G.A. finals at St. Louis last May and Hogan beat him.

"This," Mike told Frank, "ought to clinch our hard-luck title." But Mike spoke too soon. Three weeks later, Jim broke the National Open record with 280—and finished third. Hogan and Demaret had given the record a worse beating.

Another generation of Turnesas is on the fairway. Sixteen-year-old Dick (Joe's son) scored a promising 77 in the Long Island Open. Mike's boy is four. Willie's son Charles is three. Little Mike and Little Charles are taking putting lessons from Big Mike, who's about the best putter around.

When Papa Turnesa joined his 10 golfing Turnesas at their last reunion, he remarked: "Sometimes I wonder what would have happened to this family if I'd gone to work in a boiler factory."

CITATION'S TRAVELING COMPANION

Ben and Jimmy Jones, the Calumet Farm trainers, never miss a racing trick. Example: Good Ending, an untried two-year-old, slipped between the horse car and the loading platform at Hialeah. The fall scraped his legs and side.

Nothing serious, but Ben and Jimmy feared the accident might make Good Ending train-shy. Jimmy proposed the remedy: "The Army sends pilots right back up in the air after a crash. Let's give Good Ending lots of traveling."

After that, Good Ending visited half a dozen race tracks as Citation's traveling companion. He didn't start once. Maybe it was a waste of train fare. Maybe not. If the story of Good Ending has a happy ending next year—say at the Kentucky Derby—it will be another triumph for the Joneses and their thorough training methods. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MYRON EHRENBERG

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IN PHILCOLAND

"How WONDERful!" cried Alice,

... just the shelves to suit yourself!"

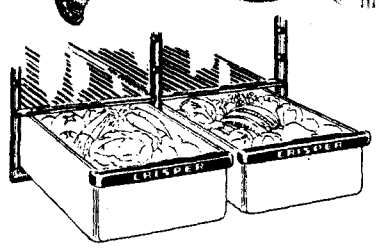
This *Shelf-Adjustability*
Made Alice stop and stare.
For Philco *Shelf-Control*, in truth,
Is quite beyond compare.
You shift the shelves to suit yourself,
And find, to your surprise,
You have *more room* for foods without
Regard to shape or size.
It's one of *many* features
In the line for 'Forty-eight.
Go see them at your dealer's now,
And you'll agree: "*They're great!*"

PHILCO

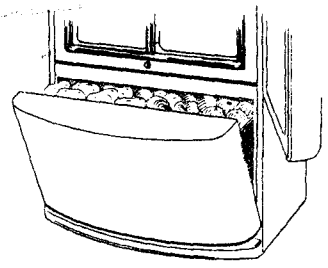
Famous for Quality the World Over

it's a WONDERful Refrigerator!

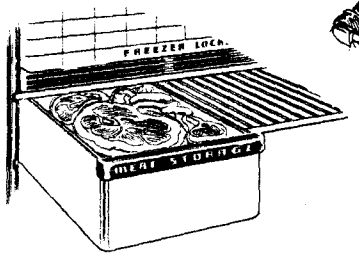
"You can say that again!"



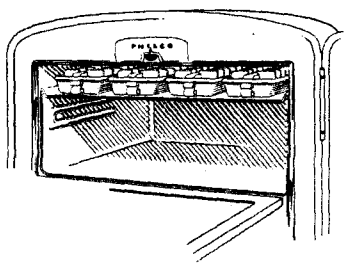
TWO CRISPER DRAWERS
Deep, glass-covered drawers with stainless-steel slides keep vegetables and fruits fresh and crisp in moist cold.



VEGETABLE BIN
Big, unrefrigerated storage-space for vegetables, cereals, crackers, and the like. More evidence of Philco convenience.



MEAT STORAGE
Deep drawer directly under the Freezer Locker for roasts, chops, and other meats. Keeps them cold, fresh, ready to use.



GIANT FREEZER LOCKER
A huge, clear space for frozen foods. Ice trays on a separate, super-fast freezing shelf. More room than ever!

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Women like this will be GLEEFUL!

So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free!

FINER FLAVOR

in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

Continued from page 12

"With a big syndicate," Bill said. "With another million readers. With a weekly radio broadcast and a few million ears flapping when he talks. You can't have him writing and talking about poker games with the press aboard your special train. For undisclosed stakes, he'd have it."

"He'd do that, would he?"

"That's his technique," Bill said. "In the old days they called a newspaperman who performed when the boss blew the whistle a trained seal. Nowadays it's performing weasels we got."

The Governor sighed. "All right, Bill, no more poker games, if you say so."

STILL frowning, Bill said, "The games aren't important. What worries me, Governor, is why he's coming aboard in the first place."

"There's some importance to a Vice-Presidential campaign, Bill," the Governor said mildly.

"Now you know what I mean, Governor," Bill said. "Clyde McDonald thinks he's considerably more important than any Vice-President that ever lived. If he left Washington to board a campaign train, it would normally be the Presidential candidate's train, and the other party's candidate, at that. So why does he suddenly descend on us?"

"Let him come," the Governor said. "My life is an open book." He grinned and pointed at the copies of Second Man on the Ticket, stacked on a table. "There it is."

"*You* never opened it, Governor," I said.

"It wasn't necessary, Boswell," he said. "I'm familiar with your prose style." He turned again to Bill Evers. "Now, why don't you stop worrying for the rest of the day, at least until Mr. McDonald comes aboard? And, Roy, maybe you and I had better get busy outlining that speech for Hydetown."

I said, "Okay," and got up. Lucy Strawn began putting away the cards, but Bill Evers stood by the window, looking thoughtful and depressed. He said over his shoulder, "I wonder if that's it. You suppose he's here because of Hydetown?"

"It will be a big celebration," Lucy said.

He tapped his fingers impatiently on the windowpane. "Maybe that's it. Vice-Presidential candidate visits his old home town for the first time in thirty years. Big reception. Big clambake. Yes, I suppose that might interest Clyde McDonald. Maybe he thinks he can dig up some dirt in Hydetown."

"After thirty years?" I said.

Bill turned slowly from the window. "Governor, of course there isn't any dirt in Hydetown, is there?"

"It's farm country," the Governor said quietly. "Best dirt in that part of the state."

"I only asked," Bill said. "I knew I didn't need to. Sorry, Governor."

"Forget it," the Governor said. "If I were a sensitive man, I wouldn't be in politics."

"Still," Bill said, "I'm going to find out just what he's after. I'll get it out of him somehow." He gave Lucy Strawn a speculative glance as she bent to put the cards away. She straightened, turned, and met his eyes. She stood quite still for a moment, looking at him.

"If you were only blond," Bill said. "He goes for fluffy blondes."

"Who doesn't?" Lucy said, and smiled. "But how many blondes can type? I can type, and I can be a little fluffy, if I have to. Maybe he will want some typing done."

"It's a thought for today," Bill said.

"You'll do *my* typing, Lucy," Governor Warburton said severely. "Bill, I don't like plots. If you want to know why he's here, ask him straight out."

"Whatever you say, Governor," Bill Evers said.

"And quit asking for trouble," the Governor said. "Come on, Roy, let's see about that speech."

The reason I was aboard the train was to write the Governor's speeches. Customarily he outlined in a general way what he wanted to say and I knocked out a fast draft of it. Then he went to work with a pencil and I did a rewrite, then the pencil came out again before he gave the script to Lucy for typing.

His rise in politics was largely due to his singular directness, a refreshing quality among politicians. He had been born on a Hyde County farm, but had moved out of the state as a young man and had become a contractor in a small Middle Western city that had begun to expand soon after the turn of the century. The Governor had made a fortune in the early days when automobiles made good roads necessary, and his start in politics had been as highway commissioner. In that post he had uncovered graft in highway construction and his hard-fisted investigation had led to his nomination and election as governor.

Other facets of his career were the sort that endeared him to uncritical lovers of a leisurely, gregarious life, but not necessarily to the voters at large. He was an astute poker player, and he could hold his liquor manfully. He was an improver of the breed, and had once raced a small string of horses. As governor, he had put through a bill legalizing pari-mutuel betting, and the race tracks had returned to the state, bringing revenues that helped him to abolish a two per cent sales tax instituted by his predecessor. These were among the qualities that recommended the Governor to me, but I had laid no emphasis on them in the biography.

Instead I had stressed the hardheaded businessman, the progressive representative of American industry, the man who would do his part toward balancing the budget and putting the nation on a sound financial basis and even, if the economy were propitious, reducing taxes a notch or two. Naturally, Bill Evers had not wanted Clyde McDonald sending out reports of poker games in the Governor's private car.

THE Governor led the way to the observation platform, sat down and put his feet on the railing. He was a big man, with only a slight overlay of fat, and in his movements and his postures there was no self-consciousness at all.

"Roy," he said, "I'm a sentimental man."

"Okay," I said. "We'll have some babies for you to kiss next stop."

The Governor rewarded me with a patient smile. "I've been thinking about Hydetown," he said. "Like the lady who never forgets her first lover, I guess a man never forgets his boyhood home. It will always be the best little town in the country for me."

I had looked it up and I said, "Population 3,220. Rotary meets on Wednesday."

"Population was about twelve hundred when I left there," he said. "I don't recall any Rotary Club, but there was an Odd Fellows Hall, of course, and a couple of pool parlors. I suppose it was primitive, even in those days, but it was a nice, friendly town, and I liked it. I used to have a couple of good friends in Hydetown, but I lost track, and you know, I'm wondering if they'll be at the station when this train rolls in. It will make me feel pretty good if they are."

"The whole town will be at the station,

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Governor," I said. "The county chairman out there, a fellow named John Mills, has been working overtime."

"Oh, I know Johnny Mills," the Governor said. "We were boys together. He pulled the record catfish out of the river one summer. He's one of the two I was talking about."

"You'll see him at the station," I said. "He's in charge of the reception. He and the mayor, a fellow named Melvin Fisher. I guess you know him, too."

The Governor chuckled. "I guess that burns Mel Fisher up, Roy, arranging a reception in my honor."

"He's not one of those pals of yours, then?"

"Hardly," the Governor said. "In school we called him Meathead Fisher. We never called him anything but Meathead. Everything he did went wrong. Roy, I guess you know my wife came from Hydetown, too."

"Governor," I said, "I wrote a book. If you take the time to read it you'll find out how much I *do* know."

"I'll read it one of these days, Roy," he promised. "After the campaign. Meanwhile, I'll tell you something that's not in your book. I cleared out of Hydetown because I wanted to make some money in a hurry, and Melvin Fisher was one reason for that hurry. His father left him a tidy pile, by Hydetown standards, and he was carpeting Ruth's front porch with American Beauty roses, long stem. I had to get out and hustle, and as soon as I had train fare to Hydetown and double fare back and something left over for furniture I went back there and poked around among the roses and I found Ruth and married her."

"Ruth told me she never intended to marry anyone but you, Governor," I said.

"Well, maybe so," the Governor said, and grinned. "But Melvin Fisher had bought a ring and a dress suit and had picked out the preacher. I'd like to have seen his face that night when he came around with his bouquet of American Beauties. We were already on the train by then. And now here I am, thirty years later, going back to the old home town as a candidate for Vice-President of the United States, and Melvin Fisher is mayor of the town and has to give me a big welcome at the station. Poor old Meathead."

He took his feet off the railing and clasped his hands between his knees. "Never mind all that," he said. "Let's get busy on that speech. Roy, I have some thoughts on foreign policy that will probably bring us some urgent telegrams from the national chairman."

When the Governor started work on something, he liked to see it through, and it meant intensive work for me. I had to check some statistics, then I roughed out the speech, and when he had corrected it after dinner I completed the rewrite. It was late by the time I had finished, and I shared a nightcap with Bill Evers, who was waiting for Clyde McDonald to come aboard at Marketville. Bill looked gloomy.

"I met that guy McDonald at a governors' conference," he told me. "Roy, he's the kind you've got to watch every minute. You say something casual and innocent and he'll put a twist on it that will curl your hair. I'm worried."

"I think the Governor can take care of himself, Bill," I said.

"Sure he can—in a clean, open fight. But you know how he is. He's apt to take a guy at face value, until proved otherwise. Part of his appeal is that he tends to think the best of everyone, and you know it. He'll talk free and easy and Clyde McDonald will find something to pounce on."

"Bill," I said, and put down my glass. "He's just a columnist. The records show that the newspapers don't have much influence on an election. Lay off, or you'll make the Governor jittery, too."

"I guess so," he said. "Okay."

I WENT to bed. I was berthed four cars ahead of the Governor's private car, and the walk to the drawing room I shared with Bill Evers was as familiar as a stroll around the block.

In a sense the campaign train was like a neighborly street. Just ahead of the Governor's private car was a car for the office staff.

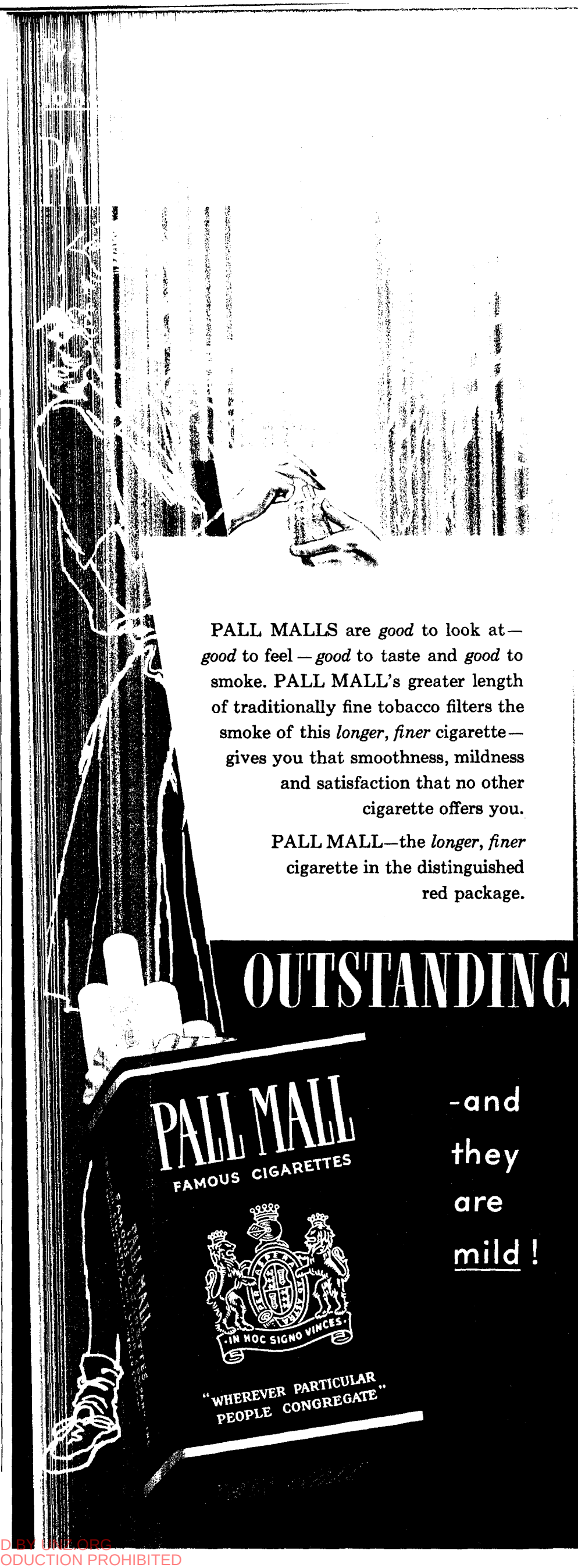
Then came the press car, a former club car stripped inside and fitted with a typewriter shelf on each side, running the length of the car, at which were typewriters and metal chairs for the correspondents to write their stories. There was a small bar at one end of the car and as I passed through I saw four men sitting near it in an intent group—the poker game was still in progress.

We had left a lot of track behind us since the campaign started, and most of those aboard the train were regulars. We knew each other well, and we shared a communal life, with an odd sense of suspension in time as we moved in a unit across vast stretches of the country.

Occasionally a national committeeman or the governor of the state through which we were passing rode a way with us, but in general our party was the Governor and Bill Evers and Lucy Strawn and the office staff and, up ahead, the newspapermen assigned to the Warburton campaign.

Until the telegram came, Bill and everyone else on the train had looked forward to the Hydetown reception as a break in the campaign. It was the halfway mark, and the campaign had been building up to it. Of course it meant a

COLLIER'S "If I'd been a bit quicker I'd have had the ball too" VIRGIL PARTCH



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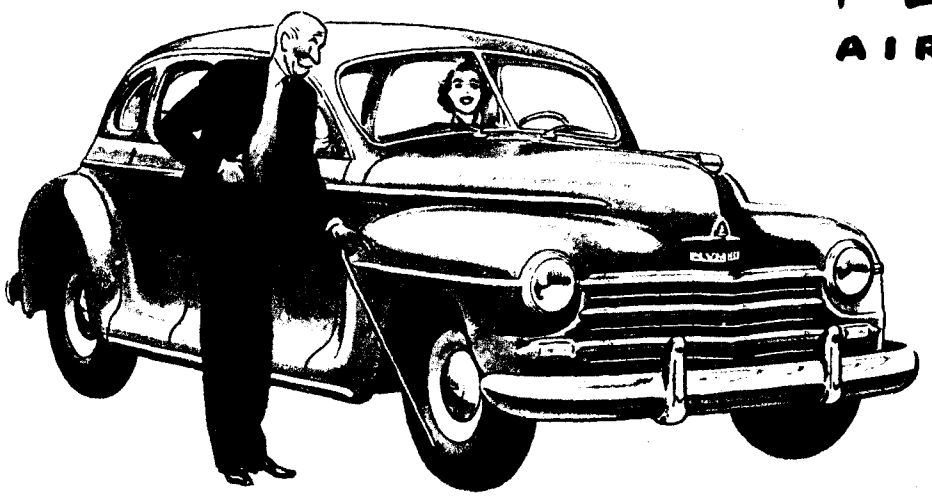
"Grandpa refused to budge until - - -"

"Next to talking politics, Grandpa likes comfort. We couldn't pry him away from that easy chair of his. Then we got the new Plymouth and I started raving about that wonderful Air Pillow Ride. 'Air Pillow—what?' snorted Grandpa. And then I began to coax.

"It wasn't easy, but Grandpa finally agreed to take a ride. He was plenty wary when he first sat down on the rear seat. 'Relax, Grandpa,' I told him. 'You're sitting on millions of tiny air pillows. Yes, that seat cushion is made of Airfoam, the wonderful new cushioning material you get in Special De Luxe Plymouths at such slight extra cost.'

"Grandpa soon got the idea. He stretched out his long legs and settled himself deep in that soft, buoyant cushion. Then he smiled as only Grandpa can smile when he's really comfortable. 'You're not only riding on air—the Plymouth is, too,' I told him. 'We have those sensational new bigger and fatter Super-Cushion Tires. And they come as *standard equipment* at no extra cost.'



"Grandpa was really talking a blue streak by the time we got back home. He got out and took a good long look at those new tires. 'Biggest I ever saw on a car,' he said. 'And they sure do soak up the bumps. That's the most comfortable ride I ever did have. Air Pillow Ride—indeed. Darned if these Plymouth people haven't put my easy chair on wheels!' "

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lot of work for all of us, but it represented a sort of hump. Once we were over it, we felt that we would be coasting on through to Election Day.

Mulling it over in my berth, I was not particularly concerned by Clyde McDonald's activities, and I doubted if there was anything sinister in his covering the Warburton campaign. After all, Ego, the national picture magazine, was sending a reporter and a photographer to Hydetown to cover it, and all the news services and the larger metropolitan papers would be represented. And the Governor was expected to make an important speech. There was reason enough for Clyde McDonald to stir out of Washington.

WHEN the train stopped at midnight at Marketville, and McDonald came aboard, I was asleep. I did not see him until morning, when I went to the dining car for breakfast. I had slept late, and there were only a few in the car. As I came in, the first thing I noticed was a man with his nose buried deep in a book. It was the book that caught my eye. I could see the title on the jacket: Second Man on the Ticket, by Roy Mason, and when I looked at the man who was reading it I recognized him from the photograph that appeared at the head of his daily column as Clyde McDonald.

He was a fat man with crew-cut red hair, and appeared indolent until you saw his sharp, bright eyes, and seemed genial until you heard his biting phrases. He had a quick, acidulous wit and an affected, tough-guy way of talking out of the side of his mouth.

I stopped at the table and said, "You're Clyde McDonald, aren't you?"

He glanced up and said, "Yeah. Take a chair."

I sat down opposite him and he closed the book. "Which side of this zoo you on?" he asked. "Looking in or looking out?"

"I work for the Governor," I said.

"Looking out," he said. "I'm looking in."

"My name is Roy Mason," I said, and picked up the menu.

"Oh, yes," said McDonald. "The eminent biographer, I presume. I've been reading your latest achievement."

"So I noticed," I said.

"It's a work of art," he said. "Congratulations."

I gave my order to the waiter and sat looking out the window, feeling fidgety. I'm always nervous before I have my first cigarette in the morning, but I make it a rule never to smoke before breakfast.

"Yes, sir," said Clyde McDonald. "Willis G. Warburton, the business genius. The farm boy who made good. The two-fisted investigator. The family man. The balancer of budgets and issues. You almost made me forget I lost my shirt on one of his dogs one day out at Jamaica."

"He had a couple of pretty good horses at one time," I said.

"That so?" McDonald grinned. "You name 'em any place in the book? I didn't notice it."

"You'll find 'em in one of your old Racing Forms," I said. "That isn't a book about horse racing."

"One lucky thing," McDonald said. "I guess not many of those delegates at the convention go to the track much."

"Andrew Jackson used to race horses," I said. "And, Mr. McDonald, the Governor hasn't run an entry in ten years. He raced horses in the first place because an old friend made him a present of a yearling."

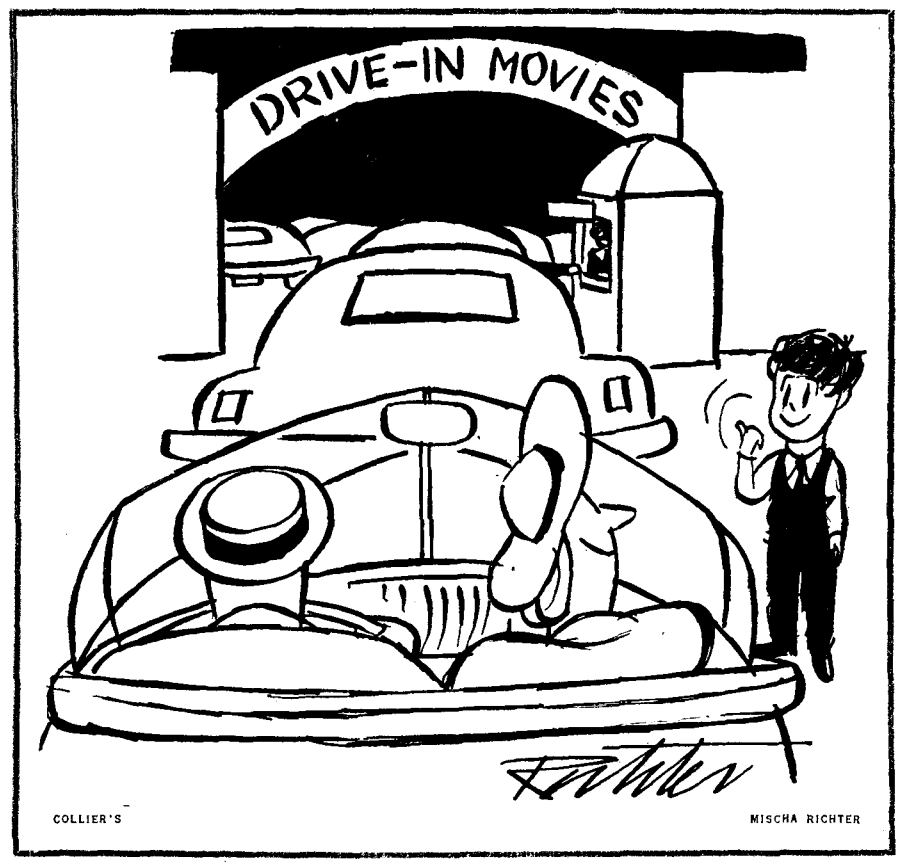
"Oh, indeed," McDonald said. "You got that in here, haven't you?" He flipped the pages of the book. "Yep, here it is: *No account of Governor Warburton's activities is complete without mention of his brief experience in raising thoroughbred horses. Having received a very fine yearling as a present from a friend, the Governor many years ago established a modest farm for breeding horses. Some of the animals bred at the Governor's farm were entered in races at various tracks throughout the country and acquitted themselves well. The pressure of his administrative duties forced Governor Warburton to abandon his experiment in hippology some years ago.*" Clyde McDonald gave me a beatific smile. "Beautiful," he said.

The waiter put my breakfast in front of me, and I drank coffee. McDonald closed the book and gave its cover a little pat, like an old friend. "What's on the schedule of the Great Hippologist today?" he asked.

I winced and said, "Mr. Evers can give you the schedule."

He nodded. "Maybe that's what I got here." He took a sheaf of mimeographed pages from his pocket.

"Yes, this is it. Twelve fifteen, arrive at Milltown. Members of the party will be ready to leave the train upon arrival.



Members of the press and photographers will kindly handle own typewriters, cameras, et cetera, et cetera. Reception committee to meet the Governor will include et cetera, et cetera. Entire party will proceed to Milltown Hotel et cetera, et cetera. Ah, here we are. Governor Warburton's schedule: 1 P.M., press conference at Milltown Hotel. Two o'clock, luncheon, et cetera. Three o'clock, conference with veterans' organizations. Three fifteen, conference with leaders of textile industry. Four, conference with et cetera, et cetera, et cetera— Hey, no speech?"

"Not today," a smooth voice said. "Just et cetera today."

WE BOTH looked up. Lucy Strawn stood in the aisle, smiling. She said, "Is this chair taken?"

I got up to pull it out for her, and began introductions, but she cut me off. "We met last night," she said, and sat down. "What's for breakfast? I think I'll try some of that et cetera." She turned to the waiter. "Et cetera," she said. "Sunny side up."

"Yes, miss," the waiter said.

Clyde McDonald grinned. "When you get hold of something," he said, "you don't turn loose, do you?"

Lucy tapped the book on the table with her finger tips and said, "Doing your homework?"

"Research," he said. "Research on the life and times of the Great Hippologist."

"The what?"

"Ask your friend Mr. Mason," Clyde said, with a malicious grin.

I knew it would be in his column next day, and I knew that he, too, was one of those who never turned loose once they got hold of something. Every mention of Governor Warburton's name in his column henceforth would probably carry the bracket (The Great Hippologist).

"What is this Great Hippologist business?" Lucy asked. "What's a hippologist?"

"A hippologist is a man interested in the study of horses," I explained. "Mr. McDonald thinks it's a cute name."

Lucy surveyed Clyde McDonald. "A cute name for you would be the Great Hippopotamus," she said.

"It's redundant," he said, unperturbed. "But, I suppose, not inaccurate." He looked down smugly at his paunch.

"What happens in Milltown, if there's no speech?" Clyde McDonald asked.

"We just sit around and wait for the train to pull out?"

"There's a press conference," Lucy said.

"Yeah, I know those press conferences," he said. "Yokels from the local press sit around bug-eyed while the great man sounds off about nothing at all. No, thanks. But I tell you what. Maybe *you* ought to hold a little conference with the press, Miss Strawn."

"Me?" said Lucy. "Why me?"

"At some nice bar," he said.

Lucy's bright gray eyes flicked to mine for an instant, then she shrugged. "I'm afraid I have nothing for the press today."

"The press has a nice cocktail and a good lunch for you, though," McDonald said. "I'll be in the lobby of the hotel at one o'clock. Okay?"

I tried to shake my head at Lucy; and I'm afraid I made it rather obvious, but apparently McDonald did not notice, nor Lucy for that matter. She smiled at him and said, "All right. If I can get away."

"Make the effort, will you?" he said. "You know, you might talk me into supporting your boss for Vice-President."

I had finished my coffee, and I set the cup in the saucer with a jar and got up. McDonald gave me a short nod of dismissal, and Lucy did not glance up at all. But if she wanted to pal around with a redheaded goat with a crew haircut, that was strictly her concern, and possibly, I thought, she might do the Governor some good.

I found Bill Evers dictating answers to a sheaf of telegrams in the office car. I slid onto the seat beside him and said, "This looks like insubordination."

"What do you mean?"

"You sicked Lucy Strawn onto Clyde McDonald," I said. "Didn't you?"

"Of course not," he said. "I just told her to butter him up a little."

"It's okay with me," I said. "But it will irritate the Governor."

"Then he'll have to be irritated," Bill said. "We've got to protect him, Roy. That's our job."

"Yes," I said.

"You write the speeches," Bill said. "I'll take care of what goes on behind the scenes."

I went back to the Governor's car and looked over the speech, which had been stenciled for the mimeograph machine. The Governor was alone on the observation platform, smoking a cigar. His wife had left the train on his orders a week before because she was showing the strain of being a candidate's wife, and he looked rather forlorn out there alone, but I did not go out. He had little enough time to himself, and today would be a busy day in Milltown. For me it was an easy day, since there was no speech subject to last-minute changes.

WHEN the train stopped at the Milltown station at noon I dropped off at the dining car and took a taxi to the hotel, avoiding the official reception.

Milltown was like any other small city—no place to be left to one's own resources before nightfall. There were no sights to see, particularly after a dozen such stops in a dozen such towns, which seemed all to be exactly alike, so the natural place to lay your hat was on a bar stool. I went to the hotel bar, and later Bill Evers joined me. We had lunch together, and at four o'clock went up to the Governor's suite for the conference with local party leaders. We listened to the reports, and while Bill made notes I saw to it that every politician's hand held a well-filled glass.

After the last party stalwart had been shooed from the suite nearly an hour later, the Governor said, "Roy, pour me a stiff one, will you? I've still got that reception to go through."

"You can get a good night's sleep tonight, Governor," Bill said. "After we get aboard again at six o'clock there's no stop until we make New Orleans at noon tomorrow."

"Bill, you're the one in need of rest," the Governor said. "Worry about yourself for a change. I'm all right. And say, I want to get some telegrams off. Where's Lucy?"

"Lucy?" Bill said. "Oh, Lucy's got a slight headache, Governor."

Lucy, I supposed, had kept her date with Clyde McDonald. If there was anyone who could get anything out of him, Lucy was the girl. She was a little too cocksure for my taste, and there was a wise, brittle quality that showed me she had been around.

Somehow I never have been attracted to sophisticated women; they tend to make a man feel that he has lost the initiative, and if a man loses the initiative he's apt to feel that he is simply being used as a prop to play dolly. Lucy made me feel somewhat that way. She was always smiling in a rather secret amused way and making the sort of cracks that a high school boy gets from his sister in college.

Bill Evers returned with a stenographer, a little fussed because she had never taken dictation from the Governor before, and as Bill and I went into the next room with our drinks he whispered to me, "They had lunch down in the grill, Roy, and I guess they're still there. He was leaving the table for a minute when I looked in, and Lucy gave me the high sign."

I put my glass down and said, "I don't

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like the idea of using Lucy for that kind of thing." I said it with sudden irritation that made me realize I was pretty tired; the strain of the trip was telling on me. "I agree with the Governor on that," I said.

"Lucy loves it," Bill said. "That's her element, boy. She's playing *femme fatale* all over the Milltown Hotel Grill. Drinking B and B and dropping her eyelids last time I saw her."

I poured myself another drink, and before I had finished the last of it Bill consulted his watch and called out, "Five minutes to go, Governor. You're due at the reception in five minutes."

We heard the Governor's groan. Bill said, "Drink up, Roy. You're coming, too."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," Bill said. "We've got to stand by him and hustle him out of there as soon as we can. Drink up, and get your hat."

I WENT to the reception, in a room of blue draperies and plaster cupids called the Tuileries Ballroom. I stood against the wall, near the Governor. Photographers made pictures and the men and women of Milltown important enough to make the "distinguished guests" listing in next day's edition of the local papers filed by to shake the Governor's hand. The Governor carried that sort of thing off well. His hand had flesh enough to withstand the punishment, and he could put his smile on and leave it there hour after hour when he had to. On occasions such as this it was obligatory.

The reception lasted until ten minutes to six, and afterward there was a rush. The cars were waiting in front of the hotel, with a police escort, and there was a desperate scramble as reporters and photographers found places, carrying their portables and cameras. Bill and I squeezed into the Governor's car with the Governor and the state chairman of the party.

There was a crowd at the station, with a police line holding it back, and we were hurried through to the train. Bill Evers pried the state chairman loose at the steps and the Governor escaped into his car. When we followed him a moment later he showed a tired grin and said, "Bill, tear another day off the calendar. Then you can order me some hot soup and crackers. I'm going straight to bed."

"That's a good thought, Governor," Bill said. "Everything went okay?"

"Of course it did," the Governor said.

"A guy at the press conference wanted to know why your wife wasn't along," Bill said. "He's from the opposition paper. I told him she was joining us at Hydetown. Governor, she's sure to be there, isn't she?"

"Now you know she is, Bill," he said.

"Yes, sure," Bill said. "I knew that. I was just—"

"Just worrying," the Governor said. "As usual. Now how about—"

"Soup and crackers," Bill broke in. "Coming right up."

As we left the car, Bill said, "I hope that's not a bad sign, just eating soup and crackers. I hope he's not sick."

"He never looked better," I said.

"Still," said Bill, "I'll have the chef put a couple of chops on the tray."

But before we reached the dining room we met Lucy Strawn, weaving toward us through the office car. There was a light in her eyes and a quiet, smug smile on her face.

"Gentlemen," she said, and her voice was fuzzy. "I got the papers."

"I've seen the papers," Bill said impatiently. "Lucy, are you tight?"

"Not newspapers," Lucy said. "I mean the papers."

"What papers?"

"*The* papers," she said importantly. "Don't you ever go to the theater. The papers, man, the papers!"

"You mean from Clyde McDonald?"

"From none other," said Lucy.

"Where are they?" Bill said.

"Honey," Lucy said, "I wasn't so stupid as to filch them, but I have them by heart." She pressed a hand dramatically at her bosom. "It was a telegram."

"Well?" Bill said.

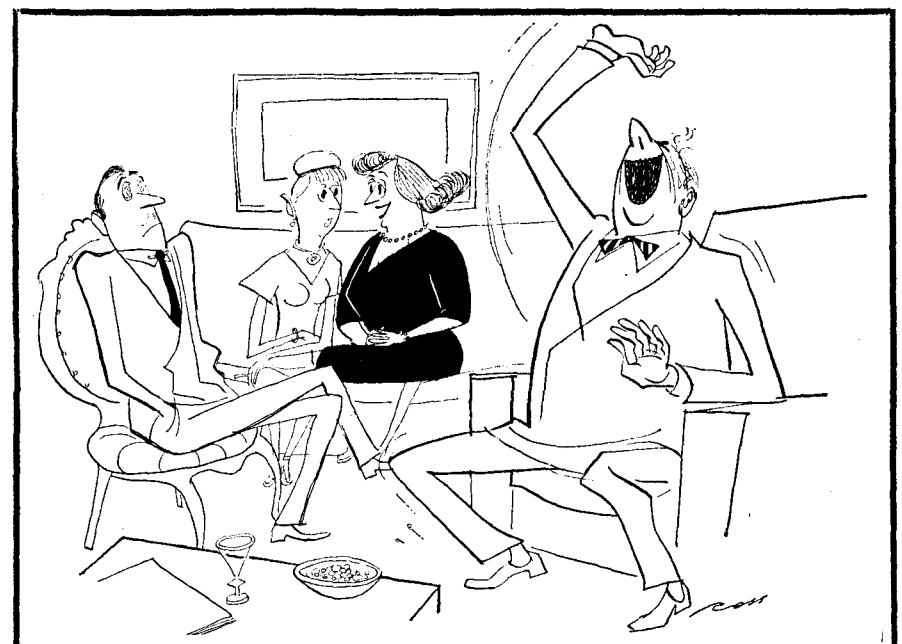
"He had it in his inside pocket, along with a bill from the National Press Club and the summons and complaint of his latest libel suit and the various other memorabilia such characters pack about with them. When he took them out of his pocket, I got a look."

"Congratulations," I said, unable to conceal my disapproval. "You don't look a bit disheveled."

Lucy gave me a level look.

"Pay no attention to him, Lucy," Bill said.

Lucy didn't. She went on talking, looking only at Bill. "He's one of those men who keeps his wallet well tamped down," Lucy said. "To get his wallet out he had to take out a wad of papers. When he paid for the lunch I knocked the papers onto the floor and had a look at the telegram. This is what it said, Bill:



COLLIER'S "I like to hear Preston tell his joke. He enjoys it so much" AL ROSS

Come to Hydetown with Governor Warburton and you'll have a juicy item for your column."

"So that's why he's here," Bill said. "Who sent that telegram?"

"The name signed to it was Melvin Fisher, whoever he is."

"I know who he is," I said. "Meathead Fisher. He's the mayor of Hydetown."

"Come on," Bill said.

He started with loping strides toward the Governor's car. Lucy gave me a look, and followed. I was not sure what the look meant, but I did not like it.

GOVERNOR WARBURTON was sitting in darkness, with his legs stretched out. Bill turned on a wall light and said, "Sorry to disturb you, Governor, but we've got the dope on Clyde McDonald. Lucy, tell him about the telegram."

Lucy told him, and the Governor listened with no change of expression. He made no comment.

"Governor," said Bill, "what do you think?"

"I don't think there's much juice for an item in Hydetown," the Governor said. "I wouldn't worry, Bill."

"Do you have any enemies there?"

"I suppose so," the Governor said. "Melvin Fisher, the fellow who sent the telegram, is no friend of mine. But he's got nothing on me, Bill."

Bill moved his hands uneasily, said, "I don't suppose there was any g-girl trouble—anything like that?"

"Young man, I haven't lived in Hydetown for thirty years," the Governor said, and smiled. "The only girl I had any trouble with was Ruth, and that trouble ended when I married her."

"I don't like it," Bill said. "I don't like it at all. What *could* it be?"

"There couldn't be anything," the Governor said. "Nothing important, anyhow."

"Can you think of anything *unimportant* then, Governor?" Bill asked. "It doesn't take much for McDonald to go to work on."

"Not even anything unimportant, Bill."

Bill dropped into a chair. "Frankly, this worries me. You can't think of anything, Governor. But why should the guy send a telegram like that? *Why?*" He looked up. "Governor, you got any *friends* in Hydetown?"

"I think so," the Governor said. "Johnny Mills, the present county chairman, was my friend. I know of nothing to change him."

"I'll send him a wire," said Bill.

The Governor sat up straighter. "You'll do nothing of the sort," he said sharply. "You'd only stir up trouble, doing that, when there isn't any trouble to begin with. Just let it ride, Bill."

Bill was on his feet again, walking up and down, shaking his head. "No," he said. "We've got to find out. Governor, I'll take a plane to Hydetown."

"I can't do without you, Bill," the Governor said. "I need you here."

"Somebody has to go," Bill said. "We can't just let it ride." He looked at me, considered, then gave his head a decided shake. "No. Roy's not tough enough for the job."

Lucy Strawn smiled. "Maybe that's why he's just the man to do it," she said.

I didn't like her characterization of me, nor the cozy tone she used, but before I could protest, her smile widened and she said, "On the surface, that is, Roy. You're actually a stinker underneath." She turned to the Governor. "Don't you think he'd be good?"

The Governor grinned. "Yes, Lucy, I do think so. How about it, Roy? You want to run over to Hydetown and talk to Johnny Mills?"

"But, Governor, how about your speeches?" I said. "We've got to get those speeches lined up."

"Roy, before you came along I made quite a few speeches on my own," the Governor said.

"Now, Governor, I didn't mean—"

"I know what you meant, Roy," he said softly. "You've been a tremendous help to me and I'm grateful right down to my bones. But maybe Bill is right. Maybe you can be more help to me in Hydetown right now than here?"

"Well, naturally I'll go, Governor," I said. "If that's what you want."

"I wish you would, Roy."

"All right, then," Bill Evers said dubiously. "But, Roy, you've got to play 'em close to your chest. Don't let on why you're there, except to Mr. Mills."

"Of course not," I said.

"Also," the Governor put in, "Roy's our man because he's been to Hydetown. He knows the place."

"Why, I've never been to Hydetown, Governor," I said.

He looked at me. His eyes were tired. "Oh, I thought maybe you went there when you were writing me up, Roy."

"There wasn't time," I said. "It was a rush job, you know, and Bill and I just talked to everyone we could and looked up the newspaper files."

"It's a nice town," the Governor said. "You'll like it. Bill, how about my soup and crackers?"

Bill Evers looked stricken. "Coming up, Governor. Coming up right away."

"Good," the Governor said.

Bill took my arm and propelled me out of the car. On the platform he said, "Roy, get your suitcase packed. I'll check on the nearest airport and we'll stop the train at that town, wherever it is. You be ready."

"Don't worry. I'll be ready."

"Well, Operative Y," Lucy said. "Best wishes from Operative X."

"Operative Sex, don't you mean?" I said stiffly, and went on through into the car. Behind me, in the vestibule, Lucy Strawn laughed softly.

THE plane set me down at an airport forty miles from Hydetown at half past four in the morning, as a seeping, orange dawn began to outline the low, regular hills of that Southern country. There was no bus for a couple of hours, but I found a taxi to run me over to Hydetown.

Anyone who has driven from New York to Florida by the inland route has passed through Hydetown, but the odds are that not one in ten thousand stopped there, unless the car had a flat. The highway narrows to the main street of the town, and there are two traffic lights, entering and leaving Hydetown. The buildings along the main street are solid, two-story red brick with flat roofs forming exact planes on opposite sides of the street.

I drove into Hydetown about half past five, and there was not another car parked or moving on the street, not a door opened yet. I carried my bag into the Fisher Arms Hotel.

The lobby was small, and crowded with leather chairs comfortably grouped so that drummers could sit and gaze out huge plate-glass windows at the street. The office was enclosed by a waist-high railing and counter, but the two chairs behind the railing were unoccupied. No one was about.

I put my bag by the window and dropped into one of the big leather chairs. I had not had breakfast, and did not light a cigarette, and I had that gloomy depression that comes on a man who has risen much too early and faces a long and unaccustomed day. I had not been to bed at all, and had slept only a little on the plane.

A truck passed through and dropped off a bundle of newspapers at the drugstore across the street, and a pedestrian or so appeared, off to early jobs. I sat by the window and watched the town come awake, and I had heard the rattle of dishes for some time before the sound communicated anything. Then I jumped up, picked up my bag, and hurried to the dining room on the other side of the lobby.

A scrubbed-looking waitress was setting the tables. She glanced up and gave me a steady, incurious look, then went on

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Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best"... Sundays, 2:30 PM, EDT, on your NBC station.

You've been promising yourself an instrument like this... now RCA Victor makes it possible for you to own one at *a sensible, why-not-now* price!

Here's the glorious "Golden Throat" with its truly incredible fidelity... here's laboratory-perfect standard reception, here's RCA Victor's *own*, static-free FM, Frequency Modulation at its finest.

Here's record playing such as you've dreamed about... a fine *new* automatic record changer designed by RCA Victor for precision-handling of twelve 10-inch or ten 12-inch records. It has passed an operational test of 3000 hours! Has exclusive "Silent Sapphire" permanent point pickup—no needles to change.

And, purely aside from the technical excellence of this music lover's delight, its cabinet is distinguished in line, in workmanship... in beauty of finish... in "good taste" for life!

Obey that wonderful impulse!...See this RCA Victor triumph today! Costs less, much less than you'd think!

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY...

This exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System made radio history in thrilling public tests of tonal fidelity. Even trained, musical ears could not tell the performance of the "Golden Throat" from that of a living musician.

*Price subject to change without notice. Western price slightly higher.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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● It's a part of the outdoors... a Pendleton shirt. It belongs! It has comfort and freedom and action-room tailored-in! And it's virgin wool, through and through, Pendleton-woven out here in the West into rich, soft, long-wearing fabrics. Colors and patterns are exclusively Pendleton.

Illustrated—
Above: Pendleton Scarlet $9.75
Below: Oregon Plaid . . . $9.75

Pendleton
WOOLEN MILLS
PORTLAND 4, ORE.
ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

about her task. I smiled and approached her.

"Good morning," I said. "How about some breakfast?"

"Grits ain't ready yet," she said.

"Scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee," I said, and sat down.

"I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to wait," she said. "The grits ain't ready yet."

"I don't want grits," I said.

She gave me a strange look. "Don't you want your grits this morning?"

"No grits," I said, and she had given me an idea of the cosmopolitan quality of Hydetown. "Just scrambled eggs and bacon, if you can manage it."

"Sure," she said. "I can get *that* for you right away."

So this was Hydetown, I thought, and wished that Clyde McDonald was with me to see it. The Governor had been right when he said there was not much juice for an item in Hydetown. The town looked squeezed dry as pulp, and the waitress had summed it up. The grits ain't ready yet.

WHILE I ate breakfast the hotel began to stir. Before I had finished, three other early morning risers came in for breakfast. By then the grits was ready, and each had a two-inch-by-four rectangle of it, soaked in butter, alongside his fried eggs. I paid my check and carried my bag to the lobby.

An old man was behind the railing now, chewing a toothpick. Although he had not been among the breakfasters in the dining room, he had apparently had his grits. I put my bag down and said, "How about a room?"

"How long you aim to stay?"

"Just overnight, I think."

He nodded. "We're pretty busy. All filled up this week for the big shindig. But I got a room for tonight. Sign here."

He pushed the register toward me and said as I signed my name, "You only going to use one bed, ain't you?"

"Yes." My eyebrows went up at that.

"Three beds in the room," he said. "Sometimes you get these truckers late at night. One will sign up and the others sneak in somehow. That will be two fifty." As I reached for my wallet he glanced at my signature and said, "I bet you're the fellow wrote that book about Willie Warburton."

"That's right," I said.

"Thought it was the name," he went on. "I knew Willie Warburton when he was a boy. I always had my money on Willie."

"That so?" I said, and added tentatively, "I think he'll win."

"That he will," the old man said. "He sure will. I got my money on him this time too."

I followed him up to the third floor past alarmingly large signs pointing out the fire escapes, and I was glad when I entered the room to see that it was only a short drop to the adjoining roof. The windows gave on the long plane of rooftops, and beyond them I could see trees and a scattering of frame houses. The town seemed shabby and forlorn in the early morning sunlight, and the big room, with its three iron beds, depressed me. But I was tired, and I opened my suitcase for the first time since I had dropped off the Governor's campaign train, took out my pajamas, drew the shades, and went to bed. . . .

It was nearly noon when I awakened. I looked for the room telephone, to call John Mills, but there was none, so I shaved and dressed and went down to the lobby. I crossed to the telephone booth and picked up the directory, and as I was looking up the number a rasping voice said, "I guess you're Mr. Roy Mason."

I turned. A lean man with gray hair and a leathery brown skin was looking me over. Spectacles were pinched on a long, thin nose, and his black bow tie and dark suit gave him a deaconish air.

"I'm Melvin Fisher," he said. "I operate this hotel."

I had not connected the name of the Fisher Arms Hotel with Melvin Fisher. I said, "Oh, yes. Mayor Fisher, isn't it?"

"That's right." His thin lips drew back and showed his teeth enough to indicate a smile. "So you're the fellow wrote that book, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, Mr. Fisher."

"It's quite a book," he said. "Yes, sir, quite a book. Kind of long on talk and lean on facts, ain't it?"

"Is it?"

"But it was mighty good reading," he went on. "Yes, sir, I guess everybody in town expects to see Willie Warburton come galloping into town on a white horse Wednesday, waving a big shiny sword." The tight lips drew up again in a smile. I did not like his smile. "I guess he won't be riding a horse, though," Melvin Fisher said. "Will he?"

"It depends on what sort of transportation is available in this town, Mr. Fisher," I said.

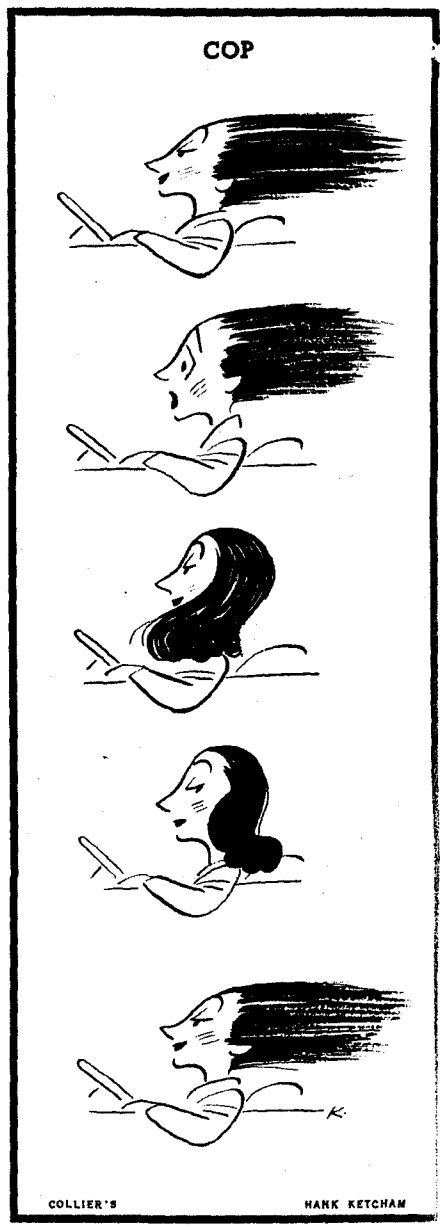
Melvin Fisher chuckled. "I get it," he said. "Yes, sir, we're a horse-and-buggy town, all right. We're kind of all hippologists here, too."

That caught me between the eyes; they were all kicking that one lame paragraph around. But Fisher continued, "I hear they're calling him the Great Hippologist these days."

So it was already in McDonald's column, and the column was available even in Hydetown, population 3,220.

"But I see you're busy," Melvin Fisher said, "I won't bother you any more, Mr. Mason. But welcome to Hydetown, and you tell Willie it will be a big day Wednesday. Yes, sir, a big day."

He walked away, still chuckling, and as I stepped into the telephone booth I saw that everyone in the lobby was looking at me, the fellow that wrote that



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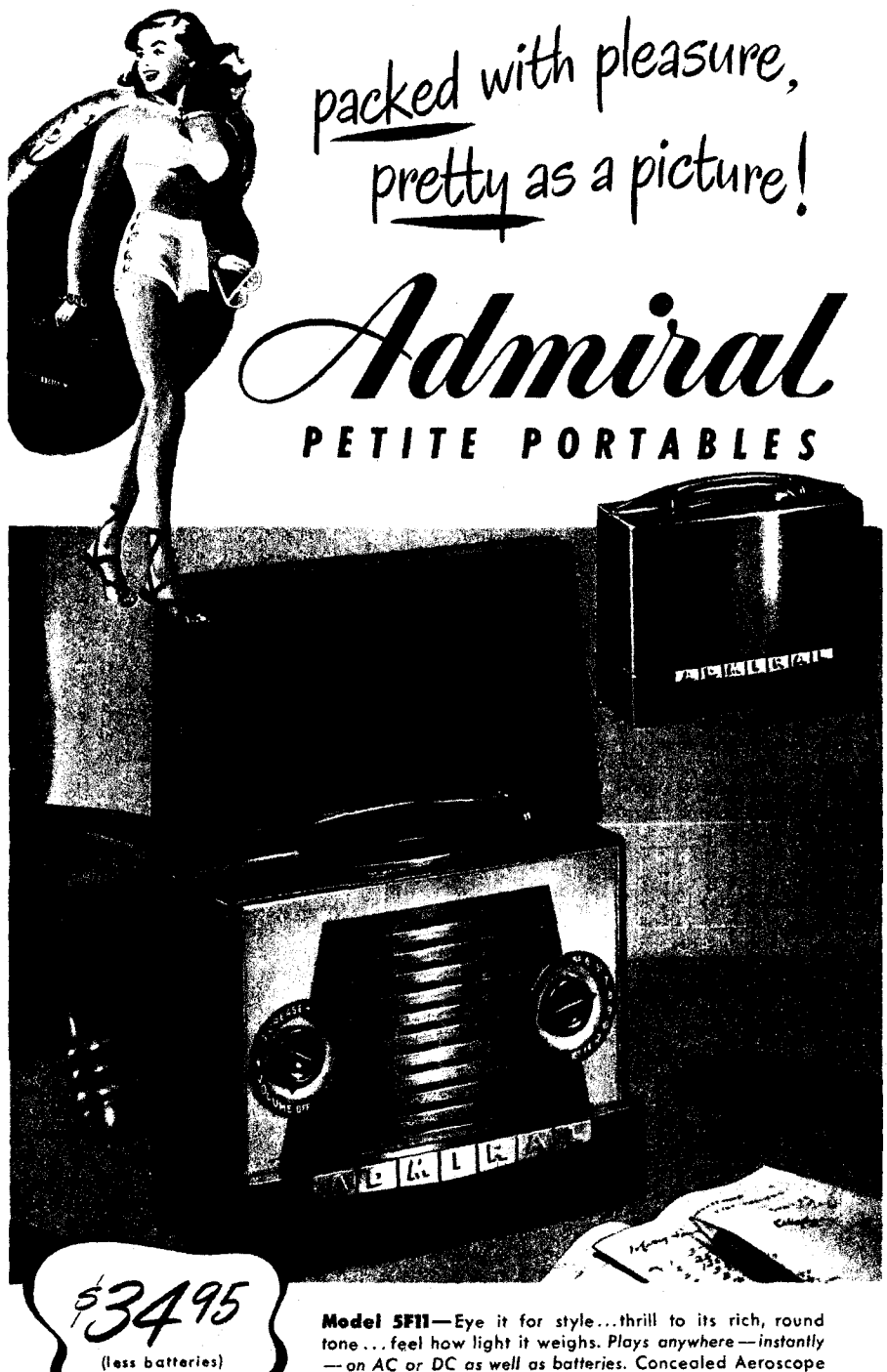
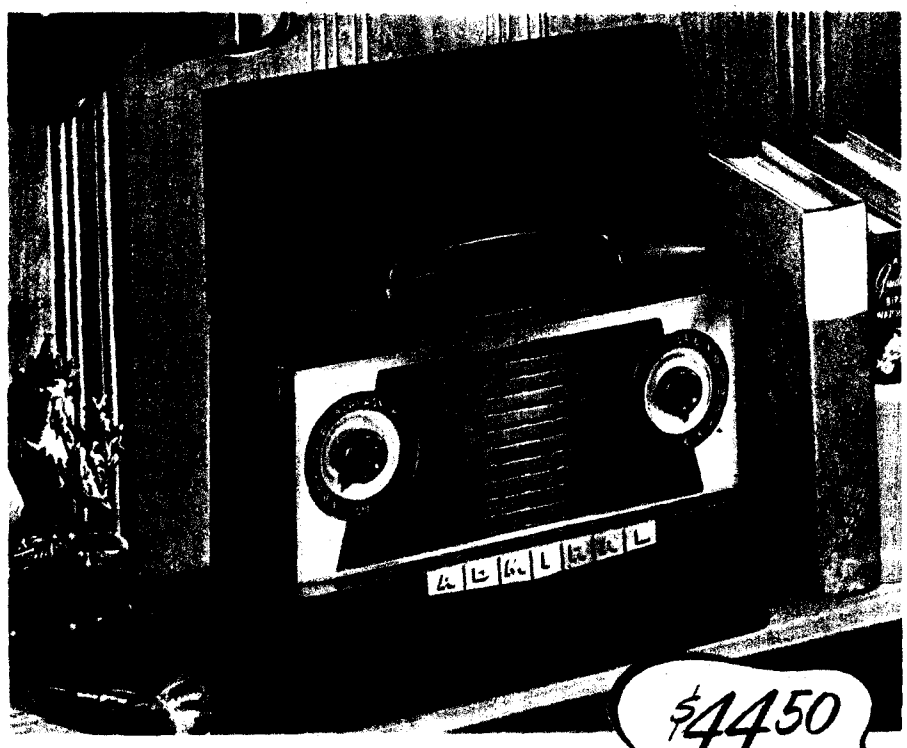


Prices slightly higher in south

Model 5F11—Eye it for style...thrill to its rich, round tone...feel how light it weighs. *Plays anywhere—instantly—on AC or DC as well as batteries.* Concealed Aeroscope in swing-up lid is secret of amazing reception even on trains, planes, boats, in cars. Doubles as a fine table radio, too. Emperor Red & Gold case (9⅜"x7"x4⅜").



Model 6C11—Super powered to bring in those far distant stations. *Plays instantly on AC or DC as well as batteries.* Concealed Aeroscope in lid plus exclusive Admiral circuit provides amazing reception everywhere. In smart Emperor Red and Gold case.

$44.50
(less batteries)

America's Smart Set!

book. I slammed the door shut and gave John Mills's number to the operator.

"Mason, did you say?" said John Mills. "You the fellow wrote that book?"

I winced and said I was, and he said, "My office is just down the street from the hotel, two doors after the bank."

I knew they were watching me as I left the booth and walked through the lobby to the street. There was much more life in Hydetown now, but if you analyzed it you saw that a large percentage of it was due to traffic passing through town on the highway. Two doors below the bank I saw a window lettered *John Mills, Real Estate and Insurance,* and a solid man with a rosy face pleasantly creased from an uncritical outlook on life was waiting in the doorway.

"Mr. Mason?" he said, and put out his hand. "Come in, come in. What do you hear from Willie Warburton?"

"Left him last night," I said. "He's making a great campaign."

"You bet he is," said John Mills. "I've been following it in the papers. That boy can sure make a speech. I suppose he sent you on to see how everything is shaping up here for Warburton Day?"

"In a way," I said, "yes."

"The whole county will be here," he said. "Just about. It will be a day, all right. Got two bands lined up. The American Legion band and the high school band from the county seat."

I SAT down and said, "I wonder if you have a copy of a paper that carries Clyde McDonald's column."

"Got it right here," he said, and passed me a newspaper folded to the column. I read it through quickly. It reprinted my paragraph from the book and made malicious sport of our efforts to play down the adventures of Willis G. (The Great Hippologist) Warburton at the race tracks.

"This man McDonald is out to get something on the Governor," I said.

"Oh, don't let that Great Hippologist stuff worry you." John Mills waved a hand. "People are more broad-minded than they used to be, and for that matter, we never made any bones about horse racing hereabouts. When we were boys racing quarter horses was a great sport. I remember Willie was in pretty good demand for those races when he was a kid. He was a good rider."

Now I knew what the old man at the hotel had been talking about, when he said he always had his money on Willie. I groaned and said, "You mean to say he was a jockey, Mr. Mills?"

"Why, I wouldn't call him that. He was just a kid in overalls who could stick to a horse's back for a quarter of a mile. Willie used to ride bareback and barefoot, and he could get a lot out of a horse. Why, say, I rode a few races myself, but I was never as good as Willie."

I dropped the newspaper containing McDonald's column into the wastebasket. "Mr. Mills," I said. "I'll tell you why I'm here. Clyde McDonald is on the track of some sort of information discreditable to the Governor and he expects to find it here in Hydetown."

"Discreditable?" said John Mills.

"All I know about it is that Melvin Fisher sent McDonald a telegram telling him that if he came to the reception for the Governor in Hydetown he'd have something juicy for his column."

"Meathead Fisher sent the telegram?"

"Yes."

He frowned. "That I don't like. Mel Fisher is a pretty cagey customer. He doesn't go off half-cocked." He shook his head. "But damn it, if there was anything against Willie Warburton in this town I'd know about it."

"And you haven't any idea?"

"No idea at all." He leaned back in his chair and gazed out at the steady stream of traffic. Thoughtfully, he said, "I don't suppose it could have anything to do with Hattie Perkins."

"Hattie Perkins?" I said weakly. "A girl?"

He grinned at me. "I guess she was a girl once, but it was before my time. No, Mr. Mason. Harriet Perkins taught school out of town a ways."

"Yes," I said. "Now I remember the name."

"You ought to," he said. "You had her in that book."

"But what could Miss Perkins have to do with it?"

"I'm wondering," he said. "I'm wondering about that myself. Miss Hattie told somebody she wasn't coming to the reception Wednesday. It's all over town that Miss Hattie won't be there."

I sat up straighter. "Why not?"

He grinned. "I reckon you can take the blame for that, young fellow. It's that book. She don't like it."

There were prickles along my spine, and I swallowed hard; it seemed tha everything came back to my book. asked the question uneasily, "Wh doesn't she like it, Mr. Mills?"

"Well, you know, Miss Hattie has go kind of cantankerous lately. She's an ol lady, Mr. Mason, and you know how schoolma'am is. She has her own wa too much. A schoolma'am is a little lik a henpecking wife, and I guess for th same reason. Not that Miss Hattie isn't fine old lady. She sure is. But she crotchety, and she don't like what yo wrote in that book about her."

"But I barely mentioned her," I saic "Do you have a copy of that book?"

"I sure have." He produced it fro the top drawer of his desk and passed to me. "Page seventy-six," he said. looked it up myself when I heard ho Miss Hattie felt about it."

I read the paragraph as if I had neve seen it before. It said: *Governor Wa burton's schooldays were typical of tl rugged, hard-working community which he lived, yet among the fonde recollections of his boyhood is Miss Ha riet Perkins, from whom he received h early education. To this day he recal her affectionately as "Hatchet Hattie and his memories of her and the little r schoolhouse warm his thoughts of bo*

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

SAINT MAGPIE

Thrifty Gus, the demon hoarder,
Filed his derelicts in order
Snugly in the cellar where
They'd not be exposed to air.
Papers, oily rags and twine,
Brushes soaked in turpentine,
Dregs of aging kerosene,
Not to mention gasoline,
Nestled next assorted paints—
He'd have registered disgust,
Had he watched his hoard combust.
But in half a dozen flashes
Gus, et al., were just plain ashes.

—Margaret Fishback

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hood. Governor Warburton walked two miles to school every day, after doing his chores, yet his marks were the highest in his class in spite of the many afternoons that "Hatchet Hattie," a strict disciplinarian, kept him after school for minor juvenile misdemeanors. He recollects today that Miss Perkins had predicted a great future for him, but thinks that even she would be astonished to find him a candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

I looked up at John Mills. "Well," I said. "It's corny, but what's wrong with it?"

"We all called her Hatchet Hattie," he said. "I don't know that she ever objected to it, but maybe she don't like seeing it in print. And besides, reading that paragraph you'd get the idea Miss Hattie had moved on to greener pastures. It might be that, too."

I sighed unhappily. "The truth is, Mr. Mills, it never occurred to me that she might still be alive."

I PUT the book down. "But the fact that his old schoolteacher passes up the welcome home reception is nothing to alarm the nation. That would hardly qualify as a juicy item."

"That's what I'm thinking," he said.

"You see," I explained, "the Governor was so busy that his secretary and I went to work to get what information we could, then I wrote it down, against a deadline. I'm certainly sorry if I offended Miss Perkins, and I'd like to go out and tell her so. We ought to persuade her to come to the reception, if we can."

"Yes," he said. "Miss Hattie ought to be there."

"Where does she live? I'll take a taxi out and explain."

"A taxi?" He smiled. "Not in this town, Mr. Mason. But come on, I'll run you out to see Miss Hattie."

His car was parked at the curb, and after he had hung a Back Soon sign on his door, we drove out to Miss Harriet Perkins' home, a half mile from the center of town. On the way he said, "I'm thinking you're right. We're off the track. It couldn't have anything to do with Miss Hattie. But I'd sure like to know what Mel Fisher has got under his hat."

Miss Perkins lived in the sort of white cottage with green blinds and rambler roses that I might well have described in the book, so hackneyed was my literary vein, and so trite was the cottage. There was even a girl among the roses, under a trellis, a girl with honey-colored hair and deep blue eyes and a trace of freckles.

John Mills called to her, "Hi, Ginny. Miss Hattie around?"

"She's out back, John," the girl said.

"Ginny," he said, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Mason. Ginny is Miss Hattie's grandniece, Mr. Mason. Miss Virginia Perkins."

I said, "How do you do?" and I thought that for the first time in years I was looking at something original, a product without make-up or artifice, a raw material that required no processing.

"My friend wants to talk to Miss Hattie," John said.

She looked at me. "Then you'd better take it off," she said. Her voice was low and very clear, with no sorghum in the Southern accent.

"Take what off?" I asked blankly.

"The button," she said. "The campaign button. She'd throw a fit if she saw that Warburton button."

"Better take it off, Mr. Mason," John Mills said.

"Mason?" the girl said. "Did you say Mr. Mason, John?"

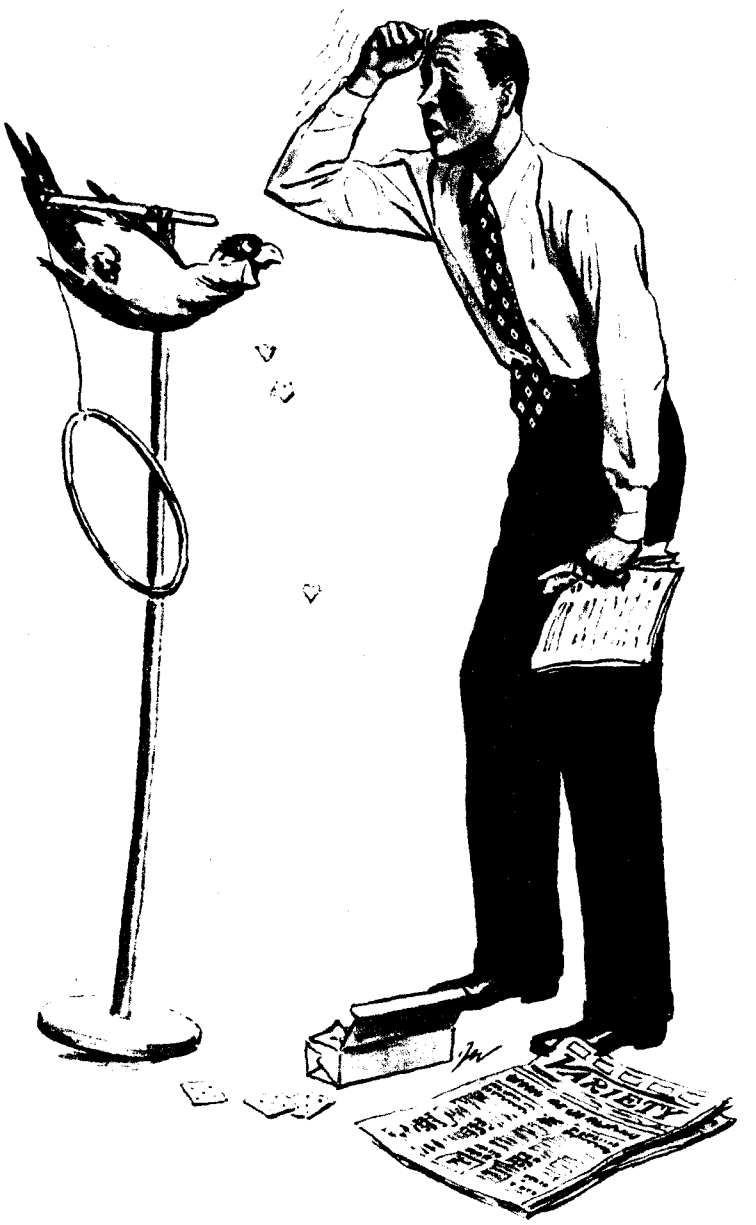
"That's right. Roy Mason."

"The fellow who—"

"Yes, I wrote the book," I interrupted.

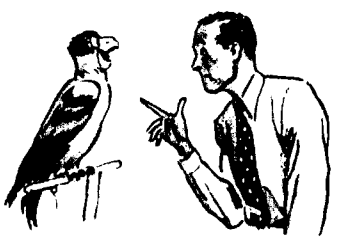
"Oh, well," Ginny Perkins said, and spread her hands. "Then I'm afraid Aunt Hattie won't want to see *you*."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "I had no idea you wanted the suit for swimming!" JARO FABRY

"Hahaha! Who says parrots are dopes?"



PETE: No one says so, Sinbad! Please listen now, or we'll NEVER get a radio program of our own. Now—once more: *what* am I wearing?

SINBAD: You? You got a fine haircut—hahaha. You got an Arrow Dart Shirt on. Or is it a Dale? *Pretty* coll-ar. *Pretty* coll-ar. Who says parrots—

PETE: Swell, Sinbad! Now think: what is MITOGA, Sinbad? MITOGA?

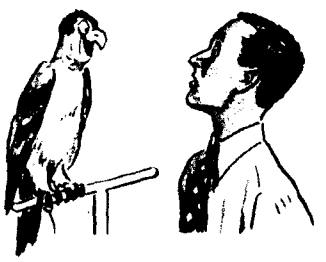
SINBAD: You got me-got me-got me—hahaha! Is it an Indian Chief? Tell Sinbad the Clever, Sinbad the Wise—hahaha!

PETE: No! No! NO! Now listen, birdbrain: MITOGA is that marvelous bodyline design you find *only* in Arrow Shirts!

Think! What *other* trade-mark do people talk about when they buy Arrow Shirts?

SINBAD: Who says parrots are dopes? Hahaha! Starts with "S," Petey. Is it "Sandpapered"? "Snodgenized"? NO—it's *Sanforized!* Good old Sinbad, Clever old Sinbad. What's it mean?

PETE: It means "fabric shrinkage less than 1%," you moth-eaten refugee from Yucatan! I've told you that 500 times, Sinbad. I'm discouraged. We'll NEVER get on the radio . . .



SINBAD: Oh, I . . . don't . . . know. Ever listen to the radio, Petey? Hahahaha!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

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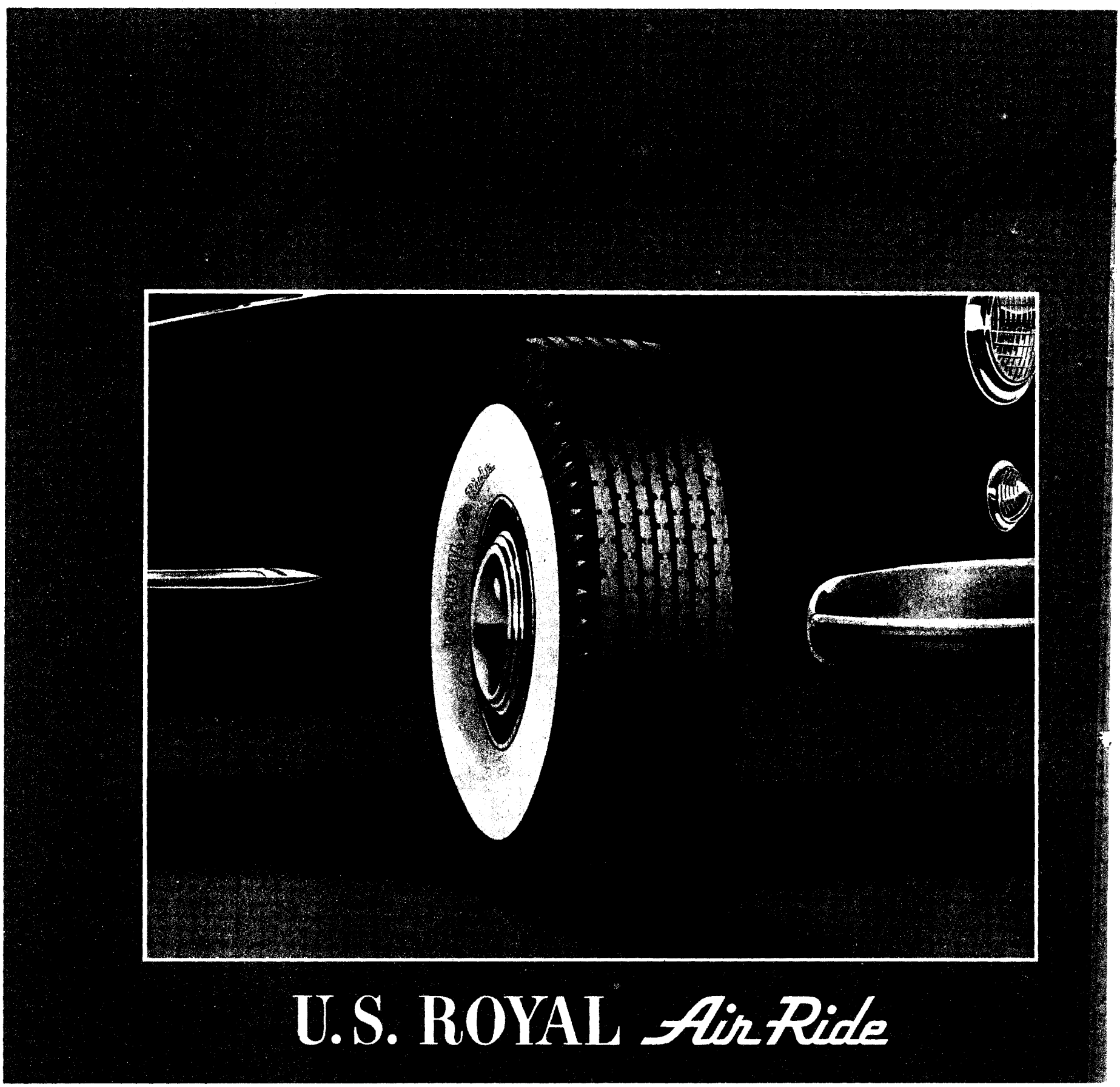

The U. S. Royal Low-pressure Princip

FITS YOUR PRESENT WHEELS

THE U.S. ROYAL PRINCIPLE

MORE AIR—LESS PRESSURE ON STEER-EASY TREAD

In the past two years, millions have changed all their ideas about what a tire can do for a car!

The U. S. Royal Low-pressure Principle has brought them smoother riding and easier steering than ever before on America's *first* and *finest* extra low-pressure tires. They have created a whole new world of driving pleasure. It all began in August, 1946, with the first extra low-pressure tire . . .

Actually Absorbs Bumps

The U. S. Royal Air Ride—From the first, its U. S. Royal Low-pressure Principle was hailed as the greatest tire development in over a decade. It provides far *more air* at *less pressure*—combines softer air-cushions with a trim, Steer-Easy tread. It gives you 25% more cushioning, actually absorbs bumps so they can't reach you! Car-builders and car-owners everywhere have switched to Air Rides.

The finest tires you can buy are **U. S. ROYALS**

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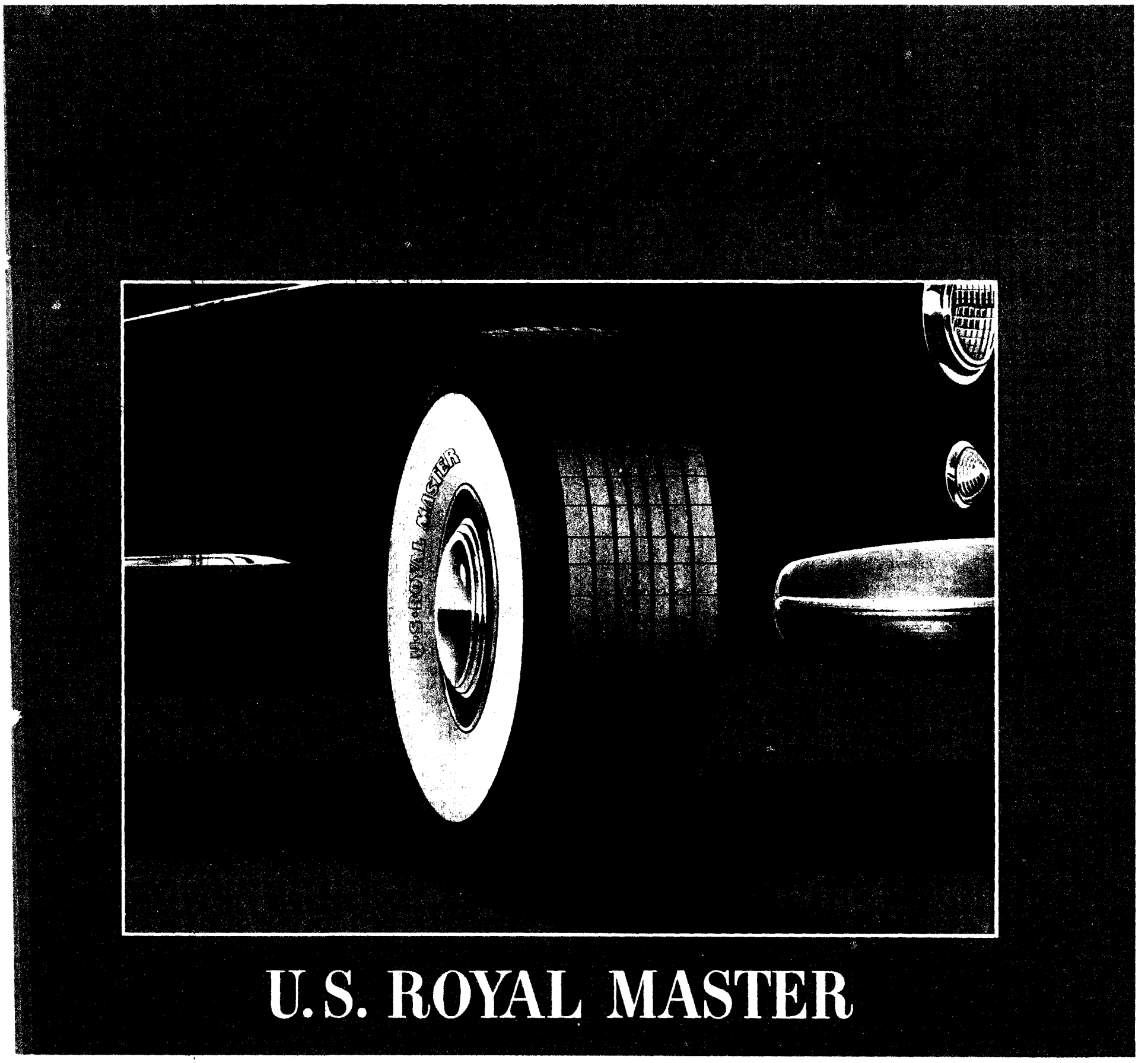

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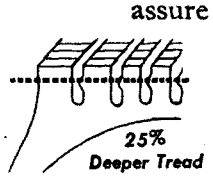
created an entirely new kind of car comfort

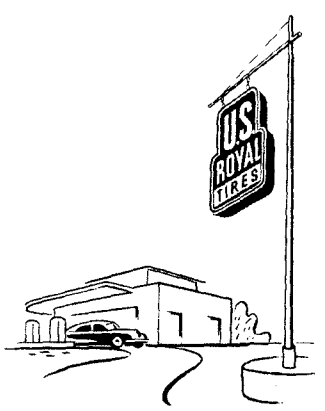
The U. S. Royal Master—The U. S. Royal Low-pressure Principle has now been combined with the greatest, safest mileage a tire ever offered. It comes to you in today's great new U. S. Royal Master.

This amazing tire's low-pressure cushioning keeps you riding smoothly on rough roads. Its unmatched *De-skidded* tread digs down through water, mud or oil—stops you quicker in the slipperiest driving. Its 25% deeper tread gives you up to 60% more safe mileage than conventional tires. And, through the National Safety Service Plan, U. S. Dealers assure you this full skid safety to the last mile!



Both Royal Masters and Air Rides *are specifically made for your present wheels.*

See your U. S. Dealer for the finest tires you can buy . . . today's great U. S. Royals.



by **U. S. RUBBER**

Your U. S. Dealer's specialized tire care and USCAP tread renewing service assure you every extra mile of safety and comfort built into U. S. ROYALS.

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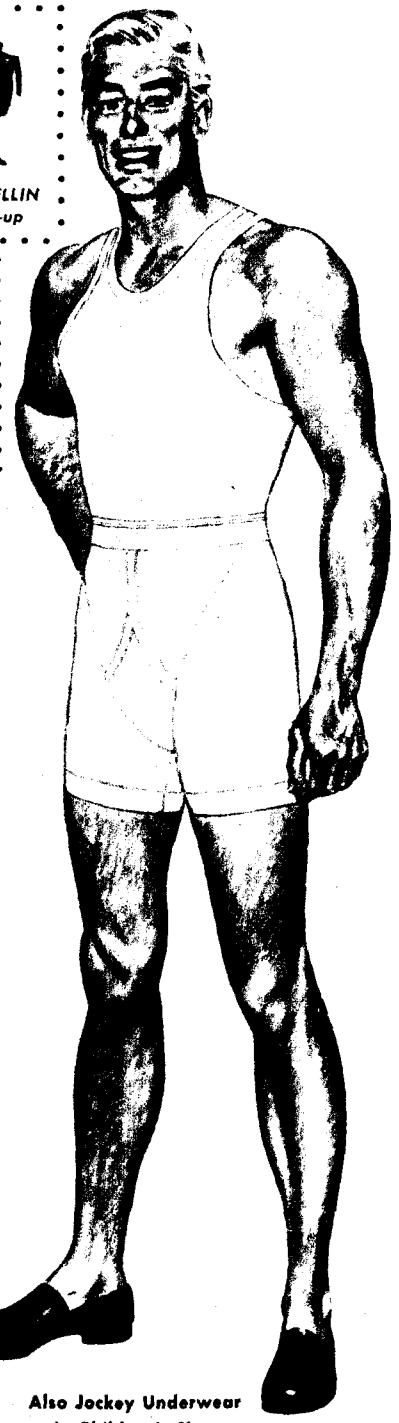
classroom bound?

Get a complete

JOCKEY UNDERWARDROBE



Jockey gives you comfort so perfect it's patented!

More and more men are finding that Jockey *is the one sure way to avoid the discomfort* and embarrassment of bunching, binding, twisting underwear!

Only Jockey Underwear is measured to your build, fits snug as your skin, moves with you.

Only Jockeys have the patented comfort features—famous Y-front construction, the protective cradled pouch for masculine support, the no-gap opening, the smooth-seamed freedom from chafing.

Get a complete Jockey Underwardrobe —enjoy complete comfort. Don't forget Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, short sleeves or sleeveless.

Only Jockey gives you underwear "measured-to-your-build"!

Your Jockey dealer has the "Hip-Tape" measuring method, developed and copyrighted by Coopers, as an exclusive service for Jockey customers. This method assures you perfect fit at the hip and crotch—as well as around the waist.

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Don't ask for "knit underwear" ask for

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ALFRED & THE WOO WOO KID

DEAR THE WEEK'S MAIL: Gotta disagree with Marge and Charlie who likened Humfreville's "Alfred" to a furriner, Stalin's boy Vassily (The Week's Mail, July 17th).

Alfred is all American. When he first appeared I was making some pictures with Hugh Herbert—the Woo Woo kid. The resemblance, not only facially but in manner and idea, of Alfred and Hugh struck me so forcibly I tried several times to get the Great Minds to combine them in a picture.

Unfortunately I was unable to suggest how to tie Alfred in with sex or gun totin' or drayma in the raw, so the idea went by the boards.

The Russians have screamed they beat Edison to the punch on electric light, Franklin on electricity, Marconi on wireless, and Kellogg on Bran Flakes. But they can't claim they beat Humfreville to Alfred. PAUL GERARD SMITH, Astoria, L. I.

OUR EDITORIAL-MINDED READERS

DEAR EDITOR: You've got a fine magazine. Keep up the good work and you'll have the best. But—

Why not more sports fiction? Your writers failed you? Speaking of sports tell Bill Fay that he's doing a good job on his sports.

I think you ought to have two Alfred cartoons each week.

Hey! Why not some comic covers, funny things do happen—why not snap a picture?

I think you need some more fiction and short stories. How about making Keep Up With the World longer? It's very interesting. Sporting Odds is very good, too; it should be lengthened.

DICK FITZGERALD, Lake George, N. Y.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A WIFE

GENTLEMEN: Re How to Catch a Husband (July 3d) on rounding up vagabond husbands: Why bring 'em back alive?

One wonders how many of the three thousand admittedly recalcitrant husbands might have gone on to become something really worth while in this world if your Investigator George Lamb, dean of America's husband chasers, had left them alone to work out a decent salvation.

The writer has had a lot of experience along the lines mentioned, having lived out one divorce, alimony, etc., and is seriously considering giving up a $40,000 business and a $20,000 home, etc., in return for a scribbled note on the theme so ably quoted by the dapper George Lamb. "I'm getting out now while I still have some youth left, to see and do all the things I've always wanted."

I'm forty-six years old and thank God that's just the way I feel.

NAME WITHHELD ON REQUEST,
Port Jefferson Station, N. Y.

WEAKENDER

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Just a note of appreciation of your short short by William Chadwick (Laughter Must Be Shared, July 17th). "A single hour in an evening of spring is worth a fortune of gold—laughter is the balm which eases the pain of life." I have felt that but could not express it. Please publish a paragraph containing this Chinese motto also: "After three days a guest stinks." I'm sorry to be so outspoken but we of California are constant hostesses—we love them for three days, but that's enough.

Wish your magazine was published twice a week.

A CONSTANT READER, Long Beach, Cal.

Maybe we're just Confuciused but we thought it was Franklin who sounded off about guests.

HE-MAN COVER BOYS

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Hooray for the cover on the July 17th Collier's—I mean the picture of Mr. Stan Robins. He isn't showing every tooth in his head like some of the pictured gals, but has a human and humorous expression.

Wish we could have some more "he-man" covers. How about it, gals? Please don't publish my name. My husband wouldn't like it. H. F., Santa Rosa, Cal.

. . . I was particularly intrigued by the July 17th cover. I presume that the background was composed of authentic lobster pots, the salty-looking gent with the bushy eyebrows is undoubtedly the lobster fisherman, and the girl adds the cheesecake; but where, oh, where, do they catch their lobsters already boiled?

A. C. SMITH, Plainfield, N. J.

We quote The Week's Work of July 17th: "The 'fresh-caught' lobsters are red . . . because they are boiled right in the factory on the dock for immediate canning —so please don't write in. . . ."

SALT VS. KEROSENE

EDITORS: Re Ted Shane's Inhuman Nature (July 10th), not every skin is rugged enough to stand repeated applications of kerosene against redbugs. Rub a moistened salt or saturated salt solution to the points of attack. So quick, so soothing is this innocent remedy that getting a dose of redbugs is almost a pleasure.

HERMAN KURZ, Botanist,
Florida State Univ., Tallahassee

. . . Bugs, bugs, marching up and down again
From head to foot of poor old Shane,
So what? The hungry bugs must eat or die.
They cannot order ham on rye.
So cut the cackle—toughen up
And learn to take it like a pup,
Vent not your spleen on growing things.
Most all God's creatures got wings—or stings!!!

A. MCMASTER, New York, N. Y.

IRON PANTS

DEAR SIR: Re the Joan of Arc article (June 26th), actually, Arrowsmith Tool & Die Company of Los Angeles produced the armor used by the entire cast, excepting that of Ingrid Bergman, instead of the speedboat manufacturer as stated in your article.

Of particular interest is the material used for this armor. Dow magnesium, .064" in thickness, was employed exclusively. Magnesium, in weight, is approximately two thirds that of aluminum, with greater strength characteristics; an application of one of our newest metals for an ancient usage.

PAUL R. BURT, Chief Engineer,
Los Angeles, Cal.

TYKE

DEAR EDITOR: Is the tyke with the strangle hold on his baby brother (July 3d) the little angel who got the gun for Christmas? (Cover, Dec. 27th.)

MRS. FERN SMITH, Boscobel, Wis.

No—he's a bottle-scarred veteran of the peace—fattening baby brother for a possible next Christmas gun cover.

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AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 27

On this night, candles lighted his room. Whether there was a power failure, or the government was conserving electricity, or whether the lights were out in this sector of Budapest alone he did not know, and it was useless to inquire of Madame Angell or Sandor. He had placed candlesticks at each end of the long Italian desk, so that they framed his portable. The warm, flickering shadows shielded the imperfections of the furnishings, rounded the angular chairs. The room had been his home for almost four months. Now, whatever his decision, those ties would be torn up.

BEFORE him was this implacable sheet of flimsy—a notice of eviction, certificate of failure, diploma of disgrace. Six other paraphrased copies of the cable would have been made, so that by now everyone in the legation would know.

He suspected this was why through the whole day he had received no phone calls and no visitors. News of the cable would have seeped to the British and the French, and even the Hungarians, during the cocktail hour at the Park Club. The cable had come in a code which the Germans had broken in 1941 but which was still used for matters classified as less than secret because it was economical. So probably the Russians would read the cable too.

From Installment XV of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: The Combined Chiefs of Staff met at Malta to decide between the Eisenhower and the British final knockout blow against Germany. "The arguments reached such a point that Marshall, ordinarily one of the most restrained and soft-spoken of men, announced that if the British plan were approved by the Prime Minister and President, he would recommend to Eisenhower that he had no choice but to ask to be relieved of his command."

The paraphrase read: "Most disturbing information has reached the department concerning your conduct, which appears to border on treason, in the Budapest mission. Specifically you are charged with the following violations of State Department regulations:

"1. Without authority engaging in diplomatic negotiations with an official of a foreign power.

"2. Endangering United States policy by indiscreet utterances to an official of a foreign power.

"3. Deliberately disobeying warnings not to associate with representatives of this power.

"4. Refusal to obey direct orders of superior.

"5. Conduct unbecoming of an officer of the Foreign Service.

"6. Purloining narcotic drugs from the mission dispensary.

"Since all these charges have been substantiated the department regrets requiring your immediate resignation. However, in view of your inexperience, and your previous record in the armed forces, the department will permit you to resign without prejudice. In accordance with regulations governing such cases, passage will be furnished to your home station."

The last paragraph was the key, of course. It was an invitation to go quietly, without a fight.

All he had to do was write and sign a simple note of resignation and that would end it. It would sponge off the first thirty years of his life. No public stain would remain. He could go home and marry Susan. He could get a job and start over. If necessary, he could refer without shame to his short diplomatic career. It might even carry an aura of distinction. He could say, "Oh, yes, I was third secretary in the legation at Budapest. Had to give it up. Not enough money in it."

Yet he could not bring himself to write his resignation. All day he had known he would not write a resignation. He could go home and get a job, but never again for his government, for in the files would be this unchallenged cable. This was peculiarly important to him. All his life a career in the department had represented honor, respectability and security.

And he couldn't let down Leonides.

He could use his hearing to tell his story. Perhaps he would be believed in Washington, even if unbelieved in Budapest. There would be the unpleasant taint of a department trial. It would undoubtedly leak to the press. To have a hundred people in Washington and Budapest know of these accusations was one thing. To have a hundred million people know was quite something else. If there was a departmental trial, and he was not believed and fired from the department, his name would be damaged beyond his own lifetime.

Yet it was necessary that he fight. There was nothing else to do. The blank paper was already in his typewriter. While it seemed improbable that the Secretary would ever see the letter, he typed it in the traditional form.

"To the Secretary of State,
"Sir:

"I have the honor to report receipt of your coded cable 49122692, classified confidential. Despite this cable I find I cannot resign from the Foreign Service of the United States. I will be happy to answer the charges contained in this cable at any time, according to your convenience."

He signed his full name at the bottom, boldly, Jefferson Wilson Baker.

ON THAT Tuesday morning Horace Locke had found a young woman outside his office door. She said, "You're Mr. Locke, aren't you? My name's Susan Pickett. I wonder whether you could see me, Mr. Locke?"

"Certainly. Come in." This girl seemed tense and agitated, and he wondered what she could want.

He drew up the one chair he hoped was comfortable, and held its back for her in a courtly manner long out of fashion. "Now, Miss Pickett?" he inquired.

"Mr. Locke," she began, "I understand you're a friend of Jeff Baker's."

"More precisely, I was his father's friend," Horace Locke said.

"Oh. Maybe I shouldn't have come."

"Don't mistake me," said Horace Locke. "I'm very fond of Jeff Baker—very much interested in him. Have been all his life. Are you his friend too?"

She said, "I love him. Mr. Locke, he is in very serious trouble."

Now his thin, sensitive hands were on the desk, and he was looking at her differently than he had before, and all his instincts were alert and wary. "How do you know that?" he demanded.

She took a cigarette from her bag and tapped it on her thumbnail, and he noticed that her nails were well shaped, but stubby from typing. She put the cigarette back in her bag. "I work in the department," she said. "Secretarial. I take the nine-o'clock conference."

"This matter of Jeff's didn't come up at the conference, did it?"

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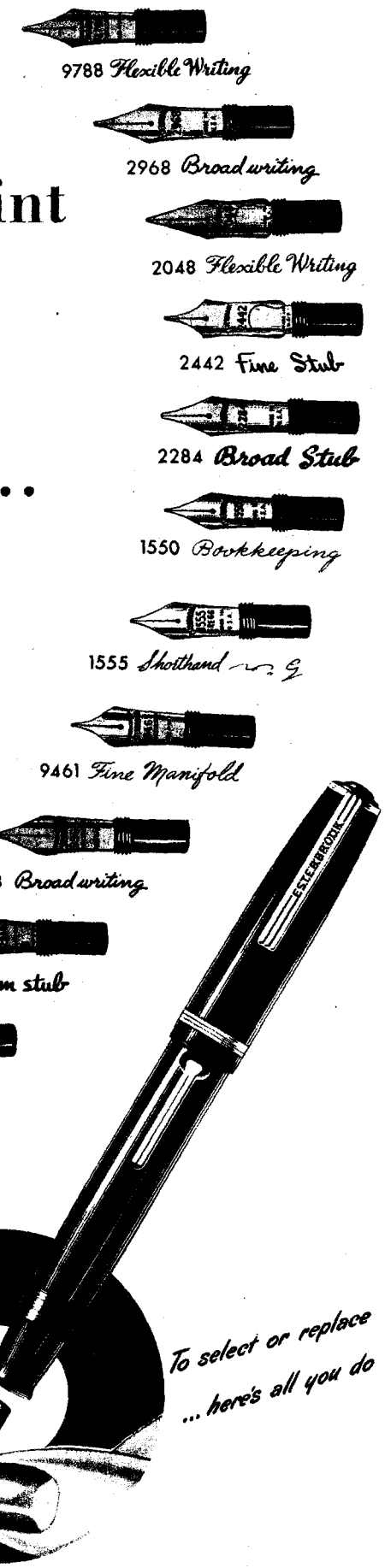

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"No. If it had, I couldn't talk about it. I have a friend named Gertrude Kerns. She works in Balkans. We always have coffee together in the cafeteria after I've typed the agenda. This morning she told me Jeff was being recalled. He has been asked to resign. They sent a cable last night. She knows I know Jeff."

"So quick," exclaimed Horace Locke. "So damnably quick!" Matson hadn't wasted an hour.

Susan didn't seem to hear him. "I didn't know what to do. I told her I had a pain in my stomach and it might be appendicitis. I told her please to go to the Undersecretary's office and tell them I felt sick and couldn't take the conference. I went up to Code and Cipher and got a paraphrase of the cable. I suppose I'll get in trouble. I don't care. Here it is." She handed it across the desk.

Horace Locke read it, and read it again. "I'll handle this. I'll handle it and let you know. Now get this paraphrase back to Code and Cipher and forget it."

"All right. I thank you so much, Mr. Locke. I feel better now."

Horace Locke said, "I have very little influence. I can only do what I can. It may be too late already."

"I don't think so," she said.

She rose, and he rose and opened the door for her. As she left he could not help but put his arm around her shoulder. She needed reassurance. She didn't have to sham her inner sickness.

Now the time had come for Horace Locke to act. There was no use appealing to Matson now. Matson had committed himself. Only the Secretary of State could save Jeff Baker. He dialed 3071.

A pleasant voice sang, "Office of the Secretary of State."

"This is Horace Locke, in the department. I must speak with the Secretary."

"Is he expecting your call, Mr. Locke?"

"No. But it's very important."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Locke, but I don't seem to place you."

"I'm Adviser to the Diplomatic Monuments and Memorials Commission." He tried to make it sound important.

"Well, may I suggest you send the Secretary a memo, Mr. Locke. You know he's terribly busy."

"This is really urgent, and really important," Locke said.

THE girl hesitated, and then said, "Well, in that case I suggest you dial one of the Secretary's executive assistants. Their branch is 2881."

"Very well," said Horace Locke.

He dialed 2881. He didn't know any of the assistants. They were all younger. But he knew their names. He asked for Mr. Partridge. He told Mr. Partridge he had to see the Secretary immediately, on a matter of vital importance.

"Couldn't you come over and talk to me?" Partridge asked. "You know how it is, Mr. Locke. The Secretary is snowed under."

"I'll have to see the Secretary himself," Locke insisted. "This is extremely serious, and extremely confidential."

"Couldn't you give me some idea what it's about? After all, that's all I do from seven in the morning until midnight—handle stuff that is serious and confidential."

"No, Mr. Partridge," Locke said. "I can't tell you. It must go to the Secretary, and to him alone."

"Well, I'm sorry that you feel that way, Mr. Locke. I can't do anything for you. I suggest that you dictate a memo."

Horace Locke put down the telephone. He chuckled. He couldn't dictate memos. He didn't even have a stenographer. He tried to think of a way to get to the Secretary. He was still thinking at lunch.

Early in the afternoon he looked out of the window. Across the street photographers were knotting at the entrance to the executive office of the White House. The President must be better. He saw a limousine swing through the White House grounds. It was a Rolls-Royce, and that would mean the British ambassador. He watched other limousines stop. He could see the Secretary's car at the West Executive Avenue entrance.

He had to see the Secretary, if he was to help Baker.

Horace Locke put on his hat and coat and walked downstairs.

He walked through the door of the West Executive Avenue entrance. The guard nodded. He was an old guard, who had always been at this entrance to Old State. "Nasty out, today, isn't it, Mr. Locke?" he said.

"Yes. It's foul." He went outside into the drizzle, and felt in his inside coat pocket to be sure he had Baker's letters.

IN NEW STATE he walked confidently to the Secretary's suite. Now that he had made up his mind, it would not be too difficult. In the outer office a receptionist asked his name, and he told her, and she asked whether he had an appointment. "No, but the Secretary will want to see me," he said.

She seemed puzzled by his answer. She said, "I'll send in your name, and you can wait."

That was all he wanted, a chance to wait. He took a chair in the anteroom, where he could watch the door through which the Secretary must pass.

After he had been waiting for a half hour he sensed, by the activity, that the Secretary would soon be back. But yet another thirty minutes passed, and the Secretary did not arrive.

Then Susan Pickett came in. She had a notebook and pencils in her hand. He saw her as soon as she walked in from the hallway and he lifted his head suddenly so that she noticed him and came over to him. She said, "Oh, you've got an appointment. That's fine."

He rose, and winced. The chill drizzle had loaded his joints with aches and stiffness. "No, I haven't an appointment," he whispered. "I'm just waiting for him to come back."

"Oh, he's back!" the girl said. "He's been back, Mr. Locke. He comes up on his private elevator on the other side of the building and goes directly into the inner office. He doesn't use this entrance."

Horace Locke realized suddenly how he had lost touch with what went on inside the department.

"Golly, Mr. Locke, you could wait here all day and you'd never see him," Susan said. He could see that she too was shaken and worried. He knew that she had depended on him, that she had faith in his ability to help Jeff Baker, and now that faith was gone.

"I'm going in to see him in a minute," Susan said. "I have to see him every day at this time. Would it do any good if I told him you were here?"

Horace Locke considered this. "I'm afraid not," he said.

She said, "What would happen if you went in with me?" Her eyes, which had been so dull, now suddenly were alight.

"What do you mean?"

"I could take you in with me, just like I'd been sent out to get you. I go in and out so much nobody notices."

Horace Locke knew he was going to perform what for him was a desperate act. In his whole life he had never entered an office, a drawing room, or any gathering where by any chance he might be unwelcome. He said, "I will go in with you."

She caught her breath. "I don't suppose the world will come to an end if we do," she said. She smiled.

So together they walked into the Secretary's office. They walked past the receptionist, and the uniformed guard at the double doors, and through the secretarial office inside, and into the Secretary's presence.

The Secretary was alone. His shoulders were bowed over his desk and his glasses had slipped down the bridge of

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his nose. His eyes, as always, were chained to the pile of red-tabbed papers before him. He looked up over his spectacles, started to speak to Susan and saw Horace Locke. The Secretary did not seem disturbed, but he did seem puzzled.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Secretary," Horace Locke said. He was at ease again.

"Well, hello, Locke—Horace," the Secretary said. "Good to see you. How've you been?"

"Fine, thank you, Mr. Secretary." He knew what would be passing through the Secretary's head. The Secretary would be thinking he must have some appointment with Locke, and yet he would be quite certain he didn't, and he wouldn't want to be rude, and so he would wait and find out, from the conversation what it was all about.

Horace Locke plunged: "Mr. Secretary, I don't have any appointment, but I had to see you. First I want to apologize for the intrusion, but after we've talked I'm sure you'll agree it was necessary."

The Secretary took off his glasses and laid them on the desk. "Well, what is it, Horace? I assume it must be of surpassing importance. You know how unusual this is."

"It is an affair of state, Mr. Secretary." The words rolled out rounder and bigger in this office than if said anywhere else. For them both it had a special meaning. An affair of state was a matter of the national safety.

"Mr. Secretary," Susan asked in a small voice, "do you want me to come back later?"

"No, Mrs. Pickett, I want you to stay and make notes. All right, Horace, go ahead."

Horace Locke brought out Jeff's letters. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "I have received two letters safe hand from Budapest. They were sent to me out of channel by a third secretary, who because of my long association with his family trusted me implicitly. It was the opinion of this third secretary, in which I concur, that the matter was of a nature so secret that the information could not pass through ordinary channels. The letters concern this third secretary's liaison with a Russian officer who claims to be a leader of a revolutionary group which intends to fight and, if possible, overthrow the present Soviet regime."

Horace Locke paused. But he could see in the Secretary's face that this was fresh intelligence. "Sit down, Horace," the Secretary said, "and let me see those letters."

Horace Locke sat down. He knew now that he had his chance. He decided it would be best to read the letters, because he knew that the Secretary's eyes were always tired from too much reading, and he would grasp it more quickly, and perhaps more completely, if the letters were read. "I think we can save time if I read them," Locke said.

"Yes, do. Go ahead," the Secretary agreed. He turned to Susan. "You'll take all this, please, Mrs. Pickett."

When it was all finished the Secretary said, "I suppose, Horace, that you know I signed a cable last night asking that boy to resign?"

"Yes, Mr. Secretary."

The Secretary tapped a pen on his desk, as if rapping out points in his reasoning. "There is a very weak point in Baker's story. There is no corroboration. There is no corroboration from anywhere in the world. Perhaps Baker himself can furnish that corroboration. We will see. He will have a hearing."

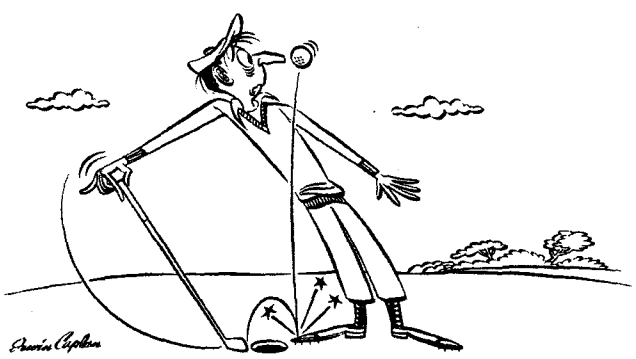
"Thank you, Mr. Secretary," Horace Locke said.

The Secretary rose and held out his hand. "Thank you, Horace. I'll take care of this now. I'm going to check with our people in Vienna. And I'm bringing Baker home."

As Horace Locke left the office he heard the Secretary speak into the interphone: "Have Mr. Matson up here at once."

JEFF slept late Wednesday morning. When he awoke he smoked a cigarette in bed and considered what he must do next. He decided he must present his answer to the cable to Morgan Collingwood. That was correct protocol. Collingwood would take it in to the admiral, and the admiral would snort at it, and then order it transmitted to Washington.

After that it would be Washington's move. His refusal to resign would go to the Balkans desk. Undoubtedly Matson



IRWIN CAPLAN

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While trying to qualify for the National Amateur golf championship, Jerry Dimmick of Dansville, New York, put his second shot 18 feet from the cup on a 430-yard hole, and scored an eight without ever getting off the green. This was the horrible sequence: His first putt slid three feet beyond the cup. The next one "rimmed" and hung on the cup's far side. Reaching over to tap it in, he stabbed at it in such a way that the ball popped back over the cup and hung on the lip again. Simultaneously, the ball touched his toe for a two-stroke penalty. That was seven—and he was down in eight. Dimmick, incidentally, was a one-handicap star at the time.

—Jack M. Tucker

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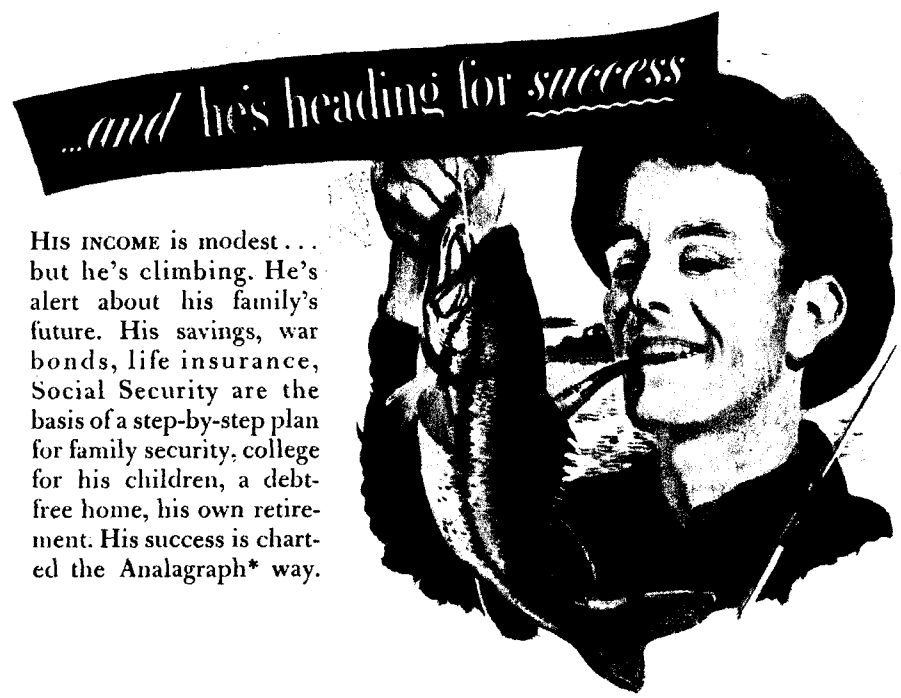

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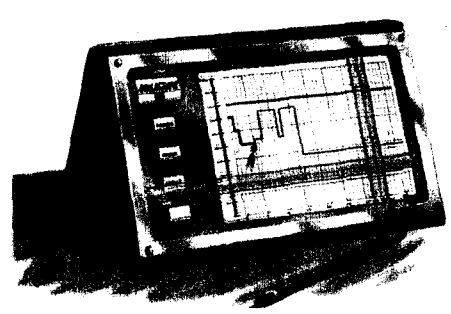

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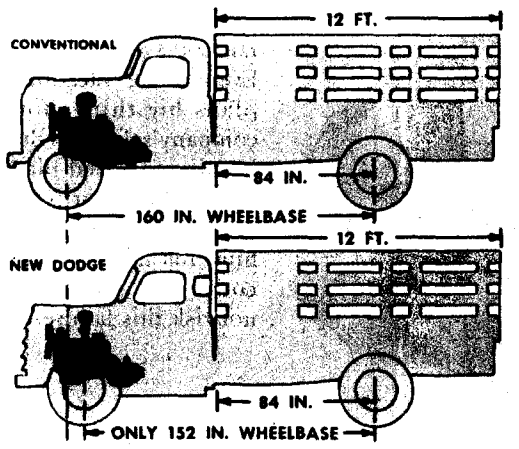

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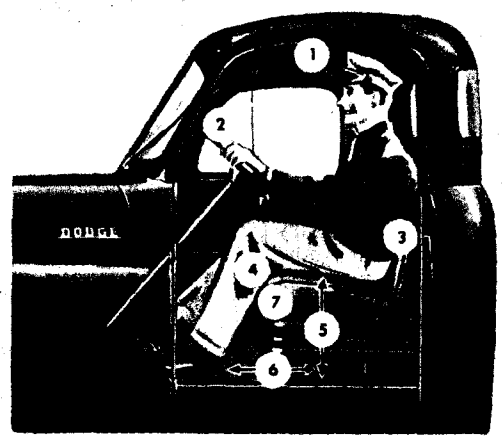

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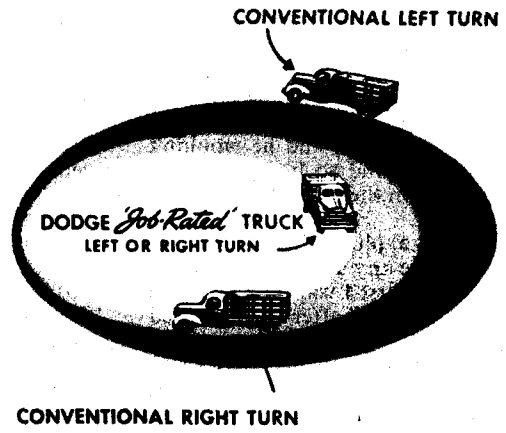

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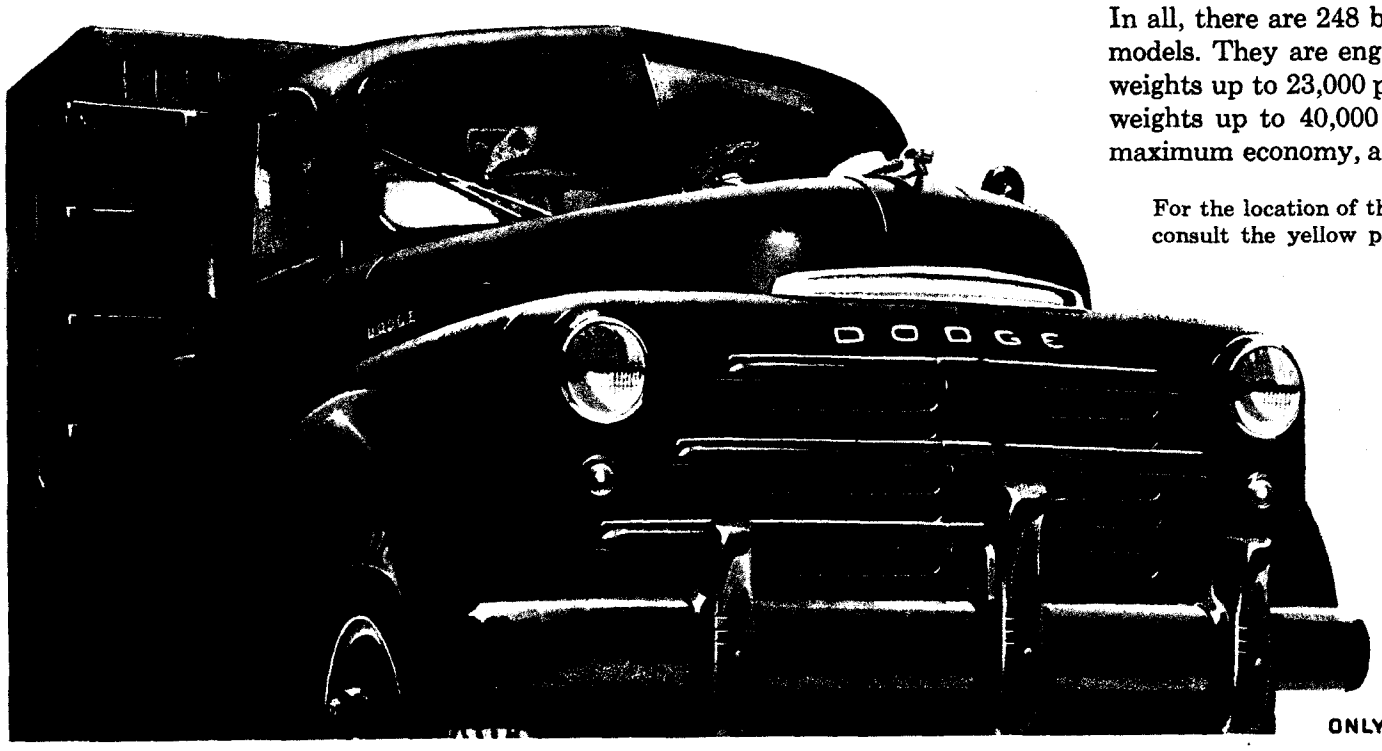

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would send another cable, ordering him home to face a departmental trial. They probably wouldn't bother to bring him home by air. They'd furnish the most inconvenient transportation available—jeep to Vienna, trains to Genoa, and then an Army transport or freighter to Newport News. It would take weeks.

He showered and dressed automatically while his mind retraced all the arguments of the day before and reached the same conclusion.

MADAME ANGELL brought his hot water, and he was drinking his black coffee when the phone rang. It was Quincy Todd. "So you're finally there," Todd said. "I tried to get you all last night. What's the matter with your phone?"

"I don't know," Jeff said. "I didn't have lights last night either, so I guess wires were down somewhere. What'd you want?"

"Oh, I just wanted to offer liquid courage and consolation. Now it may be different. You just got another cable. My little mouse told me."

"I'll be right down," Jeff said.

Jeff folded his reply to the first cable into an envelope, and put it in his pocket with the cable itself. Then he walked to the legation, and went to the message center. Quincy Todd was waiting there, and with him was Marge Collins, from Cryptography. She looked pleased. Quincy said, "I think she's got good news for you, Jeff, but she won't tell me."

She had an envelope in her hand. "I'll give you this cable," she said, "but first you have to give me back the paraphrase you got yesterday."

"Why?" he asked. "It's mine, isn't it?"

"Not any more."

Jeff brought the sheet of flimsy out of his coat pocket and handed it to her, and she gave him the envelope.

Jeff opened it. It was another cable, addressed as before. It read: "DEPARTMENT'S 49122692 CLASSIFIED CONFIDENTIAL IS TO BE DISREGARDED AND ORIGINAL AND ALL COPIES AND PARAPHRASES REMOVED FROM FILES AND DESTROYED. BAKER IS TO RETURN TO WASHINGTON ON FIRST PLANE AVAILABLE AND REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE."

Quincy Todd, who unashamedly had been reading over his shoulder, slammed him on the back and said, "Saved! I thought they'd hang you."

"They may hang me yet," Jeff said. He mustn't let his hopes run away with his common sense. "That means tomorrow's plane, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yes, tomorrow's plane," Quincy Todd said. "You'd better stick around the legation, because the admiral will be wanting to talk to you."

"You think so?"

Todd smiled. "I certainly do." . . .

The admiral had him at his table at lunch. The admiral was affable and pleasant and very nearly apologetic. Jeff felt that the admiral must believe he had powerful friends in Washington.

Actually the admiral was congratulating himself on passing the buck to the department. Something was going on back in Washington that he didn't understand, and it was best that he stay out of it. Whatever happened, the Navy would be pleased that he had not involved himself in a State Department affair. . . .

Jeff saw Keller that evening. "When you see the Secretary," Fred cautioned him, "simply present the facts as you know them. Don't be frightened. The Secretary's very decent, very humane."

"I met him once before," Jeff said, "when I took my orals. He was swell. I wonder if he remembers me?"

"He never forgets anyone," Keller said. "His memory is phenomenal. He sops up knowledge, and facts, and he never forgets any of it."

"I think he liked me," Jeff said. "I'm not sure."

Keller thought this over. "I don't believe it's going to matter whether he liked you or not. In a matter of this kind he'll consider only the cold facts. But at least you know you're going to get a square shake. That's the important thing."

That night he went to the Arizona with Keller and Todd, and they watched Rikki Telredy dance. She smiled at them from the stage, but when the show was over she didn't go to their table. She had drinks with some Russian colonels, and chatted at a table occupied by Polish diplomats, and finally left with a Hungarian drama critic. Keller said Rikki was a smart girl—very smart. Keller said to Jeff, "She'll still be here when you come back."

"Do you really think I'll be coming back?" Jeff asked.

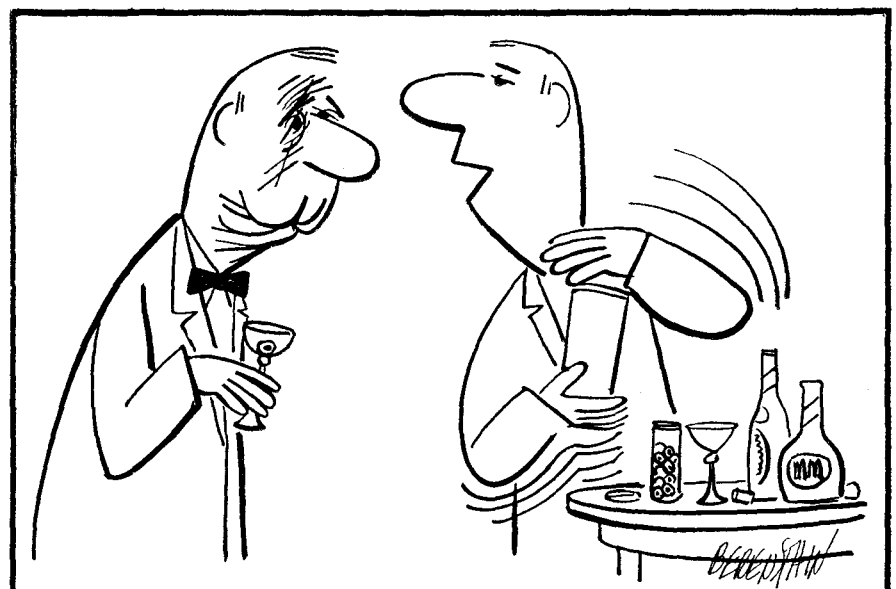
"I think you'll be coming back," Keller said. . . .

Thursday morning Quincy Todd helped him pack. When they were finished Todd asked Jeff about the maps that covered an enormous footage of wall. They were beautiful maps. They were Army Air Force aeronautical charts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, of the Straits and the Baltic, of inner Europe and the Danube. Jeff said, "I think I'll leave them here for a while."

"I like your confidence," Quincy said.

"Oh, I'm not so confident," Jeff said. "I'm just tired of taking 'em down and putting 'em up."

Jeff left on the evening plane.



COLLIER'S "Dry enough for you?" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

WHEN Jeff arrived in Washington he called the Secretary's office from the airport. The girl said, "Oh, Mr. Baker. I've a message for you. The Secretary left instructions he'd see you at eleven. Can you make it?"

Jeff looked at his watch. He had thirty minutes. "I can make it."

He checked his bags and went to the washroom and washed his face and combed his hair. He was glad he'd had the foresight to shave on the plane, but there was nothing he could do about his suit.

He got in a cab and said, "New State," and looked again at his watch.

He reached New State and walked to the elevators, and his elevator was crowded and stopped at every floor. Everyone in the elevator looked so neat and freshly cleaned.

He got off at the fifth floor and gave his name to the receptionist, and he could tell he was expected, for she said, "Just a moment, Mr. Baker." She lifted her phone and said, "Mr. Baker is here," and another girl came out and said, "The Secretary will see you now, Mr. Baker." It was happening too fast.

He followed the girl through the secretarial office, and there were four other girls sitting there typing, and one of them was Susan. Her back was turned toward him and he wanted to yell at her.

The Secretary got up when he came in and extended his hand, and said, "I'm glad to see you again, Baker," and he sounded as if he really were glad to see him. "Just sit down," the Secretary said. He told the girl, "No calls."

The girl left, and he was alone with the Secretary.

There was a cable file at the edge of the desk, and now the Secretary drew it to him. "Good trip?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jeff said. "I slept all the way across."

"I never seem to have time to sleep on a plane," the Secretary said. "Every trip I make I tell myself I'm going to take a rest, and sleep all the way, but it never turns out like that."

The Secretary glanced at the top papers in the file. "Now, Baker," he said. "To save time I'll tell you what I've done, and then when I'm finished you can add anything you want.

"In the first place I've talked to Matson and Quigley and Locke, and they've told me all they know of this matter. I want to apologize to you for one thing, Baker. I wouldn't have initialed the cable requesting your resignation had I known at the time what I know now. I'm not blaming Mr. Matson for this. It is nobody's fault but my own. However, that doesn't mean that I may not request your resignation at the end of this interview."

"I see, sir," Jeff said.

"After learning all I could in Washington I cabled our embassy in Moscow, our occupation headquarters in Vienna, and the British in Klagenfurt. I requested any information that would corroborate your story." The Secretary took three priority cable forms from the file.

"Briefly," the Secretary went on, "Moscow has never heard of any organized revolutionary movement in the Red Army or the Soviet diplomatic corps. Neither has Vienna. I am taking into account the probability that they might be the last to hear. But the important reply came from the British zone in Austria. They are certain that nobody answering the description of Leonides Lasenko has crossed into their zone. They know nothing of any underground transmitters operating in the Hochschwab."

"Oh, that's too bad," Jeff said. He wasn't thinking of himself. He was thinking of Leonides.

"I do have one small fact to back your story," the Secretary said. "It is a fact that the Russian naval attaché, Yassovsky, was recalled to Moscow and has since disappeared. But that happens to a lot of Russians. So you can understand, Baker, the position I am in. If your story about Major Lasenko and his underground was provable, then I would naturally believe your story about the penetration of Atlantis Project."

"I understand, sir," Jeff said.

The Secretary lifted his head so that Jeff could see how grave and serious were the eyes behind the spectacles. He said, "I hope your story is true, Baker."

"It is, sir."

"Can you show me any proof—any small proof?"

Jeff shook his head. "This proof doesn't exist, sir. I can only give you my word and my judgment."

"And your judgment is immature."

"I don't think it's so immature," Jeff said. "I think men my age grow up awfully fast."

The Secretary leaned back in his chair, and examined this statement. "In most cases that's true," he said. "But I'm not sure in your case. You see, Baker, your reaction to that explosion indicates that you might be a psycho. Now understand that I am sympathetic with men who suffered battle fatigue, but I must take this into account."

"I know it, Mr. Secretary," Jeff said.

JEFF knew that the cards had fallen against him. He had not been fully prepared for the worst, the worst was happening, and yet he found he could maintain his nerve, his calm, and his courage. He said, "Mr. Secretary, I suppose you will want my resignation."

"I think that would be best for us," the Secretary said.

"But before I give you my resignation, Mr. Secretary, there is something I must submit. Please, Mr. Secretary, do not allow the Atlantis Project to continue. Because if you do, Mr. Secretary, it will cost lives. Some of our friends in Budapest will surely die."

The Secretary rose. "I'm going to accept your suggestion," he said, "but I'm also going to accept your resignation. Good luck, Baker."

"Goodby, Mr. Secretary."

As he walked out of the Secretary's office he was aware that the traffic of the State Department had congested in the outer offices while he had been inside. He realized that this matter which for him meant his whole life and his whole world was only twenty minutes out of one day for the Secretary of State.

In the outer office Susan was still at her desk, and now she was watching for him. He tried to smile at her, and she tried to smile back. She said, across the room, "I'm off at five."

He said, "I'll see you at five."

He didn't think that anybody noticed. He hoped not. He didn't want to embarrass her. He realized that henceforth his association with her would embarrass her in the department.

He went back to the airport and got his bags and dumped them in Stud Beecham's apartment. He could tell by the neatness that Stud was off somewhere on a field trip, and the maid had finally caught up with the disorder. He was glad Stud was away.

He bathed, and sent out a suit to be pressed, and made a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich and washed it down with milk, and then he sat down at Stud's desk and wrote his resignation.

"To the Secretary of State
"Sir:

"Pursuant to our conversation of even date I have the honor to inform you that I am resigning from the Foreign Service of the United States."

Once again he signed his full name, Jefferson Wilson Baker. . . .

He was waiting at the Virginia Avenue entrance of New State when she came out. She came directly to him, her steps never hesitating, and she put her arms around his neck and they kissed right there at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Virginia Avenue Northwest.

That night he took her down to the

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water front for lobster. He took her to Hall's. She had suggested that they eat at her apartment, but he didn't want to do that.

There was an hour spent in explanation of what he had done, and what she had done. And then there was the critical moment when she asked:

"Jeff, what about us? Where do we go from here?"

"Let's go to the Footlight Club," he evaded.

"You know that's not what I mean."

"I know."

"What happens to us, Jeff—you and me?"

He knew what he had to say, because it was the only thing to say. "I'm afraid this is our last time together."

"Jeff!"

"That's the way it's got to be, Susan. If we were married you'd have to quit your job. That isn't possible. It isn't possible because neither of us has any money, and it isn't possible because you like your job and I haven't any right to pull you out of your job."

She leaned across the table and took his hand in both her hands, and held it tight. "That's not necessary, Jeff. You're not thinking straight."

"Yes I am thinking straight."

"No, you're not. You're not in the department now. I can marry you. And I want to marry you, Jeff."

He tried to pull his hand away but she clung to him. "It wouldn't work that way, Susan. You marry me and you know what'd happen?"

"No."

"You'd find yourself transferred to being stenographer on the Costa Rica desk. You wouldn't take the nine-o'clock conference any more. They don't want women in sensitive jobs whose husbands leave the department with a mark on them."

"You haven't any mark, Jeff."

"Yes I have. Nobody will say so, and nobody will speak of it, but I have."

The grip on his hand relaxed, and he drew it away. "My darling," she said, "my Jeff. I don't care if I have to work on the Costa Rica desk, or even if they put me in the Hemp and Flax Policy Board."

He shook his head. "You think you wouldn't care, but you would. Just as I am going to care. There will be no moment when I will not wish I were back in the department. I'll get a job all right, and I'll make enough money, and outwardly there won't be any blemish on me. But inside I'll never feel right."

She saw she was defeated. She lowered her head so he could not see the defeat in her eyes. "Pay the check," she said quietly, "and take me home."

ONE night late in January, 1950, at eleven o'clock Central European time, and five in the afternoon Eastern standard time, a new short-wave radio station went on the air in Europe. It called itself RFR—Radio Free Russia—and it pirated a wave length in the 11-megacycle band, right next to Radio Moscow.

Madame Angell was among the first to hear it in Budapest.

She didn't remember when she had been so excited, and yet there was no one to tell except Sandor, the building superintendent and elevator operator, who naturally wouldn't believe her. She put on her tattered and stained wrapper and rushed out into the hallway.

The room that had been occupied by Mr. Baker was still vacant. Mr. Todd had paid the rent for January, as if he expected Mr. Baker to come back. She entered this vacant room. She hadn't made a thorough inspection of the room since Mr. Baker left.

It was peculiar that he hadn't bothered to take down his maps. She examined the maps carefully, and she recognized that they were very good maps. How wonderful it would be if she herself had those maps! She looked in the bureau drawers. There was half a chocolate bar under a newspaper. She took a bite, and put the remaining fragment in the pocket of her wrapper. She had a premonition that Mr. Baker was coming back.

She scurried out of the room and back into her own apartment, and listened again to this fascinating new station that was Russian and yet was not Russian.

IN THE American legation on the Szabadszag-tér a bilingual monitor was taking it off the air. He soon knew it was important enough to be recorded, and switched on the recording machine.

In Klagenfurt the monitors of the British Political Warfare Executive were listening. The signal of RFR was very strong in Klagenfurt, and the chief monitor ordered that other stations in the British zone of Austria tune it in, and obtain a triangulation, for he suspected that the transmitter was very close.

It was heard in London. A complete text was recorded, quickly transcribed and sent to Whitehall, with a copy to Washington.

It was even heard in Washington. Out on the Maryland capes the monitors of Central Intelligence Agency, dialing for Radio Moscow, had picked up this RFR instead, and they recorded it, and prepared to send a special bulletin to the War, Navy, Air and State departments.

Radio Moscow was the first to react to the new transmitter. At two in the morning, in a Hindu broadcast to India, Moscow said: "The desperate Anglo-American political warfare offensive has just tried an infamous trick. Using a British station in the British zone of Austria they now pretend to be the mouthpiece of a Russian counterrevolutionary movement."

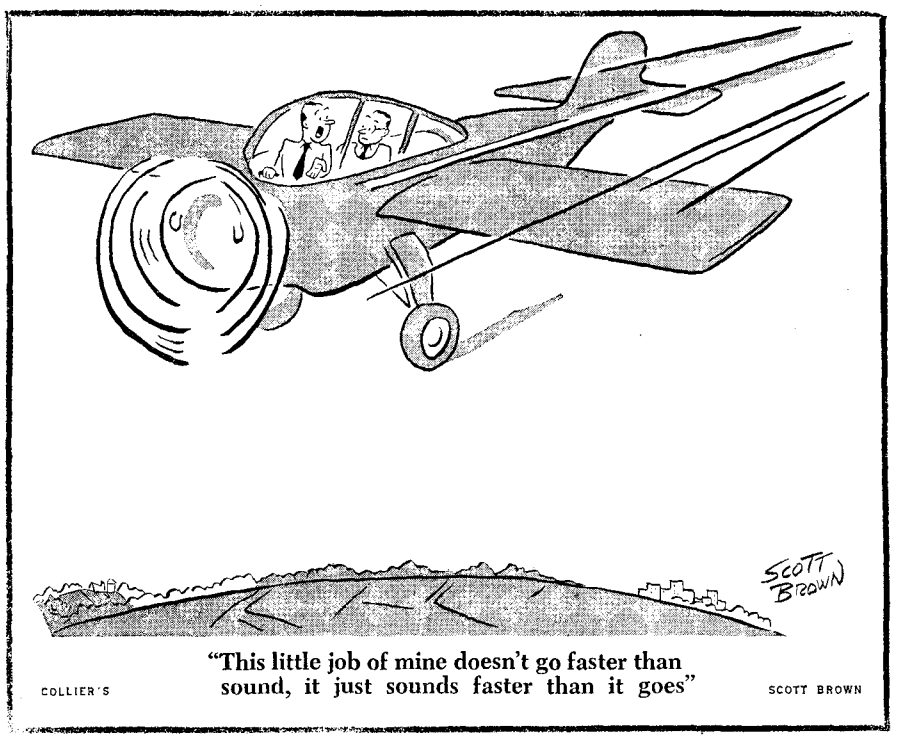
Admiral Blankenhorn heard of it at breakfast. When his Filipino mess boy brought breakfast to the admiral's bedroom he also brought a summary of the night's news and the monitoring report.

On this day there was a special box drawn on top of the monitoring report, headed "BULLETIN." It read:

"A new short-wave station with a very strong signal came on the air last night with news and propaganda especially directed to Russian troops in the occupied areas. Its call letters are RFR—for Radio Free Russia. It also calls itself 'the station of the Second Russian Revolution.' This new station claims to represent a group of Soviet military men and government people. It says that an underground battle against the present regime has been going on.

"A portion of the broadcast was devoted to a memorial to those men, who, this station claims, have already died for the Second Russian Revolution. It mentioned twenty or more names, but of special interest to this post were the names of Yassovsky, former naval attaché, and a Major Leonides Lasenko, who had been stationed in Budapest. According to the broadcast Yassovsky was murdered after torture at a Black Sea naval base, and Lasenko was shot to death while trying to cross the border into the British zone of Austria. Also named as a hero was an unidentified gypsy girl who supposedly gave her life trying to lead Lasenko to safety. The broadcast listed many famous Russian leaders now confined in concentration camps . . ."

The admiral thought it over very carefully and he drafted a cable to the Secretary of State:



"This little job of mine doesn't go faster than sound, it just sounds faster than it goes"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"I have always had greatest confidence in Jefferson W. Baker and for this reason felt that his story, improbable as it may have seemed at the time, be brought to your personal attention.

"In view of today's developments I feel that Budapest is the logical place in which to initiate liaison with the Russian group fighting against the present Soviet regime. I also feel that Baker, working under Keller's direction, would be the logical man to undertake such liaison."

JEFF BAKER read the news in The Post. He had gone around the corner to the little breakfast shop on Connecticut Avenue, and he'd bought a Post on the way so he could go through the help-wanted ads.

He sat down on a stool in the breakfast shop and ordered pineapple juice and a ham and egg sandwich, but first black coffee. He would drink this first coffee, and then he'd read and eat, and then he'd have another coffee, as was his custom. He opened The Post and looked at the front-page headlines.

FREE RUSSIA RADIO
TAKES AIR; PLEDGES
ANTI-STALIN ACTION

He glanced at it twice before he realized what it was. Then he raced through the story and came to the paragraph about Leonides being killed, and he coudn't eat any more.

The waitress said, "Whatsa matter, bad egg?"

He said, "Oh, no. The egg's all right." He wanted to get out of there. He wanted to be by himself. He left a dollar on the counter, which was more than his usual payment and tip, and left. He went back to the apartment on Riggs Court. He lay full length on the bed, face down with his feet hanging over the end and cried.

Jeff's mind distorted the first impact of the news, the way minds will when emotion elbows out cold logic. His first thought was that with Leonides dead he'd never be able to prove what he had told. Then he began to understand that the broadcast itself was proof.

He had a tendency to feel elated. He had a bloated "I told you so" feeling. He tried to fight down this feeling, but he felt he must talk to someone. Stud had now left for the office. It was not yet ten o'clock, so Susan would still be in her conference. He hadn't seen Susan. Now he wanted to see her.

There was Horace Locke. He dialed the State Department, and asked for Locke's extension, and Locke answered. He said, "Hello, this is Jeff Baker. Mr. Locke, did you see the story about the Russian broadcast—I mean about RFR like I told you?"

"I saw it," Horace Locke said calmly.

"Well, what do you think about it?"

"I think this is an excellent time for you to contain yourself. You were right. But it is not enough that you be right. You must accept your rightness gracefully and diplomatically."

"Yes, sir," Jeff said. He thought it over, and he understood what Horace Locke meant. . . .

THE Secretary of State learned of the Free Russia station, and of Moscow's reaction, at the nine-o'clock conference. Usually the Secretary plucked his early morning news out of Art Godfrey's broadcast. But on this morning he overslept and missed Godfrey.

The news was on the top of the Secretary's nine-o'clock conference file. Usually the monitoring reports were on the bottom, for they were considered of less importance than the spot news, and the cables from London, Berlin, Rome, Paris and Moscow. But on this day the girl who arranged his file—Mrs. Pickett—had somehow managed the file so that the monitoring reports met his eye first.

The Secretary looked at this thing, and digested it. All its potentialities were instantly clear to him. He knew that what some of his advisers had said could not happen had happened nevertheless. He sought a parallel in history, and found it easily. People had said the Japanese would never surrender, that the Japanese were monolithic and would fight fanatically to the last man. But Zacharias and Mashbir had contended otherwise. They'd said the Japanese were human beings, and being human, had n love of death. The Russians too were h man.

The Secretary's thought changed fro politics to people. He said, "Where Jeff Baker?"

Everybody was silent. Nobody knew.

"What happened to Baker?" the Secretary demanded.

Nobody said anything except the girl who took the nine-o'clock conference, and all she said was, "I know where he is, Mr. Secretary."

"I'd like to see him," the Secretary said.

"I think I'll be able to find him," Susan Pickett said.

The Secretary said, "Thanks, Mrs. Pickett." His eyes were bothering him again. He frowned and took off his glasses and laid them across his file. "When you locate him, Mrs. Pickett, I'd like to see him."

"At what time, sir?"

"At Mr. Baker's convenience."

Susan realized then that the Secretary, who often awed and sometimes frightened her, was a humble man.

She called Jeff and told him what the Secretary had said. Jeff said he was coming right over.

He caught a cab to New State. When he walked through the doors he had what

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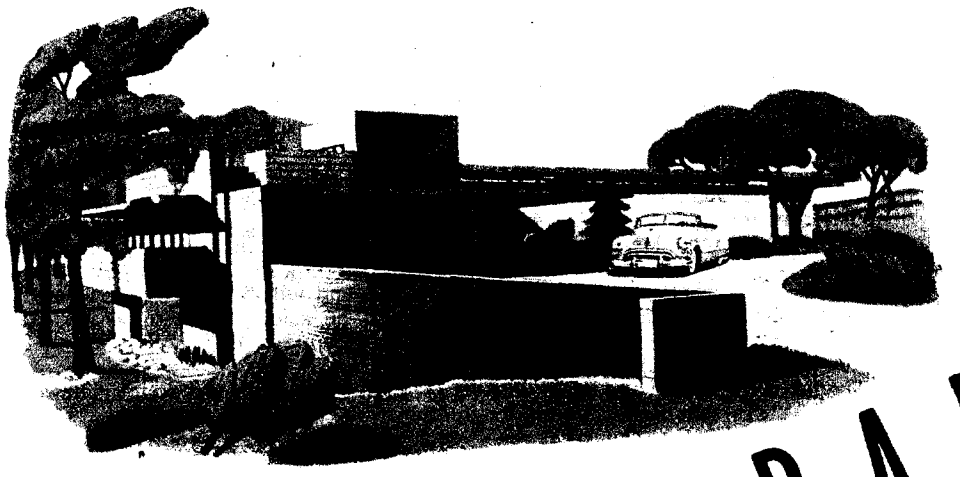

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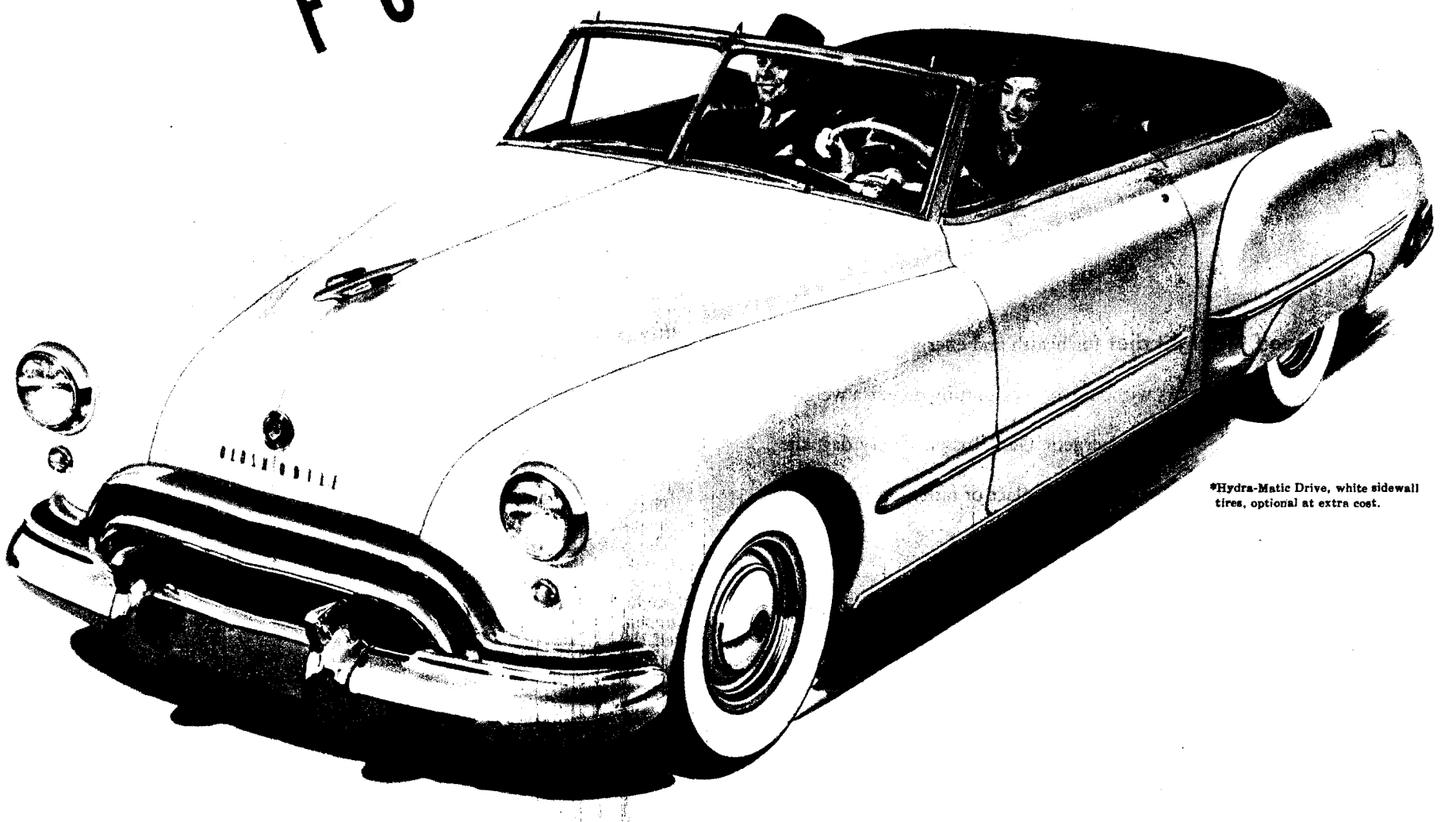

*Hydra-Matic Drive, white sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

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"THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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Unretouched photo showing how milk pours around the rim on the bottle

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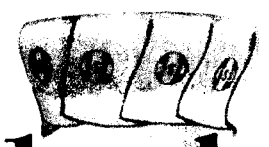

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was almost a feeling of exaltation. This building belonged to him. He was part of it. It was, in a sense, his home.

Susan was waiting in the anteroom. She looked awfully young and crisp and gay against the background of worried and tense people who ferried the world's troubles through this room. Alone of all those in the anteroom it seemed that only she and Jeff smiled. They stood apart from the others and she took his arm and whispered, "He gave orders that he'd see you as soon as you came in."

He saw the receptionist eying him expectantly. "Wait for me, Susan," he whispered. He walked to the receptionist's desk. "I'm Mr. Baker," he said.

She lifted the phone and spoke into it, and said, "Yes, Mr. Baker, you're to go right in."

JEFF once again walked into the office of the Secretary of State. The Secretary rose, as before, and held out his hand, but the greeting was different from the last time and the Secretary himself seemed different. His shoulders did not appear so stooped. The Secretary said, "You heard the news, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Baker, in the first place, I want to apologize."

"An apology isn't necessary, sir. It was perfectly understandable."

The Secretary smiled and shook his head. "When you make a mistake in my job," he said, "it's always a beaut. It is impossible for the Secretary of State to make a small error, because of the very magnitude of the material that crosses his desk. It has to be a big one—and in this case a very unfair one. So all I can do is apologize, and request you to rejoin the department."

"Of course, sir, I want to."

"It was too bad about Lasenko," the Secretary said, watching Jeff's face.

"He was a good man," Jeff said.

"There must be hundreds—perhaps thousands of Lasenkos," the Secretary said. "Russians who are good men, decent and honorable and intelligent men who like ourselves want peace."

"I think there must be, sir."

"That's a big job for you, Baker."

"That's to be my job?" Jeff said.

"That's it. You're going back to Budapest, Baker."

"How soon, sir?" Jeff asked.

"Right away. In a few days if you're equipped."

Jeff thought it over. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "of course I'll go, but it certainly is going to complicate things."

The Secretary tapped his fingers on the desk. The longer he was Secretary of State the more he was aware of the personal element that influenced his department. Only a few days before, he had been informed by Quigley, of Security, that an indiscretion on the part of Matson, and his immediate family, had compromised the Atlantis Project. He would have to relieve Matson.

Now a personal element entered this new development. It would be a girl, of course. It would be that fine young Mrs. Pickett. "I suppose you've got a girl here," the Secretary said.

"Yes, sir. I want to marry her, sir. And if I go back to Budapest we can't."

"She's in the department?"

"Yes, sir."

The Secretary nodded. He had been right. "You know the regulations about a man and wife working in the department," he said. "You know we can't make exceptions, Baker."

"I know it, sir."

"You're a Class Five, aren't you? This new job you're going to take should carry a Class Four rating. That's as much as I can give you, at your age."

"That's nice of you, sir."

"But a Class Four doesn't draw enough salary to support a wife—not in these days. There are good reasons why we don't want our young men to marry, Baker, believe it or not. We don't want them harassed by money troubles. We want their minds free for their jobs. You've plenty of time to marry, if this girl will wait."

Jeff considered this. "I'd like to talk to her about it," he said.

"You'll let her decide?"

"Yes, I'll let her decide."

"That's agreeable to me," said the Secretary. He had great confidence in Mrs. Pickett, the girl of the nine-o'clock conference.

IT WAS a week before Jeff flew back to Budapest. It was as before, except that Horace Locke was at National Airport, along with Susan. Locke didn't say much. He contrived to make himself inconspicuous, and when they kissed he was looking the other way.

The loud-speaker called the Shannon, Prague, Vienna, Budapest flight, and they walked to the gate together, as they had before, and he held her in his arms, and she said, "It won't seem like such a long time, now, Jeff, because we know what's going to happen at the end of it."

"Two and a half years," he said.

"Maybe there'll be a break. Maybe you'll be called back to report in a year or so. Then we'd have another week or two together."

"Yes, maybe."

"And when you come back you'll be Class Three, certainly. Maybe even a Two. Your next trip out, that'll be our honeymoon."

"I wonder where we'll be going?"

"I wonder?" she said. "Maybe some wonderful place. Maybe Rio, maybe Rome."

"Maybe some awful place like Madagascar," he said, but neither of them believed that.

THE END

COLLIER'S "I wouldn't take this lying down if I could get up" SALO

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How to Wake Up Quietly

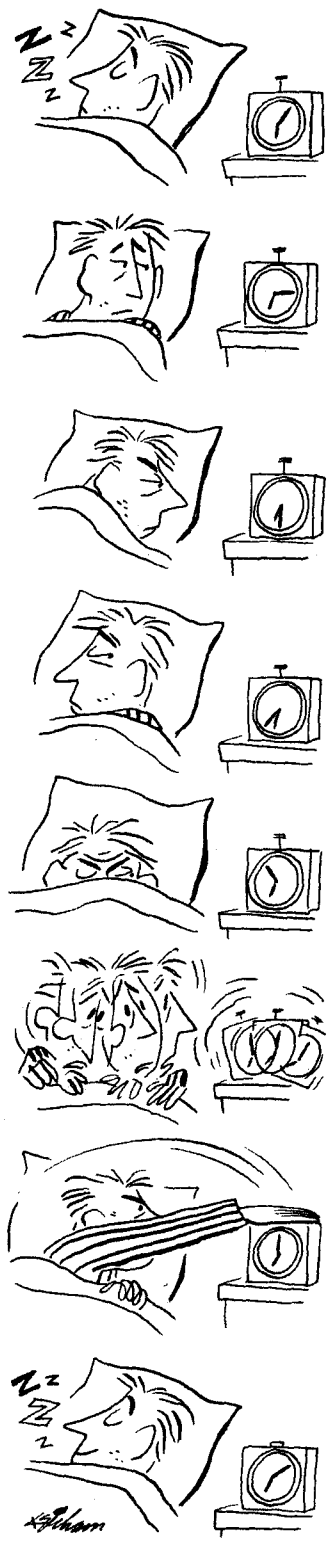
BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

ACCORDING to figures handed to me yesterday afternoon by my research staff, there are more alarm clocks per capita in the United States than there is sleep. This disclosure kept me awake all last night, and this morning I hit upon a plan that will enable people to get more sleep and at the same time will double the sale of alarm clocks. The proposal is revolutionary and if you say it sounds fantastic you couldn't be more correct.

The idea is simply this: In addition to the conventional alarm clock we need one to tell us when to go to bed. As things are now, it's a one-way proposition, a problem of obeying an alarm clock in the morning only.

I needn't point out the various methods we employ to wake up, but so long as you've stuck with me this far, I might as well. You can be gently aroused by a melodious chime effect or you can be jerked from the arms of Murphy by a clanging bell or raucous buzzer. You can even buy a gadget that turns on a bedside radio at any prechosen time so you can be awakened by a cheery announcer possibly with a report that Russia has dropped a bomb on Hackensack.

The only man I know who owned one of these radio gimmicks used it just once. He is a plastic-button salesman named Fretlammer (it's a name you're not apt to remember and he'd just be embarrassed if you did). His favorite early morning program was Arthur Godfrey, and the first morning this show came on at 6:30 in Fretlammer's bedroom, Arthur Godfrey had elected (as he sometimes does) to grab some extra sleep.



Awakened by Godfrey's substitute, Fretlammer listened for a moment, thought it was an all-night disk jockey and snuggled back into the sack. He woke up again at 9:47, having missed an appointment with the button buyer for a shirt manufacturer. This cost him an order for 8,000,000 buttons and a commission that would have reduced his mortgage considerably.

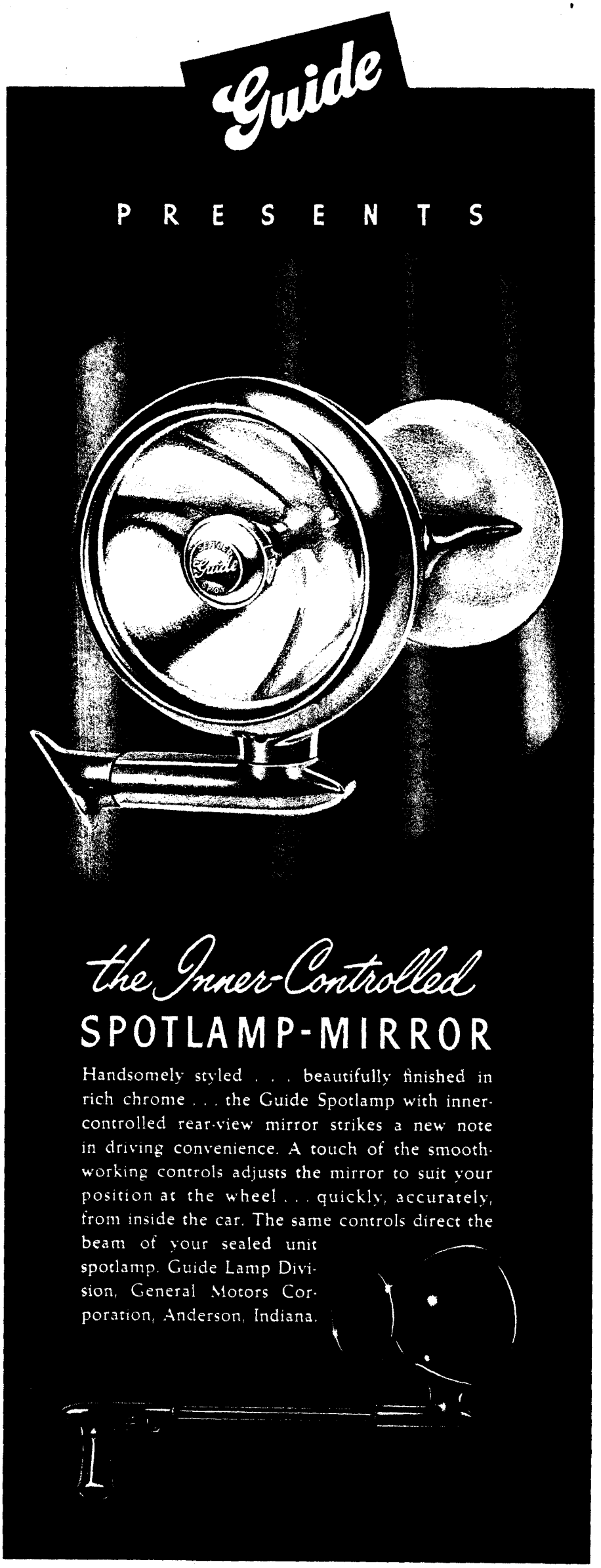
Naturally, it's none of my business whether you prefer to begin the day with a bell, buzzer, dance band, shaving-cream commercial or an unmechanical and nonelectronic kick in the slats. Personally, for reasons known only to the person who gave me the clock, I depend on a loud buzzing job to start me on my way five days a week at 7 A.M. Sometimes, instead of jumping out of bed I just jump. Things have reached the stage where I dread the slight click that presages the bedlam. Long ago I began to anticipate the uproar and I often wake up at 6:15 and periodically watch the progress of the minute hand, meanwhile catching cat naps.

Cartoonist Hank Ketcham has depicted this vividly in his illustration and I get the willies every time I look at the pictures. Frequently I manage to shut off the alarm a split second before it goes to work. At other times I'm not so fortunate. This includes members of my household and the old lady across the road who has complained to the police on three separate occasions.

But back to my plan. We don't need more or different noises to wake us up; we need them to get us to sleep earlier. If you're the type who likes to hit the hay at 9:30 or 10:00 (and can thus be aroused by a minimum of din nine hours later) you require a firm reminder to lock up and call it a day. So I suggest to clockmakers a decorative living-room number equipped with an 85-decibel fire bell that would ring automatically for five full minutes and would have no lever whatever by which it could be shut off. If this would not break up a bridge game, ruin radio and television shows and also discourage Mabel and Sam Creebler from hanging around any longer, then my name is Fretlammer.

The whole thing comes down to the matter of getting people used to going to bed as regularly as they get up. The clock itself would of course be called the Beddy-by and would be attractively boxed for quick sale.

One more thing: I wish you people would stop roaring into my driveway at all hours on the assumption we're still up just because we forgot to turn off the cellar light. Do you think we like to play gin rummy in the furnace room at midnight or what? ★★★



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SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER KATIE

Continued from page 17

Her eyes dreamed. "He likes me, too. He's seen every one of my plays. He says I have a fine soul— Fire—The true artistic temperament."

He should try living with that fire when she opened the drafts. I said, "Sure. He's romantic."

Katie nodded. She was looking far away. She didn't say anything. I watched her, and maybe it was none of my business but I began to worry a little anyway. She sounded serious.

"Look, baby," I said. "You're a big girl now. Use your head. You're Kate Walker—you could have any one of a hundred men. You don't have to pick up something on the train."

Her eyes came into focus. They began to burn. "It's better than picking something out of a test tube. At least Harold isn't always cracking atoms between his teeth."

So we were back at that. "Molecules," I said. "I'm a chemist, remember?"

IT WAS no use trying to sidetrack Katie. Not when she saw the makings of a scene. In our two years I'd had time to think up lots of soft answers, but it was like trying to put out a fire with gasoline.

"Harold," said Katie, "sent me telegrams on the train. He'd file them at one stop and I'd get them at the next. The sweetest messages."

I could imagine. They didn't call him Sweetie Pie. just on account of his neckties.

Katie said, "But when I was on the Coast last winter, how many telegrams did *you* send me? One. What did it say? It said, 'Where the *hell* are my studs?'"

"Well," I said, "I couldn't find them, and there was this banquet, and—"

Katie got up out of the chair. "And you stand there and make snide remarks about Harold! Well, I'm going to have lunch with him tomorrow. I'm going to see him as much as I please."

She was boiling. She was shooting sparks. Her hands trembled and her eyes stared at me. "I wouldn't stay in your old apartment if you begged me!" she said. "Just sit here with your nasty damned little old bugs! Why don't you *marry* a molecule?"

I made one last try. "Molecules aren't bugs," I said. "The molecule is—"

I stopped. Katie had picked up a cigarette box from the telephone table. She swung her arm back and heaved. It was a wild throw; the box hit the wall two yards to my left.

"You stick!" Katie cried. "You lump! You—oh, you *chemist!*"

She turned and ran out of the apartment, and slammed the door. After a few minutes the elevator boy, the doorman and a taxi driver came in. They gathered up Katie's luggage and took it away. When they'd gone I went over and began picking up cigarettes.

It was just like old times.

I didn't get any work done that night. I sat at the desk. I sat on the couch. I looked at a magazine. I listened to the radio. No good. I thought about going to bed but I knew it was no use. I wouldn't be able to sleep. All I could do was think about Katie.

Katie was lovely. Katie was a fine girl, when she wasn't throwing her temperament around. Katie, according to the critics, was a great dramatic actress. The trouble was, she didn't have good sense. She needed somebody to keep her in line. She was on the rebound from Reno, and anything could happen.

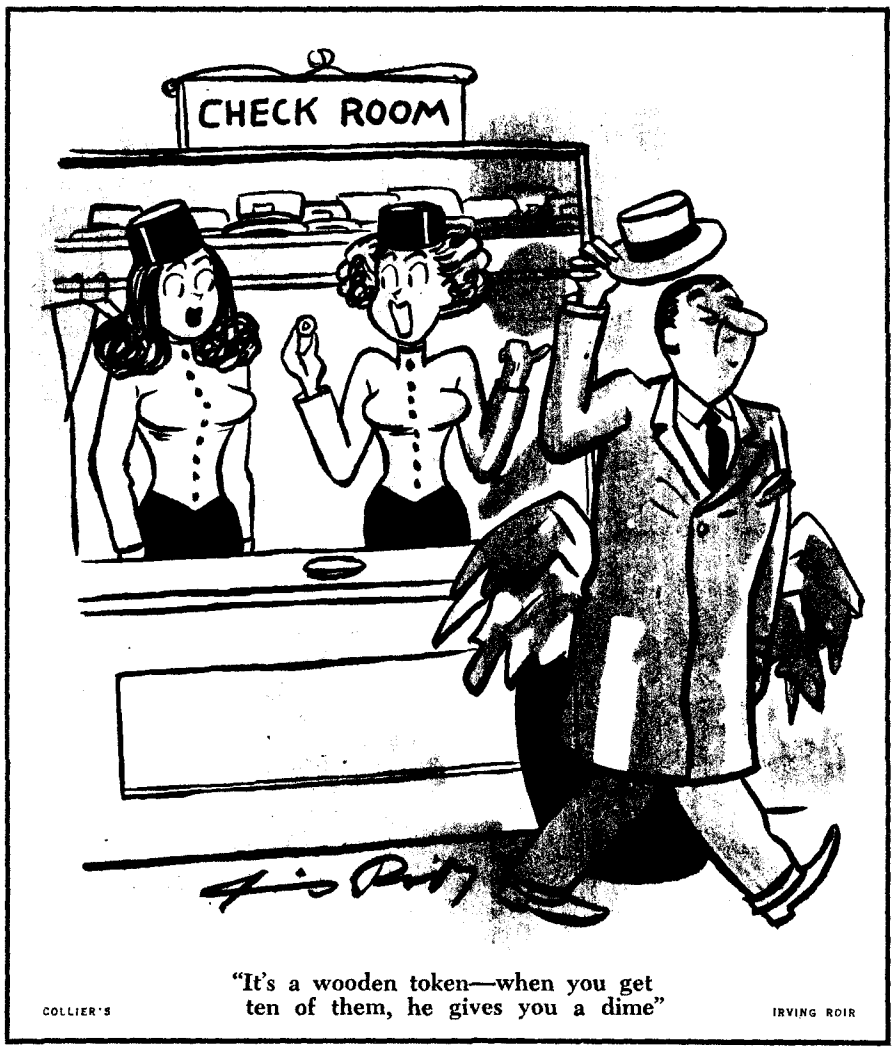
Of course, it was none of my business, but Venner was all wrong for her. Katie liked to act sophisticated; she thought she was a woman of the world. I knew better. Under the surface she was just a nice kid. If she tangled with a guy like Sweetie Pie Venner, she'd get hurt.

Well, I'd warned her. What else could I do? I wasn't her big brother. I wasn't even her husband any more. I was just a chemist, a guy she used to know.

I lighted a cigarette and decided it was her own funeral. I lighted another and decided to go to bed and forget it.

I lighted the third one. I decided to look into this Venner business, find out what was going on and maybe take a poke at Sweetie Pie's nose. After that I got a beer out of the refrigerator, drank it and went to bed. I slept fine. . . .

The next morning I found out from the doorman where Katie'd gone. I did



"It's a wooden token—when you get ten of them, he gives you a dime"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

a few errands, bought a green necktie with yellow spirals in it and cashed a check. By noon I was sitting in a cab, parked where I could see the entrance of her hotel.

After a while Katie came out. The doorman put her into a cab and I touched my driver's shoulder.

"That's it," I said. "Follow that one."

The driver said, "Okay, Mac." We started. The driver looked at me in his mirror. "Sharp-looking babe, Mac. She your wife?"

"She used to be." I was watching the other cab. "Don't lose him."

"Relax, Mac. I won't lose him. They're going to the Colony."

"How do you know?"

He shrugged. "I got a intuition. Three'll get you five."

"I'll take that," I said.

At the Colony I gave him his three dollars.

"How's to wait around?" I said. "I can use you all afternoon."

"You're wasting your money, Mac. That babe's all right."

I looked at him. He was a skinny little Joe with a sharp nose. "Never mind your intuitions. All I want you for is to drive the cab."

He shrugged again. "It's your money. I was just doing you a kindness."

By six o'clock I was ready to agree with him. At the Colony she met Sweetie Pie and they had lunch. Then a trip to Radio City, a visit to the Bronx Zoo, stopoffs for a drink here and a drink there. All strictly on the up and up. They talked, they laughed, they ate popcorn, and that was all.

"You see, Mac?" the driver said. We'd pulled up around the corner from the hotel and I paid off. I paid plenty. The driver shook his head. "You wasted your money," he said.

"Oh, shut up."

"That little lady is a little lady, Mac."

I didn't say anything.

"But any time you want to do this again, ask your doorman for Moe."

I said, "Okay, Mac," and walked away.

It didn't add up right. Something smelled. It wasn't the kind of an afternoon a guy like Venner would think up. Of course I didn't know what they'd talked about; I hadn't been able to get close enough to hear. Maybe it wasn't as innocent as it looked. I got the number of Katie's room, went up and knocked.

"Come in."

She'd taken off her hat and was fluffing up her hair. She swung around from the mirror and stared at me. "Well," she said. There was something in her voice. "I hope you enjoyed your afternoon."

I said, "Uh."

She was still staring at me, "I never saw such a ridiculous exhibition in all my life. Next time, why don't you hire a real detective?"

I blinked. I stared back at her. "You mean you saw me?"

She used the nasty laugh I'd heard her practicing last spring for Women In The House. "Saw you?" she said. "It was all I could do to keep you from falling into my soup. I only hope Harold didn't notice."

I had my balance back by that time. "He didn't," I said. "He was too busy looking into your beautiful eyes."

She laughed again. This was the one verging on hysteria, from The Dark Is Ours. "Really, Sam! It's a little late for the jealous-husband act, isn't it?"

"Jealous?" I had a laugh, too. A scornful one. "I'm just trying to keep you out of trouble. I don't want you to do anything silly." I explained: "I feel sort of responsible for you—"

She looked at me. Her lips came together in a straight line. There were pink spots in her cheeks and sparks in her eyes. The drafts were wide open again. "Responsible! You!" Her hands clenched and opened and clenched. Sweetie Pie would have said she was magnificent. Me, I looked to see what she could reach when she got to that stage.

It was going to be another cigarette box. I hoped this one was empty.

"Well," I said, "somebody's got to look after you."

Her eyes blazed. "Thank you very much," she said. "You're so thoughtful. So kind. I don't know how I managed, before I met you. I'll tell you one thing, Sam Blaine. You needn't put yourself out any more. I'll make other arrangements."

She took a quick step toward the table where the cigarette box was, and I got set to dodge in case her aim was getting better. But it wasn't the box. Instead, she picked up the phone. She dialed fast, and waited. Then she said:

"Mr. Venner, please— Hello, Harold? Darling, this is Katie. About tomorrow —I've changed my mind. Where do you want me to meet you?"

THAT was a rugged night. I went to dinner at a little joint where I always ate when Katie was out of town. Then I went to a movie. I sat through it twice, but that's all I know about it. And then I went home and to bed. I lay on my back. I lay on the left side, and on the right side and on my belly.

I've changed my mind, she'd said. Where do you want me to meet you?

And called him darling!

It was four o'clock by the time I got to sleep, and when I woke up it was noon. I wondered where Katie was. I wondered what she was doing. Well, she was over twenty-one, wasn't she? I put on my new necktie, went out to breakfast, came back and looked at the phone.

Maybe she'd called while I was out. Maybe she'd been in an accident. She'd been good and mad, and when Katie was mad anything could happen. I looked at the phone. She wasn't my wife any more. She had a right to run her own life. Sweetie Pie or not, it wasn't my affair. I looked at the phone.

At three o'clock I started looking at the Vs in the directory. I found his number and dialed. A man's voice answered.

I said, "Is Mr. Venner in?"

"No, sir, I'm sorry. Who shall I say called?"

I thought quick. "I'm his lawyer," I said. "I have to get in touch with him right away. It's urgent. One of his wives—" I let it fade off.

The butler, or whoever, giggled. "He said something about meeting a young lady. You could probably find him on his cruiser—the Lorelei, you know." He giggled again. "That's where he usually takes them."

I held onto the phone hard. My voice came out sounding like somebody else. Somebody who spent his time sitting on a lily pad. "Tell me," I said. "Where does he keep this Lorelei?" . . .

The air was fresh and warm. The water was blue, with white boats scattered around on it. I looked at the harbor,

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and the ride out in the cab hadn't done me a bit of good: I was still mad.

At Sweetie Pie, just because he was Sweetie Pie. At Katie, for being such a dope. But mostly at myself. It was my fault. If I hadn't got her sore yesterday this wouldn't have happened. If I'd just let it alone, it would have died out by itself. But no. I had to be a detective.

I got out of the cab and told Moe to wait. He didn't look happy.

"I don't get it, Mac. Other dames, okay. But not that one. I bet you got a wrong tip."

"Three'll get you five," I said.

He shook his head. "I don't gamble on dames, Mac. I'd've swore this one was a lady, but I guess even ladies is just dames at heart."

I WENT down to the dock. There was a shiny little speedboat tied up; a character with a wrinkled leather puss and an Adam's apple was sitting in it.

"I've got to get out to the Lorelei," I said. "Can you take me?"

He looked up and grinned. "Sure," he said. "That's what I'm here for. Hop in, Reverend."

He was a character, all right. Plain Mac wasn't good enough for him.

I said, "Never mind the dialogue. Just get me out to the Lorelei, and do it damned fast."

He blinked twice, swallowed once, said, "Yes, *sir!*" and gunned the motor.

I stayed mad all the way out to the Lorelei. She was a slick white cabin cruiser. We came alongside and I stood up. Venner leaned over the side with his hand out and a big grin on his face. He kind of blinked at my necktie.

"Come aboard," he said, like he was glad to see me. "You're just in time."

I didn't say anything. I didn't take his hand. I climbed up onto the deck and all I had time for was one glimpse of Katie with her eyes wide and her mouth open. Then I hit him.

I heard the splash, but I didn't wait to see it. I turned to Katie, still mad.

"Sam!" she cried. She had a funny look in her eyes, but I was in no mood for soft answers.

"Shut up," I said. "You can talk anytime. Right now, you're going back to town. Where you belong."

I put her into the speedboat. The character at the wheel gave me a funny look but he didn't say anything. He spun the wheel and opened the throttle.

I remembered Sweetie Pie, making like a fish. I said, "Wait a minute. Maybe we ought to pull him out. I don't want the guy to drown."

The character turned his head. "Nah," he said. "That's Charley's work. Venner pays him extra for it. Two more times, and Charley can buy his own boat he's been wanting." . . .

Katie kept still all the way back. What she was thinking I didn't know. I stared at the back of Moe's neck until we stopped in front of the hotel. Katie waited, still without talking, while I paid the fare. Moe looked at me. It was another funny look. Maybe that necktie was stronger than I'd thought.

"Mac," he said, "maybe you know what you're doing. But I got a intuition that the little lady is mad."

He was wasting his time in a cab. He should have been playing the horses for a living.

Katie and I went up in the elevator, without talking. She opened the door and we went in. Katie took off her hat. She looked at me. She still had the look.

I stared back at her. "You see what happens to little girls? Didn't anybody ever warn you about strange men?"

I was feeling pretty good. I'd saved Katie. It would be a long time before Sweetie Pie made another pass at her.

I grinned at her. "It's a good thing I checked up. Don't you even recognize a pass when somebody makes one?"

"Pass," she said. "Pass?" She sort of choked on it. She said, "You mean you thought—" She choked again. She wasn't acting. "You idiot!" she cried. "He was going to marry me!"

"Huh?"

"We were waiting for the minister. Harold said he'd been married in a plane, on a train and on the Queen Mary, but never on his own boat. He wanted this time to be different."

I chewed on it for a while. The character on the speedboat, calling me Reverend. Sweetie Pie, with a big smile of welcome. Waiting for the minister. All at once I started to laugh. I couldn't help it. Katie stood there blazing.

"I suppose you think it's funny to break up a wedding! To spoil my life!"

I said, "Oh, cut it out, Katie. Maybe I did make a mistake. But you're well out of it. You saved a trip to Reno."

She stamped a foot on the floor. I'd seen her throw temperament before, but this one was special. "You don't care about me at all! You and your molecules! Can't you ever mind your own business?"

I began to tighten up inside. She'd spoiled my whole week end. I hadn't done a lick of work, I'd been chasing all over hell in a taxicab—and now she was bawling me out. I got a little bit mad.

"Next time," I said, "I'll let you marry the guy. It would serve him right. And you, too."

She looked at me with her mouth open. Then she cried, "Don't you yell at me! You're not my husband!"

That much I'd read in the newspapers. I got a little madder. I said, "I'll yell, and you'll listen. I've put up with your little tricks for a long time, and I'm tired of it. Temperament—phooey! All you've got is a bad temper."

She opened her mouth and closed it again. She said, "You!" She said it again. She sputtered like the Fourth of July. Then she stopped. Her eyes looked here, there, and stopped on the cigarette box. She took a step toward it.

I was damned if I'd pick up all those cigarettes. I moved fast and got there first. I put my hand on her wrist. She tried to pull away from me. She tried to kick my shins. And then—

SO HELP me, I don't know how it happened. I didn't know I was going to do it. My arm seemed to work all by itself. It was just reflex. I let her have it, right in the eye. She wobbled a little, and I caught her and held her.

"Katie," I said. " Kate, honey."

Her eyes were wide and blue, with a kind of light shining in them. She looked up into my face. "Sam," she murmured. "You never hit me before. You never even got mad when I threw things. I thought you just didn't care."

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Sam," she said, "why didn't you do it a year ago? I'd never have divorced you—"

She cried, "Oh, darling, I'm so h-happy! You *do* love me, after all!"

She had real tears on her face, and she was going to have a real mouse on that eye, but I'd never seen her more beautiful. She was magnificent.

I kissed her a couple of times. I patted her hair. I waited for her to stop crying. Then I said, "Well, it's only eight o'clock, and I've got work to do. But I'll have a beer with you first. Call room service, will you?"

She stared at me for a minute. I wondered if we were going to have to go over it again. Then, finally, she smiled. "Yes, darling," she said.

I listened to her ordering beer and sandwiches, and I went over to the mirror. I needed somebody to wink at. I had work to do, all right, but it didn't have much to do with chemistry. It was a little job of selling. Object, matrimony.

I didn't think it would be hard.

THE END

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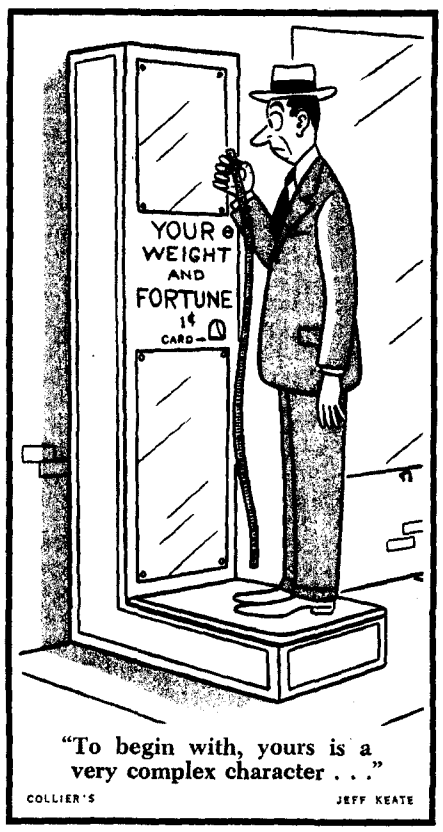
AIR TRANSPORT: THE ANSWER TO AIR POWER

Continued from page 26

The Soviet Union and her satellites cannot match the Logistics capability of the United States—*now*. Fruit of long peaceful years of industrial boom and high living standards, our everyday usage of every kind of transport exceeds those of any power group in the world. And thereby our Time element is also heavily endowed.

But we are frittering away this precious mastery of war power's two most dominant elements.

You never think of the vast and intricate cobweb that daily brings your groceries and mail, takes you to work and home, and affects life in a thousand ways. It is too familiar to be romantic. Consequently, Logistics has no utility for politicians when the poll-rabbling tongue wags in them. Nor for militarists seeking to beat up popular backing for their budget howls. Yet without bal-



"To begin with, yours is a very complex character . . ."

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

anced attention to Logistics no great country will find safety in today's kind of world.

In a peacetime sense, balance includes preparedness, which is a method of buying Time. Preparedness has both political and military pockets. The Marshall Plan is an example of political buying of Time. For it is in Europe, where she has the benefit of modern Western Logistics facilities, that Russia might any day gamble upon a *partial*, or interim war; if she is reasonably certain the United States is not ready to counter with a whole, or global, war, that would involve the Soviet homeland's own unprepared Logistics. Success in a war limited to Europe would buy Russia Time to build and fashion her Logistics for an unlimited war later on. Conquest of Europe, moreover, would give her a "platform advantage": enormously reduce her military task for a global war.

In the strictly military sense, balance means each armed service is ready to do its own specialized job—and only its own job—at once and with utmost efficiency. Each service is responsible for *all* the missions and functions within its own sphere. That is:

A. Air force to hunt and hit.
B. Land force to hammer and hold.
C. Sea force to heap and husband.

With Logistics force of every vehicular nature amply keyed to supply, they can move and support all three at their maximum ranges and speeds.

Our most shocking instance of unbalance for such a security deal is the existence of *two* Air Forces within the national armed establishment. The Finletter Report to the President spotlighted it by comment which can be summarized this way: Vested interests must be set aside; traditional divisions of appropriations must be ignored; every unnecessary activity must be abandoned. At this moment, the Navy hopes and prays to have approximately 14,500 planes to the Air Force's hoped-and-prayed-for approximately 20,000.

So far as Logistics is concerned, the existence of two whole and separate Air Forces is sinister to a properly balanced air power and national power.

So far as security is concerned, this could be fatal, come other D-Days—with the bickering over who goes where and when, and which does what; the beclouding of strategic issues and responsibilities, and the division and dispersal of available resources.

We have noted how clear it must be to all save ostriches, feathered or gold-braided, that Time *cannot* be wasted in war. We have noted that the mammoth task of Logistics includes the fateful obligation of insuring that Time is not wasted. With those musts in mind, we take a close look at the 70-Group Air Force itself.

The 70-Group Air Force is basically strategical in concept and make-up, with heavy emphasis on long-distance bombers and fighters. Its apparent purpose is to skin the enemy in his back yard, not our'n. By doing so, it would "buy" Time for us at home. But it is lollipop-wishing to expect that it could do so if its 600-mile-an-hour jet wallops have to depend mainly upon follow-up by 30-mile-an-hour land and 10-knot-an-hour sea Logistics.

Unless counterpoised by sufficient air Logistics, the 70-Group Air Force—no matter what its concept is—cannot be "strategical" but only "tactical" in effect; a hit-and-run air force, out from home base and back. No planes today have the range to do that *intercontinentally*. With balanced air Logistics, the Air Force could move out from home base, hit and hold to win.

Without companion Logistics, air force sacrifices another intrinsic profit of true air power: "shortest direct-route approaches." It's all very well to gab about "transpolar war," but we have no effective planes that could fly nonstop from Alaska to any one of every important target in Russia and return; and such routes directly across the Red heartland permit no setting up of help from surface Logistics.

No Air Force is stronger or faster than its slowest air Logistic plane!

That axiom jumps into air power truth from land and sea power records of numerous battles lost and victories that could not be kept because "the reinforcements and supplies didn't come up in time."

If, as seems generally agreed, air will be the deciding arm in future war, it becomes vital to balance our combat air force with air Logistics on the grand American scale. It becomes apparent, that, to make our hopes for security and peace stick, the desperately urgent need of the United States today is a sky full of merchant planes—a great *"American National Air Fleet."*

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ocean shipping—has always been a matter of concern to world powers as kernel components of their total national fighting strength. Government agencies have been created to foster and finance them, even in the happy years free of alarms.

Incredibly, the dawning place, the surpassing value, of latent air Logistics strength as a kernel component of total national strength in this new age has roused in the United States no indications of official imagination or awareness.

In World War II air Logistics got its first real tryout. It turned into a "sell-out." This is history that you have not been completely told.

New Strategy for Remote Areas

The astounding feats of Air Transport Command, Troop Carrier Command and Naval Air Transport Service are, in general, well known. Contributions by air Logistics are not so well known. They played a small part, if measured in comparative tonnages; a huge part, if measured in brilliant specialization, in vistas opened and possibilities revealed. But for ATC and NATS the war could not have been so truly global in character. The holding of strategically invaluable distant theaters and cutoff areas which could not otherwise have been maintained was made possible by air Logistics.

For American hearts, the greatest achievement of air Logistics was the use of its speed to reduce the death rate among battle-wounded American boys. Nearly all blood plasma was air-borne. Thousands of casualties were flown home for that extra chance hospitalization in the United States could give them. When Patton's armored thrust toward Germany stalled for want of gas, it was amateur Logistics by Jim Doolittle's 8th Air Force—whose Liberators and Flying Fortresses temporarily became Flying Tankers—that cranked him up again. Ditto at the Battle of the Bulge: Doolittle's fliers kept the defenders of Bastogne eating and shooting until ground Logistics regained contact.

Air Logistics nurtured the "underground" from the Philippines to the Balkans and Europe. Without air supply of arms, food, contact and reinforcements, the French Maquis, for instance, could not have endured. Together with the British, Doolittle's airmen saved Holland from going over the final edge of starvation when the Germans withdrew; and there were no surface means in being.

On various occasions the supreme command called upon "air lift" to rectify tactical ground mistakes, as well as to carry out last-minute battle-plan changes. Political mistakes and switches, too. At this writing, air Logistics—and air Logistics alone—is saving the American Occupation Force in Berlin from hardship, hunger and humiliation.

All that is past and present. Multiply it a hundredfold for the air Logistics picture of the next war.

Some airmen *do not* believe that "air lift" can bear the whole Logistics burden of war. Or that with engines, fuels and craft now known it would ever be able to do so. The picture could alter overnight, with discovery of efficient synthetic fuels or conversion of atomic energy to motive power. But, as of the present day, not enough oil exists in the entire world to provide gas for air fleets huge enough to lift more than a part of the Logistics of global war. That part must be exploited to the last ounce and mile if the speed and power of the combat air force are to count.

Sane airmen *do not* believe that air power combat and logistical can, as of now or within the near future, of itself seize, garrison, supply, occupy and govern a hostile nation. But sane airmen *do* believe that air force *properly balanced with air Logistics* can, as of now and the near future, seize, garrison, supply, defend and progressively advance limited zones or theaters called airheads.

Airheads! The new operational term that replaces beachheads in military importance.

Airheads belong as naturally to interland mass air-age warfare as beachheads did to overseas expeditions of surface warfare. *Airhead* simply describes each hop by which a full military offensive is kangarooed into enemy land masses. *Airhead* means taking utmost advantage of air power's value for "vertical flanking" without intermediate slogging and slugging. *Airhead* means application of our whole military teamwork invasion strength in massive strides which are limited only by the optimum range of combat air force, backed in pace by air logistical force with full maintenance load. You've got to occupy *in force* what you knock out, to grasp victory. You can't just smack 'em down, then come home and wait for a letter crying, "Uncle!"

Airheads will differ from beachhead operations in many particulars. Airhead is lodgment *within* a hostile continent; not on its shore. Caterpillar landing gears, and certain other measures will make airfields unnecessary. Any large prairie will do; sparsely populated and remote places are best, cutting down surface Logistics available to local opposition. Our Far West between the Rockies and Sierras or just east of the Rockies, and the heartland of the Soviet Union from the Urals east through Siberia, are favorable airhead regions. They undoubtedly would be attempted objectives—because airhead is a game two can play.

Airhead Logistics include "lift" for thundering clouds of paratroopers—the Marines of the Air Ocean. General "Jake" Devers and other prominent soldiers have predicted that eventually all ground combat divisions must be airborne. Today, we haven't enough of the Troop Carrier Command's standard plane, the Fairchild Flying Boxcar, to lift one division.

From her own and satellite production Russia is calculated to have planes for 25 air-borne divisions. In Switzerland three years ago she negotiated purchase of silk and accessories for manufacture of *7,000,000 parachutes*. For carnivals, or Workers' Parks?

Pattern of Airhead Invasion

Airhead Logistics will be enormous as were beachhead surface Logistics. For the first-day Normandy landings we used *4,000* ships. First-day airhead procedure will be: air smash and cover; a flood of paratroops; setting up of a constant inflow of transport and cargo planes with supplies, equipment and reinforcements. If successfully consolidated the airhead becomes a base for the next forward leap. Effective airhead range at present, all factors weighed, is 1,000 to 1,500 miles.

Strategists are convinced that airheads would be the chief feature of any war between the United States and Russia. The latter, with neither a navy nor a merchant marine big enough to transport even a small beachhead operation, could launch the invasion forces of intercontinental war *only* by air Logistics. For us, airheads would be the only feasible way to get at her without bankrupting ourselves of blood and resources. Make beachheads in Siberia—and where are you? Still closer to home than to Russia's hard inner guts. Try it from Europe—but remember Napoleon and Hitler. Russia, better than any large nation on earth, is protected by geography from sea or land war. An old-fashioned invasion of Russia would frame a task beyond our man-power and material strength.

But airheads will be technically and humanly impossible for the best and fast-

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est and strongest air force in the world unless it has logistical backing in the form of a whopping national air fleet. Of all nations, the United States is potentially best equipped to build and maintain such a fleet. We already have the aviation industrial organization to produce the best and the most in giant air liners.

But *capacity* to build doesn't *build*. The air fleet can't pop out like the Minutemen of Concord, overnight. Several years are required to get new designs of even conventional types from drawing board to production line; and perhaps a jet transport that will outmode all present conventional designs will be practicable by 1952. But that is no help for any air Logistics needed in 1950. Our magnificent opportunity is that right now we have designs which could provide adequate Logistics in 1950 or earlier—if we get the production lines cracking. Outstanding new military air transport types like Douglas' C-124, Boeing's Strato-freighter, Fairchild's Flying Boxcar, Lockheed's Constitution and Consolidated Vultee's XC-99, world's largest land-based transport, are now in service or under final development. Started now, a fleet of these planes could be finished by the time the 70-Group combat force is ready.

Security balance always presupposes more logistical than combat vehicles. We've got hundreds of railroad freight cars and highway trucks for every tank; dozens of merchant ships for every naval fighting craft. However, by scraping every military and commercial barrel the Air Force might now muster a hodgepodge fleet of air liners, in various stages of depreciation, of some 2,000 planes. This in the face of warnings by experts that we must have *in being* at the start of another war a minimum Logistics strength of at least 10,000 of the biggest transport and cargo planes—or lose all values of our combat air strength in the elements of Time and Transportation.

To do that, every civil air line would have to be robbed of all its planes and most of its flight and executive personnel; instead of a just war-reserve proportion. It would be worse than last time. After Pearl Harbor the services commandeered half the commercial air fleet in panic—then left many planes sitting idle for months because they had neither plans nor facilities to operate them, while official and business travelers essential to the domestic war effort tore their hair over priorities.

With many manufacturers and air-line operators in the red for millions, it is folly to hope that the Logistics air fleet our security requires will grow up normally, and in safe time, from private aviation industry enterprise.

Seventy-group procurement, for all its billions, does not restore sound health to the aviation industry at large. Its specialized demands give fat to some, lean to others; although, since in this age it is recognized as the most vital industrial war potential, its general well-being is mandatory. It does not stabilize aviation's labor problem, because its year-to-year allocations prevent long-range employment planning. Uncertain how long their jobs would last, thousands of skilled workers and engineers who became fixed in other lines after V-E Day will not return to aviation.

Another serious reason why private enterprise won't conjure up the merchant air fleet we need is that labor, material and development costs have stratosphered. Don Douglas' original DC-3—world airways standard for years—took less than $400,000 to develop. It was priced at $125,000. His present DC-6 cost $13 millions in development; you'd have to plunk down $820,000 to buy one. Douglas, who should know (his firm has built 13,000 air liners—more than all other domestic and foreign manufacturers together), frankly told the President's Air Policy Commission: "I do not know any air-line operator that I could sell another plane to, even if he were loaded with cash today."

That hints of other grave angles; our airways have fallen as far behind modern air travel as back-country "thank-you-ma'am" roads are behind modern automobile travel.

So, creation of a Merchant Fleet of the Air of 10,000 planes would cost a vat of wampum—even for these days, when billions are jabbered about as casually as hundreds used to be. It would mean more airports, and the swiftest possible tripling of the capacity of the Civil Airways, now traffic-choked by the existing 1,000-plane scheduled air-line fleet and miscellaneous private and commercial planes and armed services aircraft. It would mean intensification of federal research to improve all-weather travel and landing aids. The lag in these brings revenue losses to operators, and the delays, cancellations and uncertainties of air travel which so often make you wish you'd gone afoot in the first place. It would mean shortages in things affecting your household: aluminum, electric power, gasoline.

The Menace of Obsolescence

Because of the giddy pace of aeronautical science, obsolescence must also be reckoned with. Not without reason has the crack been made that when our 70-Group Air Force is completed, in 1953, it will be "the best obsolete air force in the world." That's equally true, however, of any nation. The big gamble is that any day one single innovation—atomic motive power, say—can junk all the billions of dollars' worth of military and commercial air power we possess.

On the other and sunnier hand, however, there are a score of ways in which the bulk of such a merchant plane fleet would be put to work and prove stimulating to the general economy. As the Maritime Commission charters ships to private operators, air-fleet planes could be leased to civil air lines—our own, and those of friendly nations. They could be chartered to those pioneer cargo operators now struggling for an air hold, compelled as they say, to "fly freight in Pullman" (converted air liners) because few distinctive cargo-type planes are available.

In land and sea power ages, "great" nations became and remained so only when their aggressive stature was balanced and fortified by shipping and transportation strength. Enterprise, trade, production, science—plus mobility.

When the age of the new power—air power—broke, its leadership initially fell to us by right of invention and vision and swiftest development.

It is tragedy or lunacy or sluggishness, then—take your pick—for our generals and admirals and politicians, for all of us, to ignore the unavoidable carry-over into air power of that historical lesson of balance.

Destiny has put us into the One World's first division. And now we've got to pick up the bat and face the pitcher—or get out of the big league. Here is what you should bear in mind while you're picking up your favorite wagon tongue—the bases are already loaded with three runners:

First: If the United States is to remain a democracy, it cannot ever maintain in peacetime a full wartime strength.

Second: If the United States is to remain a democracy, it cannot ever fail to maintain in peacetime a stand-by combat strength and a ready Logistics strength husky enough to hold the dike in emergency until we can bring up our full wartime strength.

Third: If there is another war, never before or never afterward will there be so much biting truth in the old folk saying that *"Time* will tell."

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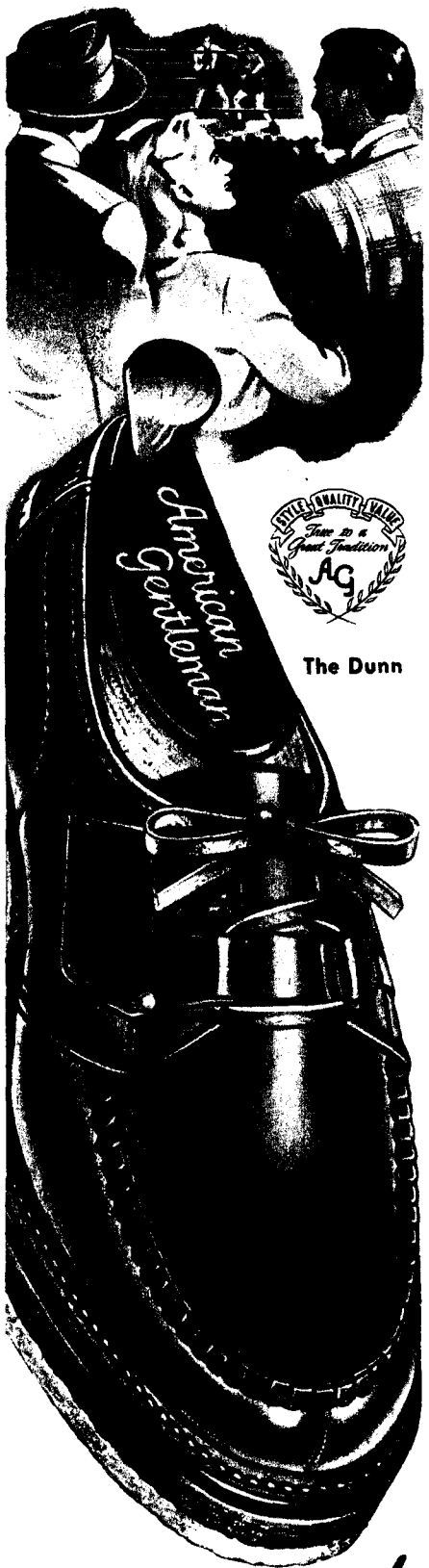

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IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR

Continued from page 20

No hypodermic needles which inject a chemical freezing the blood to dry ice and causing the veins to explode. We don't even seem to find any footprints. So what does that mean? The answer is obvious to Annie. We are missing something. We are trampling countless delicate clues under our big, flat feet. Convicting innocent men on obvious, ridiculous clues, while fiends, ingenious beyond our poor capacity to imagine, are lounging around the city laughing at us. Lieutenant, a man has to have respect from his wife."

"So?"

"So I thought, sir, we'd take Annie along on the next case. Show her a real murder—"

"No." The lieutenant stood up, walked out from behind his desk, and gestured at the walls of his office. "This is not a book from the rental library," he said, "with every killing an excursion trip." With his other hand he gestured at the window toward the police garage three stories below where a motorcycle idled, its vibrations gently rattling the window pane. "This is Centre Street Police Headquarters; *real* police with work to do, not a picnic for amateur mystery-story—Charley, you know better."

Charley stood up and took his hat from the lieutenant's desk. "I guess so. It's too bad, though; Della Street goes everywhere with Perry Mason."

"Colhaus—"

"No," said Charley, "Annie." He put on his hat and stood for a moment, looking at the floor. "I rather expected this. Which brings me to my final hope." He reached inside his suit coat and brought out a bright green-jacketed book which he had held concealed under his arm. "I would like you to read this. The thrilling adventures of Hercule Poirot."

"Why?" the lieutenant demanded.

"It's a very fascinating story. And I would like you to finish it"—he hesitated—"before you come with me to Annie's tomorrow night."

The lieutenant stared at Charley, his eyes narrowed. "Someday," he said, "you will be too smart for—"

"It's my only hope." Charley opened the door and began backing out. "My only chance is that your gray hairs and ancient wisdom will succeed where I have failed"—the door was closing—"in persuading Annie that the police are as competent, in a much duller way, as Agatha Christie."

ANNIE'S living room, Charley had often noticed, was feminine and suited her perfectly. But he was not prepared, the following evening, for what it did to the lieutenant. The lieutenant—surrounded by dainty, soft-glowing lamps, pastel-tinted slip covers, bright modern paintings—looked as out of place as a bishop in a pool hall.

But Annie was superb. She sat gracefully curled in a corner of the davenport, her hair, as always, even more gloriously brunette than Charley remembered. Her softly tanned face was eager, smiling and alive. Her large, blue, and beautiful eyes were animated. She seemed confident.

"The lieutenant read Hercule Poirot," Charley announced. "Loved it."

"Oh?" Annie looked interested; she smiled. "Did you figure it out?"

"No," said the lieutenant.

"You mean, not till the end."

"I mean," said the lieutenant—he took a swallow of his drink—"that I never *did* get it. I read the book. I finished it. Read the last chapter twice. And I still don't know who killed Aaron DeCourcey."

"But, Lieutenant. It *said*. It said *Robert* did it; Robert, the adopted son. He confessed."

"I know. We get those confessions all the time; they don't mean a thing." The lieutenant paused, took a thoughtful sip of his drink, then spoke decisively. "I think maybe this Lacy guy did it: Lacy Spreckles."

"But—"

"It figures," said the lieutenant. "He hated the guy, he bought the gun, he had a fake alibi, he needed the money, he was about to be written out of the will, he said he'd do it, nobody else was—"

Annie recovered her voice. "But, Lieutenant! He *couldn't* have done it! Don't you remember? About the sundial?"

"Look, young lady; we had a case two months ago—"

"Oh, those. Lieutenant, don't you remember?" said Annie pleadingly. "He and Lady Gwen were in the garden—"

"Sure, I remember! But I didn't get it."

"But it's so *simple*." She forgave him with a smile. "He and Lady Gwen noticed on the sundial in the garden that it was exactly three thirty. She remarked on it, remember? *Then* they figured out that that was *sun* time, two minutes slower than *real* time, so it was *actually* three thirty-*two*, don't you see? But then *Hercule* figured out that the sundial was over three hundred years old and during that time the revolution of the earth changed or something—"

"That's the part I didn't get."

"Well, neither did I, exactly. But anyway, the revolution changed the earth's relation to the sun, so the sundial was really *correct*, don't you see? It really *was* three thirty, so Lacy couldn't *possibly* have done it."

"I thought," said Charley tactfully, "that it could have been Lady Jane."

"No." Annie reached out to tuck Charley's tie neatly inside his coat. "It couldn't have been her, either. Remember she was in the drawing room talking to Blake? The brother-in-law? And he noticed how the sun glinted on her hair bringing out the delicate tones of red and gold? Remember?"

"I guess so," said Charley.

"Well," said Annie happily, "don't you see then? It was cloudy all day."

"Cloudy?"

"Oh, Charley!" She leaned forward impatiently and began ticking off points on her finger tips. "There was no sun all day except just *once*, for a second or so. So if Blake saw the sun on Lady Jane's hair, it *must* have been three thirty. Because that was the *only* time Lacy and Lady Gwen could have told time by the sundial in the garden!" Annie paused. "Lieutenant," she appealed, "*you* see that, don't you?"

"I guess so," said the lieutenant in a strangled voice, "except— Well, maybe the sun was out some other time, too. And nobody noticed it."

Annie slumped back on the davenport. "Of course not," she said hopelessly.

"But why?" said the lieutenant.

"Because! It just *couldn't*, that's all!"

The lieutenant glanced at Charley. "But why?" he said plaintively. "*Why?* Just tell me WHY, that's all!"

"Lieutenant," said Annie with dangerous calm, "don't be absurd. The sun *couldn't* because—why, it wouldn't be *fair!*"

THERE was a long silence during which the lieutenant worked carefully at squeegeeing the moisture from the side of his glass with a forefinger.

Finally Charley looked up and spoke. "Maybe," he said pleasantly, "they commit murders differently in England."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, "they have rules." He turned to Annie. "Look, young lady. In twenty years on the force I have never had a single sundial in any case I've ever been on or ever heard about. And the earth keeps right on revolving in the same old way. The way murders really happen, a guy gets knocked in the head, stabbed with a knife, or shot with a gun. Once in a while, poisoned. Whoever did it beats it and we go out and look for him till we find him. That's all there is to it, nine times out of ten. Clues, yes. Hard to find, sometimes? Certainly. But no delicate subtle clues like sundials, and no split-second alibis. Believe me, murders are practically never committed and they are never *never* solved the way you read about in detective stories." The lieutenant paused and took a long drink from his empty glass.

"Your glass," said Annie tenderly, "is empty." She stood up, gently disengaged his glass from the lieutenant's nerveless fingers, and left the room for the kitchen.

"Colhaus," said the lieutenant. "If—"

"No," said Charley, "Annie. But I think you've made a very strong impression."

"I would like to make an even stronger one. I would like to show her right now, with a personal demonstration, exactly what murder is like."

Annie returned with the lieutenant's drink, and curled up on the davenport again. "As I understand you, Lieutenant, any clue in a murder case less obvious than a bloodstained monkey wrench,

COLLIER'S "He's terribly intelligent. He says he goes out with me to give his mind a rest" MARY GIBSON

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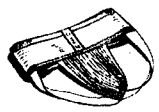

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with a full set of fingerprints, is hardly worth bothering about. Because—"

The lieutenant spoke, frowning and studying his glass. "This drink tastes funny," he said.

"Try some more," said Annie.

The lieutenant drank again. "Still tastes funny."

"I know," said Annie sweetly. "I put salt in it."

The lieutenant set his glass down, carefully. "Salt?" he asked, with deadly politeness. "Why?"

"To show you that if that salt," said Annie, "had been *tse-tsum*, you'd be dead right now! Within two seconds!"

"Look—"

"I'll get you some more," said Annie hastily.

"I don't *want* any more! Just what is this, anyway?"

"Well." Annie looked defensively from the lieutenant to Charley and back again. "You're both so smart that I just wanted to show you. There you'd be on the floor; dead. With *tse-tsum*, a rare jungle poison, analysis shows nothing but heart failure, so they couldn't prove a thing. Anyway, nobody'd suspect me because, as you just explained, murders are *never* committed this way."

"Yes?" said the lieutenant pleasantly. "And just where do you get this seesome? At your neighborhood druggist's?"

"You could get it," said Annie aloofly.

The lieutenant took a deep breath. He continued to inhale, through flared nostrils, as though he were planning to inflate a large balloon. His face changed from a rosy pink to a very attractive shade of orange, the color of a desert sunset. Then the telephone rang.

Annie walked, hastily, out to the hall and answered it.

"Annie's round," said Charley pleasantly, "on points."

"For you, Lieutenant," Annie called sweetly, and the lieutenant, exhaling as he went, came out and picked up the phone, while Annie tiptoed softly back to the davenport.

"Yeah," they heard him say, then silence. "Right away. Send a car. You got the address? Right," he said, then hung up and returned to the room. "Murder," he said softly, "*real* murder. You have never seen a murder, have you? Committed, not with seesome, but by blowing a guy's head off with a gun?"

"No," said Annie.

"Get your hat," said the lieutenant grimly, "and we'll drop in on a fresh, warm, and very real killing." He turned suddenly and looked at Charley, his eyes narrowing. "Say, if I thought you'd planned on something like this—"

"Absurd," said Charley. "Such a plan would be far too subtle for a flatfoot like me."

THE room in which the dead man lay was a hotel room, not cheap or small, but drab and sad under the mean light of the chandelier on its ceiling. It had one window, shiny black against the night, and was furnished with a dark rug, a bed, a desk, a chair, a bureau, a floor lamp.

But Charley, Annie and the lieutenant, standing in the doorway, saw none of these things. They saw only the man on his back on the floor, legs out straight, feet apart. One arm lay over his chest, limply, the other stretched out on the floor, away from the body, palm upward. There was no hair above his eyes; there was no head. The lieutenant gently pushed Annie into the room and closed the door behind them.

Four men, two kneeling at the dead man's side, the others rifling the drawers of the bureau, looked up, nodded at Charley and the lieutenant, glanced curiously at Annie, and resumed their work.

Charley turned to Annie who was still staring, eyes big, at the man on the floor. She was, Charley thought, remarkably pretty for a girl with a green complexion.

"Look," he said softly, "maybe it wasn't so smart bringing you here. I'll take you downstairs and you can—"

Annie turned haughtily. "I am quite all right," she said, apparently using someone else's voice. She stepped bravely closer to the dead man and, frowning a little, stared at his face with her eyes closed.

Charley stooped down, hands on knees, beside the medical examiner who was squatting at the dead man's side. "Identify him?" he said.

"Yeah. Lou knows him. Small-time racketeer; black market in the war, marijuana, loft robberies."

Charley stood up and joined Annie who was standing in a far corner of the room. Her face was now a comparatively healthy white. "Look, honey," he said gently, "the difference between a real murder investigation and the kind you read—"

Annie interrupted. She seemed excited. "The killer," she whispered, "is redheaded."

Charley looked at her for a moment. "Yeah?" he said.

Annie opened her bag and brought out a notebook. "Look at his fingernails."

CHARLEY looked. In the harsh light from the overhead chandelier he could see, caught in the nails of the dead man's outflung hand, a little fringe of short dark-red hairs. *Red hair*, Annie printed in her notebook.

Charley walked back to the medical examiner who was talking to the lieutenant. "That hair under his nails," he asked, "from the rug, isn't it?"

"Of course."

The lieutenant glanced curiously at Charley. "Annie?"

"Yeah."

The lieutenant stood up. "This is almost too easy."

"Wait." Charley remained motionless for a moment, thinking. "Maybe this is the way. I was simply going to explain our procedure, but she wants to be smart, let her have her head. Let's give her all the rope she needs."

The door of the room opened and the policeman on guard outside leaned in, a hand on the doorknob. A small worried man stepped past him into the room.

"Who are you?" said the lieutenant.

"Mr. Whiteman; Theodore Whiteman, the manager."

"Okay; wait."

Annie caught Charley's eye and Charley crossed the room, the lieutenant joining him. She whispered, "See the mud on his shoes?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "So what?"

Annie looked at him contemptuously and produced her notebook. "There is only one place in the entire New York area where you will find soil of that peculiar red color. South Street"—she began writing in her notebook—"around the dock area at South Street."

"Very interesting," said the lieutenant gravely. "You'd say, then, that he's been in South Street lately? Maybe the murderer hangs out there, too."

"Very likely. And the murder was committed at seven fourteen."

The lieutenant's mouth opened suddenly, then closed again slowly. "You don't say," he said. "How—"

"His watch, of course. It stopped when he was killed."

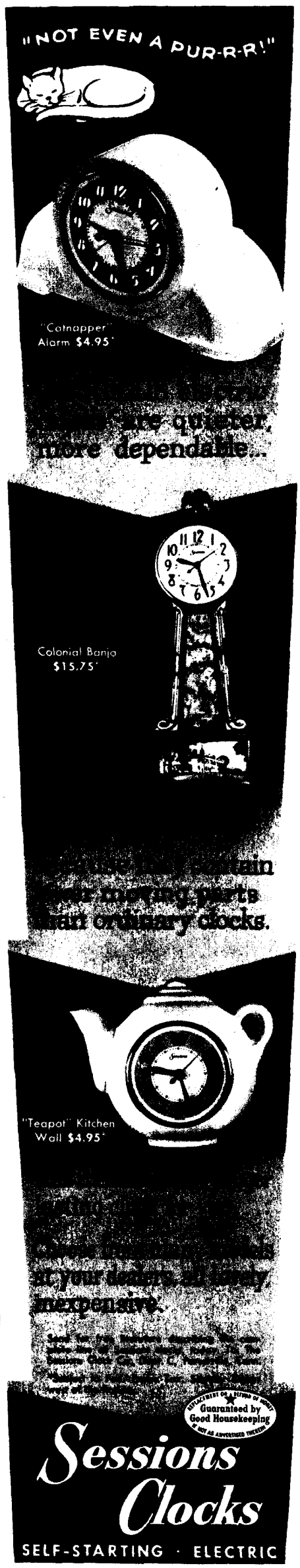
The lieutenant nodded at Annie approvingly. "Good girl," he said. "Keep it up; keep your eyes open." He nodded at Charley and they walked toward the desk where one of the detectives was standing.

"What about that mud?" said Charley.

"Offhand," said the lieutenant, "I could name you fifty places around town where you'll find red soil."

The detective at the desk looked up.

"How come the guy's watch stopped, Eddie?" said Charley.



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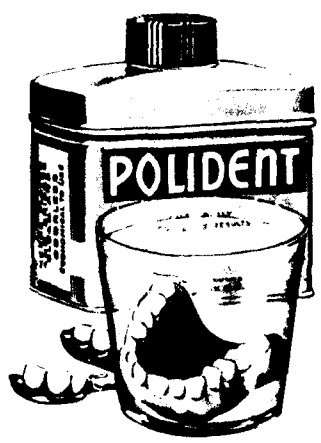

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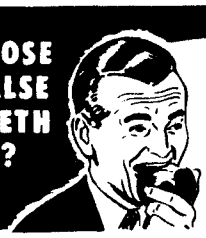

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The detective shrugged. "Wasn't wound. I tried it."

The lieutenant smiled happily at Charley. "Hello, Hercule," he said. He turned to the hotel manager. "Anyone come up here before?"

The manager shook his head. "Not that I know of. Or any of the help; I checked."

"Anyone call?"

"A man; about an hour ago."

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'Eight-oh-nine in?' And I said, 'Just came in.' And he hung up. Didn't even say thanks."

THE lieutenant nodded as though this were what he'd expected. "You know the voice?"

"Never heard it before."

The lieutenant indicated the dead man with his foot. "You know this guy?"

"Yessir."

"How come?"

"He's stopped here before."

"Know anything about him?"

"Just that."

"You talk to him today?"

The manager nodded. "On the phone."

"When?"

"Seven thirty."

"What about?"

"He owed a phone bill from last time he was here. I asked him to pay."

"What'd you say?"

"I said, 'This is the manager. Glad you're with us again. There is a small bill—' Then he interrupted."

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'Okay, Theo, later.' "

"Theo?"

"It's what people call me. He knew me."

The lieutenant looked at the manager for a moment, then turned away. "Stick around," he said. He beckoned to one of the detectives who crossed the room.

"Lou? Charley?" the lieutenant said. "What do you think?"

Charley shrugged. "Routine," he said. "A small-timer down and out, who just got his hands on some cash. All his clothes are new. Right, Lou?"

The other detective nodded.

"So he's in the chips again," Charley continued, "and moves in out of the rain. But there's no money here, now. Right, Lou?"

Lou nodded again.

"So"—Charley shrugged once more—"somebody dumped him for the money. Maybe it was his money in the first place."

The lieutenant glanced at Lou inquiringly.

"Something like that," said Lou. "Yeah."

"Well, we'll pick him up, here or there, sooner or later," said the lieutenant. "Teletype out?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Okay." The lieutenant nodded, dismissing Lou, and turned to Charley. "We might as well go."

They crossed the room to Annie again. Her eyes were fever bright. "You noticed, didn't you?" she whispered.

"Noticed?" said Charley.

"Oh, *Charley*—the hotel man! When he phoned, he wasn't talking to—the dead man. He *couldn't* have been. It was seven *thirty* and the man was killed at seven *fourteen!* Remember?"

Charley nodded dumbly.

"So he *must* have been talking to the *murderer.* The phone rang, and—the murderer answered it!"

"No," said the lieutenant.

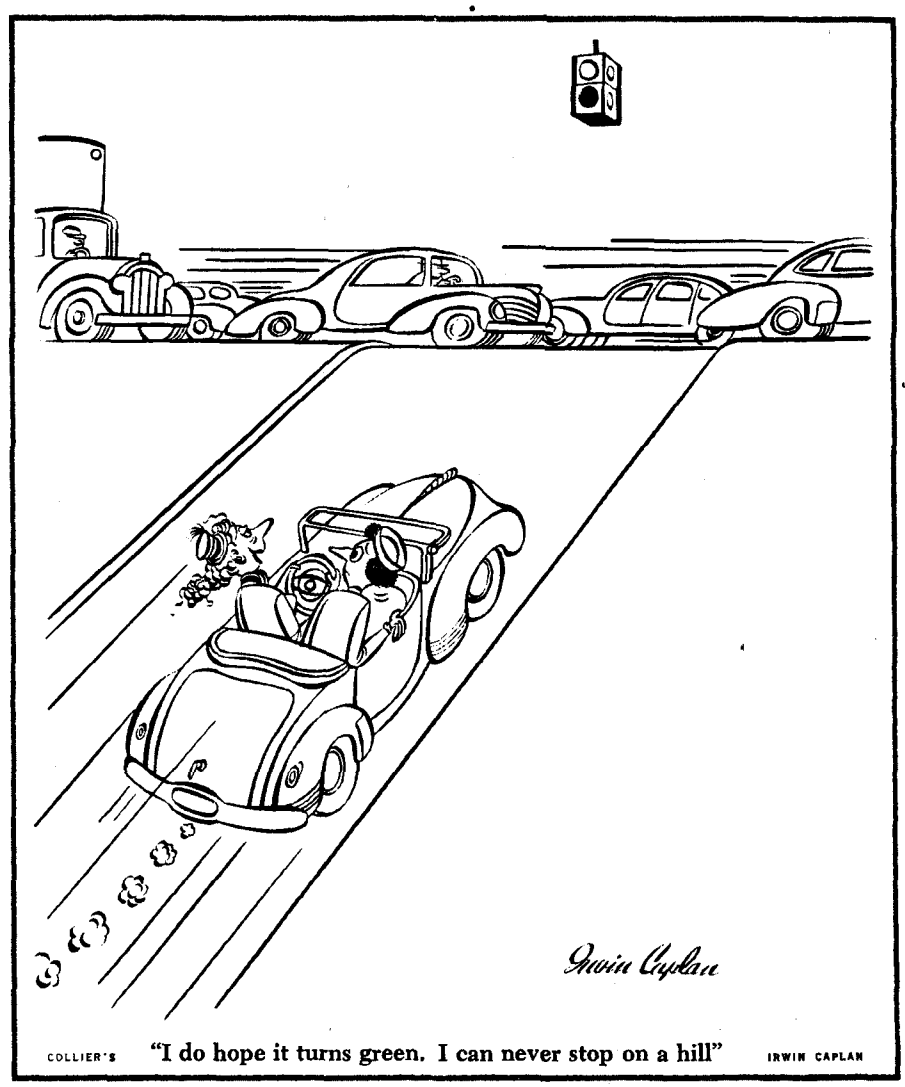
"No?" said Annie challengingly. "Why?"

"Well—" The lieutenant hesitated. "He said, 'Theo.' He said, 'Okay, Theo, later.' Not likely he'd know the manager's name or use it if he did."

Annie thought for several moments, rubbing her front teeth nervously with a forefinger. "What a break!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see? The murderer lisped!"

Charley felt suddenly guilty. "Look, honey," he said contritely. He put an arm around her shoulder protectively. "Maybe I should tell you—"

"Oh, Charley!" she said. "Don't you *see?* Look. We know it was the murderer who answered the phone. We know he



COLLIER'S "I do hope it turns green. I can never stop on a hill" IRWIN CAPLAN

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wouldn't have said, 'Theo.' So what *did* he say that sounded like it? He must have said, 'Okay, thee you later!' Which sounds almost exactly like, 'Okay, Theo, later!' The murderer lisped!"

Charley looked at Annie hopelessly, his face a mask of guilt and despair. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. He had waited, he realized, too long. It was impossible now, to explain—if he ever hoped even to speak to Annie again.

"What's more," said Annie, "he was six feet four inches tall and left-handed."

"Wonderful," said the lieutenant. "How—"

"Look at the phone," said Annie coldly. She pointed to the desk. The phone lay in its cradle, the mouthpiece at the right. "A right-handed person replaces the phone exactly opposite from that. As for his height—"

The lieutenant took Charley's arm and they crossed the room to the desk. "You use this phone?" said the lieutenant quietly to the man at the desk.

The detective looked up. "Of course."

"You left-handed?"

From Installment XV of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: It was reported that Eisenhower was so annoyed and worried by General Montgomery's inactivity that he had appealed to Churchill to go to Normandy to try "to persuade Monty to get on his bicycle and start moving."

The man glanced at the lieutenant curiously. "No. Why?"

"How come you put the phone back like that?"

The detective looked at the phone, then back again. "I don't know," he said. "I always do."

They returned to Annie. "Marvelous," said the lieutenant. He put his arm around Annie's shoulder affectionately. "Amazing," he said. "Great little helpmate you'll be for Charley." He looked at Charley solemnly. "Let's get out of here," he said. "Annie's given us enough to work on; the rest will be strictly routine."

AND it was. To Annie's outraged astonishment, during the next week, no man hunt took place; no cordon of police was thrown round the city. Even worse, no circular was issued containing Annie's beautifully worked-out dossier on the criminal. The police seemed completely uninterested in Annie's deductions.

Charley tried to explain. They had returned to Annie's apartment from a movie, Sweet Murder, My Lovely, and were sitting—several feet apart—on the davenport.

"In this kind of killing," Charley said patiently, "we *know* the kind of guy who did it. And that's all we need. Because we know he'll be picked up sooner or later, somewhere for something. In a gambling raid, or for petty larceny, jostling in a subway, whatever his racket is. And every possible suspect is always questioned; about this crime and any others we've got."

Annie found this explanation less than satisfactory. She sniffed; a sniff that was close to a snort. "It's like hunting for a needle in a haystack," she said, "blindfolded! And not even hunting! Just waiting till it jabs you!"

"So what? As long as you find the needle."

"But when you have a *description*," Annie wailed, "practically an exact description, and—" . . .

Relations between Charley and Annie, some six days later when the killer was found, resembled in tenseness the high E string of an electric guitar connected by mistake to a power line. And the fact that he was caught precisely as Charley had predicted didn't help. The word came one evening at Annie's; Charley answered the phone. And when he returned, smiling for the first time in days, he could be pardoned, perhaps, for gloating a little.

"Grab your hat," he said, "we're going to headquarters! And I'll show you a killer caught by the cops without any help from Sam Spade, Inspector Chafik, or even Hercule Poirot!"

They waited, at headquarters, seated on yellow-wood folding chairs, in a small, unadorned, white-plastered room. The lieutenant, more worried and sleepless-appearing than ever, sat staring at his feet. Annie looked coldly ahead, while Charley waited happily, both watching the closed door of the room.

THE door opened. A man was urged forward by a policeman at his back. He stepped forward into the room, ducking his head as he passed through the doorway, then stood staring sullenly over their heads at the opposite wall. His clothes were unpressed and he wore a cap. He seemed about forty years old.

Annie brought out her notebook and ticked off an item with her pencil. "Six feet four," she said. "Right?"

The lieutenant did not look at Annie. "Four and a half," he said.

Annie leaned forward and whispered to the lieutenant. "His cap," she said. "Do you suppose—?"

The lieutenant spoke wearily. "Take off your cap."

The man raised his hand—his left hand—and Annie's pencil flicked once. He pulled off his cap. His hair was almost beautiful; thick and alive, deeply waved and red.

"Little darker than I thought," Annie murmured, and her pencil flicked once more. "Where was he found, Lieutenant?"

The lieutenant looked up again very, very wearily. "Where did they pick you up?" he said to the man.

The man looked at them all for a moment, then returned his gaze to the wall before him. "Thouth Thtreet," he said, and Annie's pencil flicked twice. . . .

During the ten-minute cab ride back to Annie's apartment, neither she nor Charley spoke; Charley because he was unable to, and Annie out of compassion. But when they stood at the street door of Annie's building, the cab still waiting at the curb, a voice, not his, came out of Charley's throat. "Tell me, just tell me this. Did it occur to you, even once, that it *could* have been somebody else? Say, a baldheaded guy, five feet two, who spoke with maybe a stutter? Did it ever enter your head that your clues *could* have been wrong? That it *could* have been somebody else? Did it ever—"

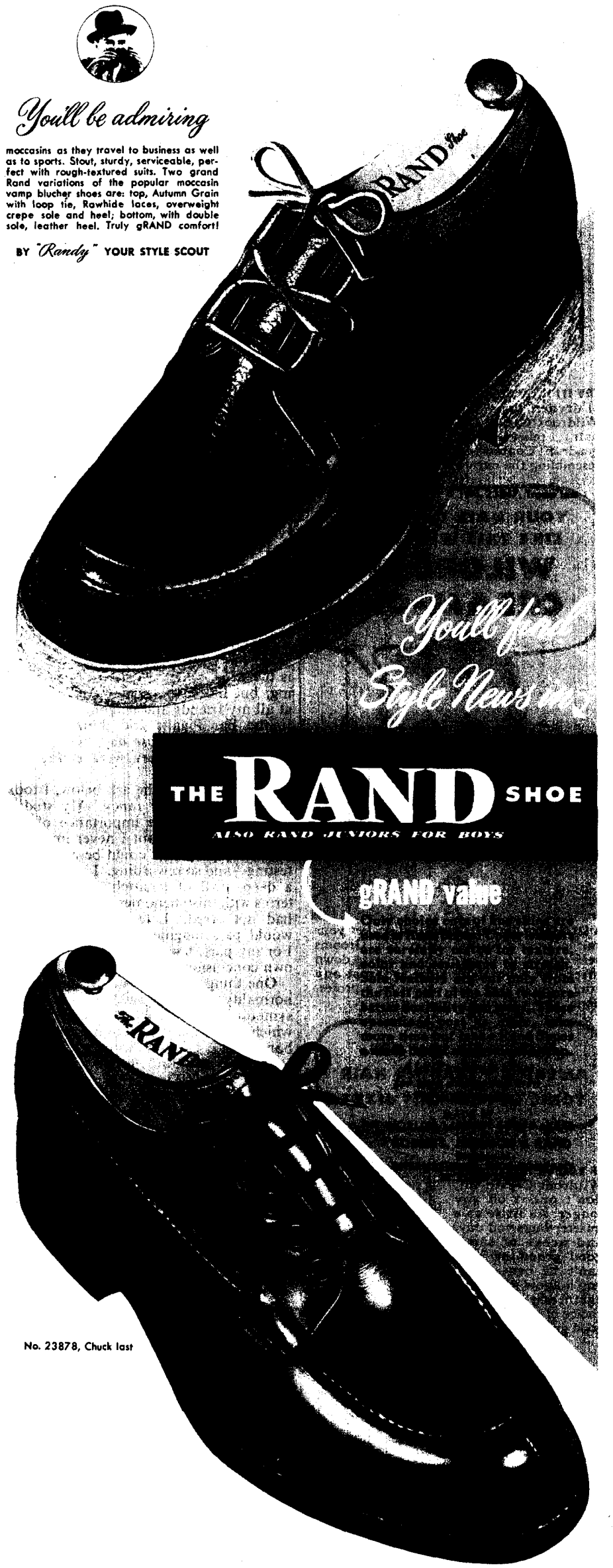
"No," Annie said, "of course not."

"But why?" Charley wailed. "*Why?* Will you please tell me WHY?"

Annie looked at him sadly, pityingly, and made the final effort of a person who knows it is doomed to failure. "The clues," she said gently, "couldn't be wrong." She opened the door. "They just *couldn't* because—Charley, don't you see? It wouldn't be *fair!*" . . .

Charley and Annie are married, now. They are very happy and contented—because they are not married to each other. Charley's wife thinks he is wonderful, a bulwark of law and order, but then she always did admire policemen—from her earliest memories of riding pickaback on the broad shoulders of her father Patrolman Colhaus. And Annie's husband—he thinks she is marvelous. He is a writer, a tweed-jacketed, pipe-smoking author of detective stories. And Annie, he says, gives him most of his best ideas.

THE END



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TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.

RAIN IN AUGUST

Continued from page 25

When at length I reached the point from which I could overlook the farm, I had to shade my eyes against the sun in order to observe what was happening in the narrow valley below me.

A thin thread of smoke rose from the roof of the farm. I shifted my gaze to where the timber had been stacked. It had all but vanished. Where it had gone to was no mystery.

There was a slight ground mist, and the valley was still deep in shadow, and for these reasons I at first imagined the structure rising from the center of the plateau to be no more than a large barn.

As I watched, a brilliant shaft of light struck downward through a cleft in the hills, illuminating the whole area of the farmstead, and I could see clearly all that until now had been obscured from me. I remember crying out in astonishment. The building, instead of resting upon normal foundations, was encased by a formidable, bargelike hull.

Monsieur Noé had built an ark.

There was a queer feeling in my stomach. I sank down on my haunches, and lighted a cigarette.

But if there was a dreamlike unreality about the scene before me, it did not fade. Here, in this parched dust bowl a few miles north of the great desert, lapped by sunlight, was a boat straight out of the Old Testament.

I LIGHT another cigarette now, thinking of that moment. The queer feeling is there again, not as sharp or as shocking, but more pervasive. I look round at all my friends and neighbors with me in the Bar Pigalle and think of Matthew: *For as in those days which were before the flood they were eating and drinking. . . .*

Staring down at the ark below, I took a firm hold on my fancy. My studies have taught me the importance of the rational approach, but I never imagined that its employment could be at once so testing—and so rewarding. I experienced a deep thrill of triumph as I came to terms with this phenomenon. My instinct had not erred. Later, perhaps, others would pass judgment on Aristide Noé. For my part, I was content to draw my own conclusions.

One thing was evident. Beside the abnormality which gripped his mind, the symptoms of melancholia and hysteria which I had detected among my neighbors paled into insignificance.

He was a victim of paranoia in the grand tradition. On this score my months of study could leave me in no doubt. All my reading had failed to reveal so classical an example of a man suffering from delusions of grandeur—of the paranoiac's tendency to confuse his identity with that of some famous or notorious person. Yet I was left with the sensation that here was something larger than life. It was a minute or more before I could put my finger on what I am now certain was the reason for this.

A man in Aristide Noé's condition who attempts to establish his claim by his actions will quickly be confined to a mental institution. It is the law of a society which has the welfare of the majority at heart. But old Noé's physical isolation had insured him against interference.

There, in the morning brightness, I saw with cold detachment the logical sequence of events as they must have been: the first aberration (and the reasons for this, one could only guess) which had made society his enemy, and then, springing from this imbalance, the burning conviction that he was a man apart, an original, a tool of destiny. The odd coincidence of his name canalized the trend of his thoughts. He became Father Noé not only in name but in deed. Fact mounted upon fact. He had three sons. His only glimpse of the world beyond the valley was of our village. We *were* the world, and to his jaundiced eyes a conveniently wicked one. The voice of his dementia seemed to speak with the authority of God. Soon the deluge would come. It was time to build his ark.

I scrambled to my feet. The ark was built now. To get so much timber, I reflected, he must have raised a heavy mortgage on the farm.

"Poor devil," I muttered to myself, and then: "Poor devils." His family was in this, too. That was a point. Going back to fetch Louis, I wondered why they had co-operated. Or his Berber servants, for that matter. The ark was obviously the work of many hands. The answer, I decided, lay in the old man's fanaticism. He would not be the first to produce mass hysteria among his followers.

It was midday when Louis and I returned to the village. I had pretended to share his simple-minded astonishment, and I enjoyed hearing him retail our discovery to a skeptical audience at Madame Ramera's bar. In the end they believed us. It was the best story that had ever been told in the village. A party of spies who went out that evening confirmed what we had said.

Jean Nattier, pushing his kepi onto the back of his head with a characteristic gesture, made a solemn declaration.

"It only goes to show," said Jean. "Either you behave like human beings in a place like this, and obey the laws of nature, or you don't, and you go crazy."

This oracular pronouncement stuck. Nobody, with the exception of myself and—yes, just possibly—Madame Ramera, has bothered to question its validity since.

From that day onward, if a member of the Noé family showed his head in the village, he was pilloried unmercifully.

I kept my own counsel. I was of two minds as to whether I should write to Professor Berthot, but decided, temporarily, against doing so. I was jealous of my knowledge, and desperately keen to see what would happen if Aristide Noé were allowed to pursue his delusions to their logical conclusion.

By August, as far as the village was concerned, the joke was wearing a bit thin. The only important thing in life seemed to be how to keep cool and how to avoid the slightest unnecessary labor. To hell with Monsieur Noé and his ark.

Less and less was seen of the family, which, in view of village opinion, was understandable, and I have no doubt that the whole business would have slipped comfortably into the backs of people's minds until the return of cool weather, had not a series of occurrences during the past few days gradually linked themselves in the public mind with the Noés' activities.

Livestock began to disappear.

First it was the Curé's shabby old rooster and two pullets which he kept in his back garden. The Curé shook his head sadly and accepted the theft philosophically. He assured me that it was undoubtedly the work of an Arab with a large family to feed. I made no comment.

On the following day, the Notary's pedigreed retriever bitch, which had never been known to stray, vanished. The Notary's wife was distracted. She had had the retriever sent all the way to a fashionable kennel near Algiers to be bred, and Pierette was expected to whelp within a fortnight.

The Notary, whose sleep was suffering as a consequence, summoned Jean Nattier and sternly ordered him to recover Pierette on pain of being reported to police headquarters for inefficiency.

Poor Jean, purple in the face, told me of this savage injustice over a glass of wine at Madame Ramera's. I was about to make some soothing reply, when a

"Remember how quiet and peaceful it was when she was just a troopship with eight thousand men?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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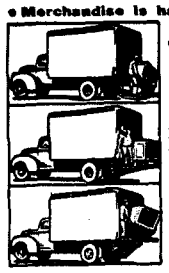

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GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

long military car roared down the street in a cloud of dust. It pulled up, and a sharp-nosed, sour-faced officer in the uniform of the spahis clambered out.

"More trouble," muttered Jean bitterly, and went out to meet him.

Madame Ramera was polishing the glasses.

"It's all very simple," she told me. "The explanation stares him in the face."

I played the innocent. "Then he and I are equally shortsighted."

"Nonsense. It is the work of the Noés. They want to stock up their ark."

That Madame Ramera, who was a clear-thinking woman, should arrive at this conclusion, though for reasons other than my own, was not surprising. I said, still playing my game, "Then that makes them criminals as well as lunatics."

She gave me a level look.

"By their standards, they are neither lunatics nor criminals."

BEFORE I could be certain whether this remark was as profound as it at first appeared, Jean came back, and I heard the sound of the car departing. He sank onto a chair.

"Now it's horses."

"Horses?"

"A stallion and a brood mare. Vanished from the picket lines at Aumale last night. There's talk of their having been seen heading this way."

The idea that the Noés were somehow implicated began, from this stage, to take shape in the public imagination. But the theft of horses from Aumale was something too distant and impersonal to precipitate any communal action.

It was not until this morning, two days later, when the news broke that old Mahomet Ali's two Biskra camels had been stolen during the night, that there was something in the nature of an outcry.

When I stepped out into the street after breakfast, it was to encounter a Jean Nattier I scarcely recognized, so business-like was the set of his face. He got off his bicycle.

"Where are you off to, Jean?"

"To Aristide Noé's place."

I experienced a pang of uneasiness. "Is it reasonable to go out there by yourself?"

His jaw jutted with a pugnacity so alien to his kindly face that I had difficulty in restraining a smile.

"Thank you," he replied curtly. "I do not anticipate trouble."

I wished him luck. Little puffs of white dust squirted up from beneath his tires as he pedaled away.

It was late this afternoon that I saw him again. He came up to my room and threw himself on my bed. He looked worn out. All the determination had been wiped from his face. I was not surprised. Quite apart from the fatigue of the journey, there was a terrible tension in the air. I was afraid the sirocco was going to blow up from the desert.

Jean needed the drink I gave him. He set down the tumbler and leaned toward me, laying a hairy hand on my forearm. It felt soft and moist. It was trembling.

"They're mad," he whispered, "Old Noé and his gang. They're insane."

I made no reply.

"Listen," he went on, "I went up there this morning. The old devil met me with a gun in his hands. I tried to get him to see reason. Never opened his trap. They locked me in an outhouse. I only broke out an hour ago."

"So!"

"I got back here as fast as I could. But that's not the point. You'll never believe me. The place is like a zoological garden. Never saw so many animals. All in pens. And what do you think? They were getting them into that damned houseboat of theirs!"

I knew then that the game had been played to the limit. Old Noé had taken his mania to the wilderness, but it had not prevented him from trespassing against society. With less reluctance than I would have imagined, I knew that it was time to intervene.

"We'll get the Notary and the Curé, and have a council of war," I said.

"That's a fine idea, old friend. This nonsense must stop." . . .

The council of war was a great success. Practically the whole village flocked to the Bar Pigalle. Madame Ramera did a roaring business. In the middle of it we heard a faint outcry down the village street, but nobody took any notice until Madame Ruad came bursting in at the door. She was a terrible sight. Her black hair was streaming, and the rouge stood out in patches on her cheeks.

"Ay-yi-yi!" she wailed. "Ay-yi-yi—!"

Louis Masson clapped a burly arm about her shoulders.

"Now, Ma," he said, "tell us what the trouble is."

"It is those wicked Noé boys!" screamed Madame Ruad, and at mention of the name everyone stopped talking. Madame Ruad struggled for breath.

"Never, never have they been to my house before, and now suddenly they are come, and they—whoosh! They are gone. In a car. But not alone. They have stolen my three best girls. Julie, and Lima and the Naïl child."

Far away came a noise like the rumble of artillery, and a sudden current of air went rippling over the striped awning outside the bar.

"That settles it!" boomed the Notary, gathering to himself the undisputed mantle of leadership. "Any man with a gun, fetch it and report back here. We will proceed at once to the Noé farm. This affair must be settled immediately."

For a moment nobody stirred. The hush that fell then will always remain in my memory because it was broken not by our own movements or our voices, but by a solemn din like drum taps on the awning. Then it sounded as though all the devils in hell were dancing on the tin roof of the bar.

Jean Nattier walked back from the open door.

"Well," he said, "we can't go out in this. We'll have to wait till the rain stops."

"Rain in August?" muttered the Notary stupidly. "It can't be. It never rains in August."

BUT that was three hours ago, and it is still raining. I have been to look at the sky. It is dark purple and yellowish. There is lightning playing on the mountains. A small river is running down the street. Nobody has been able to leave the bar, and now there is quite a party spirit. It is refreshingly cool. Simone has joined me at my table in the corner. She thinks that I am writing my school reports, but instead I have set down this account of Monsieur Noé's delusion. She touches my hand.

"Tomorrow," she smiles, "there will be green shoots everywhere. It will look like green mist on the sand. And then the day after, there will be little purple flowers. It is always like that after the first rains."

The Notary, his importance gone, has been drinking like a giant. His hand is on the Curé's shoulder.

"It never rains in August," he says. "In thirty years I have never known it to rain in August. The rains down here never start until the beginning of October."

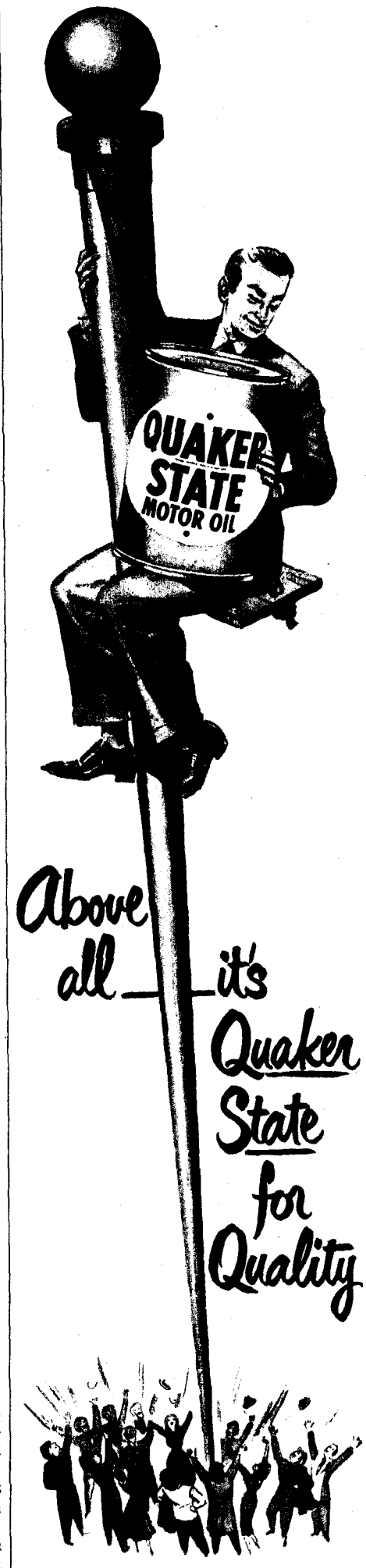
The Curé looks toward the open door a little unhappily. A swarm of flies buzzes round the naked bulb which lights the room. Louis, who is comforting his old friend, Madame Ruad, glances across.

"If this goes on all night," he says, "we'll be under water tomorrow."

Madame Ramera rolls over to the Curé and fills his glass from the bottle.

"All night?" she bawls. "The last time this happened it went on for forty days and forty nights. Didn't it, Father?"

THE END



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SUITED FOR THE CAMPUS

The Yale man doesn't dress like the California collegian. But there are basic rules that apply at either place and the freshman who wants to fit in should learn them

The man at the left is wearing gray flannel slacks, blucher-type shoes and a wool-and-fur-blend pull-over sweater, a combination that is popular everywhere. The dungaree-clad youth has an all-wool pull-over with ribbed crew neck, wide sleeves and V yoke in contrasting stripes. Girls like this sweater too. At the right is a double-breasted glen plaid suit with a striped broadcloth shirt, knit tie and snapbrim hat, a popular ensemble

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LIFE is stirring again along Fraternity Row all over the country, from Dartmouth to many-campused University of California. The old crowd is back, and there are new faces—the freshmen, bewildered but eager to fit themselves into campus life.

An important part of being "in" at any college is dressing like the upperclassmen. The second-year man knows how to do it. But the freshman is faced with a definite problem. For customs of dress vary in different regions and in different colleges.

For instance, the graduating class at Princeton habitually affects a beer jacket. Informal daytime wear at Dartmouth during the winter months is regulation ski clothes. And at certain Western colleges the men may wear high-heeled boots, faded blue denims and cowboy hats. So you have to plan your wardrobe for the section and the school you're attending.

Choosing what to wear for a college freshman looks confusing but actually it can be simplified. There are certain basic dress rules to remember, and there is a basic college wardrobe. Most important to recognize is that the days of the rah-rah college boy are gone. Today's college man dresses in good taste, almost always with an outdoor flavor. He rarely goes to extremes.

The campus man has, in the past decade, evolved a basic "uniform," which is accepted all over the country —the sport jacket and slacks combination. Freshmen and upperclassmen wear it to and from classes, for campus lounging, evenings with the boys and informal dances.

More important dates require a worsted suit, and for a change-over, the college-favored Shetland-type suit cut with a center vent in the jacket. And for those extra-special occasions when the best girl comes out for Home-Coming Week, a dinner jacket is essential.

Raincoats and waterproof poplin jackets are favored casual attire, even when skies are sunny. For the colder weather, alpaca or shearling-lined gabardine topcoats, either long or short, are useful.

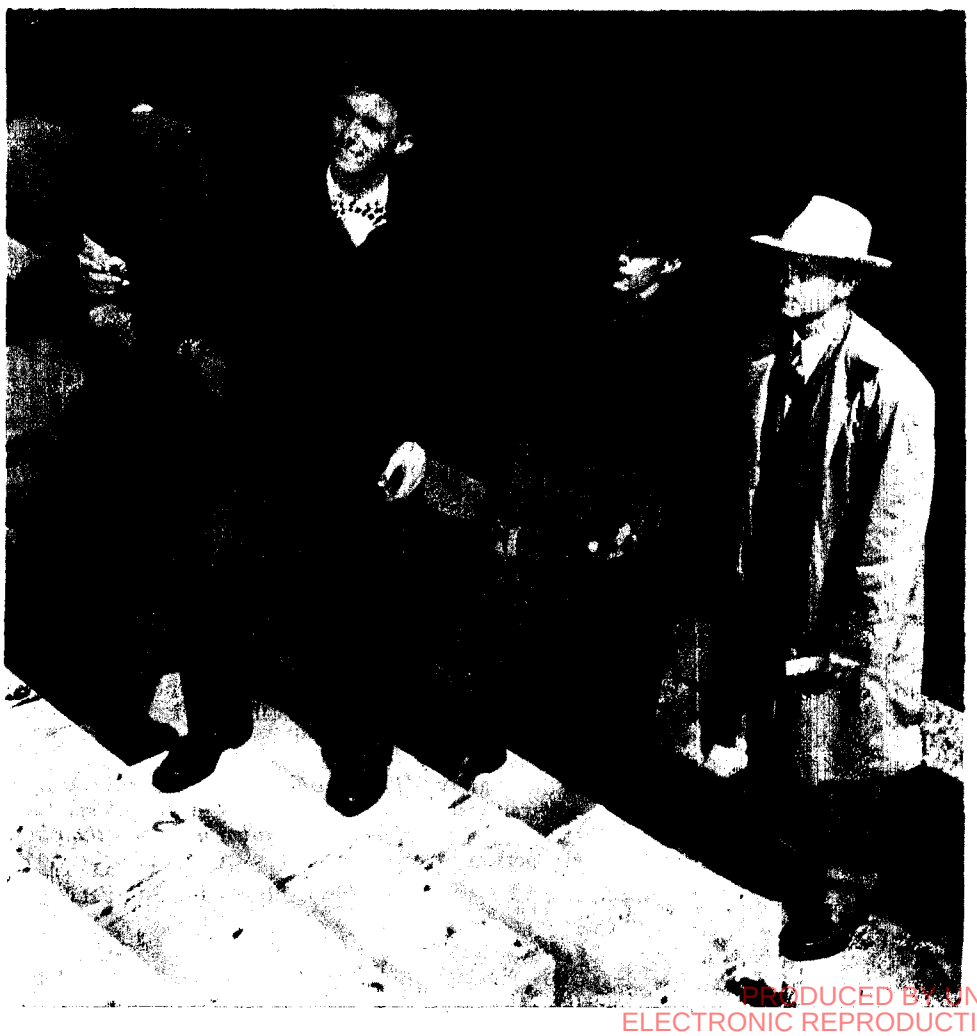
The most popular shirts are Oxfords with button-down collars, in white or solid colors. All collegians like Argyle socks, but solid-color lisle hose and wool and wool combinations are also in favor. The most-worn neckwear are foulards, in large or small patterns.

All this wearing apparel is basic—worn at colleges all over the country. There are regional differences. In the East, suit and coat jackets are cut straight, with natural shoulders, while in the West shoulders are wider and the bodies of jackets are tapered. Again, sections of the country influence fabrics. Wearing apparel is made lighter in weight and color for use at Southern colleges.

That gives you a general idea of what you're up against if you're going to college for the first time. Probably the best advice is to concentrate on the basic items initially, then as you get onto the local fashions you can build up a complete wardrobe. ★★★

Above, left to right, are a single-breasted corduroy jacket with notched lapels; a Stonecutter cord of similar cut, with coconut-straw hat and gabardine slacks; and a poplin jacket with a zipper front

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH BAXTER



Above, left to right, are a single-breasted flannel suit with three-button front and notched lapels, and a Tattersall waistcoat; a double-breasted wrap-around gabardine coat with an all-around belt, peaked lapels, two slash pockets and adjustable-tab sleeves; a single-breasted jacket with side vents in Shetland-type tweed, and a cap in hound's-tooth check

In favor for cool weather is the single-breasted woodsman's jacket at the left. It has flap pockets and adjustable-button sleeves. Gabardine slacks and moccasin-type shoes are worn with it. In the center is a greatcoat of gabardine with mouton collar and an all-around belt. At the right is a single-breasted raincoat with button fly front and a poplin rain hat

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SELF-SHARPENING ... ONE PIECE

CARELESSNESS ... THE CHILD KILLER

Continued from page 23

"swimmers" until they could meet the American Red Cross requirements for a swimmer; and then helped to meet those requirements. The Red Cross says that a swimmer should be able to swim three different strokes, each for a hundred yards, and to be able to swim continuously for ten minutes. In many cities an ARC Learn to Swim program is paying off in lowered drowning fatalities.

By the end of August the danger of death by drowning is over for most of the country. That cannot be said for the automobile, the largest single instrument of death for children. Last year 12 children were killed each day by automobiles. Some of these deaths were accompanied by screeching brakes, by the crumpling of streamlined cowling like old tin, and by the rocketing of bodies inside overturning cars. In one such car the coroner wasn't sure whether the little girl had had her neck broken by the impact of her head against the roof or by her father's body as he was thrown on top of her.

But most of the ones who were killed by automobiles were crossing or playing in the street, or riding bicycles. They raced across intersections without looking, went against light signals.

Most Accidents Occur in Playtime

Relatively few children were killed going to or from school. It was after school, when they were playing, and on Saturdays and Sundays. Then they poured in hordes from behind parked cars. They followed that bouncing ball off the curb without looking, and died.

Some escaped miraculously. A driver in a Middle Western state saw approaching motorists signal him frantically, blowing their horns, pointing at the front of his car. He stopped. On his front bumper, suspended by her dress and her tiny arms, he found a four-year-old. There wasn't a scratch on her. She was too frightened to say how she got hooked on the bumper. All she could say was, "I was after a loaf of bread for my mommy." That could be the pitiful epitaph of many children.

The growing popularity of bicycles has added another traffic hazard. Each year thousands of novice riders are turned loose on our streets with no training in riding or traffic regulations—nothing more than the admonition, "Be careful." The result: Over 300 happy, bike-riding kids between five and fourteen years old were killed in collisions with cars last year. Another 16,000 were injured.

Some of these deaths were caused by reckless automobile drivers. But most of them were caused by reckless kids zigzagging through traffic, cutting in front of cars, ignoring traffic signals. The best thing for a motorist to do when he sees a bicycle approaching is to slow down, stay as far away as possible, and to use the utmost caution in passing.

Behind every child death in a traffic accident lies the carelessness and negligence of adults—parents, drivers, teachers, the community as a whole. Yet there is hope and there is a way to reduce this horrible death toll. Pneumonia, polio, diphtheria, and meningitis are on the road to defeat as child killers. They are being defeated by tremendous, unceasing campaigns to arouse public consciousness of the need to wipe out these dread diseases, backed up by relentless scientific work.

The same methods can be applied to the problem of accidents to children. We're on the track when we realize that accidents don't "just happen," when we realize that carelessness, negligence and stupidity are killing America's children —not "accidents"—and that we can help prevent these unnecessary deaths.

Progress has been made. In 1918 children were being killed at a rate of 20,000 a year. Today that figure has dropped to 14,000—despite tremendous increases in the number of automobiles and the speeds at which they are operated, despite the infinitely greater number of electrical and mechanical machines to which children are exposed. Safety experts believe that with our accumulated knowledge and experience we are now able to reduce children's accidents drastically.

Next month the U.S. Children's Bureau, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the National Safety Council will join with Metropolitan Life Insurance in a major campaign against children's accidents.

It can be done. Some towns have been operating successful traffic accident prevention programs for years. St. Joseph, Missouri, for instance, has not had a child killed going to or from school in 20 years. A major reason for this is a school safety patrol of 270 boys and girls, well trained and so well organized that they are on the job the day school opens. They are kept interested through incentives, like badges and movie treats, supplied by the St. Joseph Safety Council and by the Automobile Club. Last year the American Legion outfitted the safety patrol with raincoats and white helmets.

"I don't care how much money a man has, as long as he's rich!"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

The driving public is reached through special leaflets—in the form of traffic violation tickets—left on parked cars, and through the press and radio. At the beginning of every year the kids are shown a traffic safety film and each teacher averages an hour of safety teaching a week throughout the year. "Our program is continuous," says Walter D. Ladd, manager of the St. Joseph Safety Council. "We long ago realized that is the only kind of program that will succeed because you are always getting new children, new parents and new drivers."

A unique feature of St. Joseph's program is its bicycle clinics, held at the schools. There, bikes are inspected, riders are tested and instructed. Once a week the police department holds "bicycle court" to deal with violators of bike safety rules. These children are given tickets, just like grownup violators. Last year 775 youngsters reported to the court. That they learn their safety lesson may be seen in that only four were repeaters!

The program reaches every person in St. Joseph. The results speak for themselves: no children killed in 1941, 1942; one in 1943; none in 1944, 1945; one in 1946; none in 1947; one, thus far, in 1948.

The problem of protecting children in a large, busy industrial city might seem almost impossible. Yet in Kansas City, a sprawling packing-house center with 600,000 people, fatalities among school children have been cut 68 per cent. And through parent education, the accident deaths of children under four have been cut 55 per cent. Today, after a 10-year fight by the Safety Council, Kansas City kids are being taught to drive as part of their training in high school. This will reduce Kansas City's fatalities still further. Altogether, over 75 children are alive today because of Kansas City's program.

Oklahoma City is another big industrial town which has done an outstanding job in licking the problem of fatal bicycle accidents. Most of the country continues to kill bike riders at a rate of 320 a year. Oklahoma City has 13,000 bikes and 70,000 cars—yet it is passing through its seventh consecutive year without a bike fatality!

It began early one day in August, 1941. Chief of Police Frank Smith answered an accident call—a teen-age bike rider was dead. The next day he answered another accident call on the other side of town. There the chief found a ten-year-old bicyclist had been killed.

What the Records Revealed

Two kids on consecutive days were too much for Chief Smith. Back at headquarters he called for the records on bicycle accidents. He discovered that two bike riders were killed the year before, in 1940; three in 1939; two more in 1938; two more in 1937—two; two. That was the basic pattern: two bike riders killed yearly.

The chief summoned his traffic staff and announced that this bicycle-killing business had to stop—before two more kids were killed! For five years before this, Oklahoma City had had an ordinance requiring bicycle registration, inspection and tagging. It had virtually ended theft. Now Chief Smith called in the firemen and policemen who did the registration work. He explained the campaign to end bike deaths, loaded them with safety material, and sent them out to talk with each individual bicycle owner.

In his traffic department Chief Smith had a famous barbershop quartet, the Flatfoot Four, winners of the 1940 national championship. He gave them a bike for safety demonstrations and instructions to sing a song of safety to every kid in Oklahoma City. The kids loved it, learned the safety songs—and practiced safety. The schools, parent-teacher associations, civic clubs, radio and press picked it up and joined the effort to save the lives of two children a year.

The program has never let up—and Oklahoma City hasn't had a child killed in a bicycle accident since it began! Last year Oklahoma City was judged as having the best traffic safety program in its class, was co-winner of the grand prize in the National Traffic Safety Contest.

"The biggest thing we had to learn," says Dan Hollingsworth, manager of the city's Safety Council, "was that it can be done. Some 12 to 15 of our boys and girls are alive today who might not have lived without this work. That, of course, pays the bill."

(The second article in this series of two will deal with home accidents. More children are killed in homes than in any other place.)

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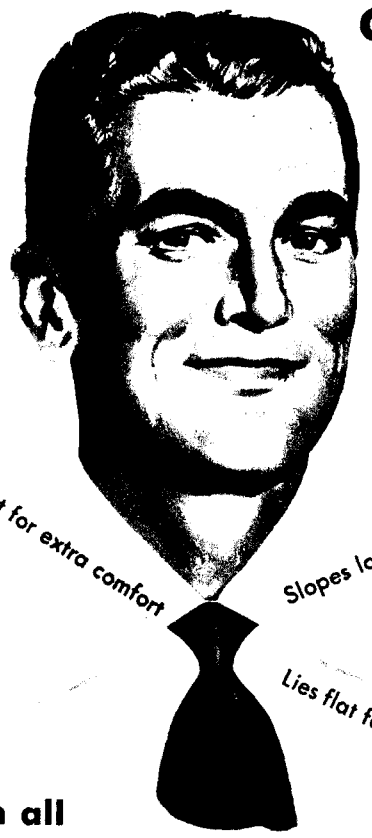

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KANSAS STAGGERS TO THE POLLS

Continued from page 13

have their law and the Wets have their highballs. Kansas is surrounded by wet territory, although Oklahoma makes a stab at being dry. So far as the liquor traffic into Kansas is concerned, it's downhill all the way.

Most of the liquor flowing into Kansas comes from Missouri, but Nebraska, Louisiana, Colorado and Illinois, in that order, also contribute to what has been estimated as an annual $50,000,000 business. This estimate may be high, but there has been enough illegal liquor consumed in Kansas in recent years to produce at least 275 alcoholics, according to Alcoholics Anonymous. In Wichita alone, since 1934, more than 2,000 persons have been arrested for driving under the influence of exploding strawberry sodas.

Public Indignation Is Generous

Occasionally the police get fussy and arrest someone on his way home from Kansas City, Mo., with a "strip" for private consumption. (A "strip" is the technical designation for six pints or four "fifths.") This does not happen often, of course, but when it does, anguish spreads all over Kansas. Several months ago, an ex-G.I. had the bad luck to have his car confiscated, after a skirmish with police over four or five bottles of Christmas cheer he was hurrying home. His shocked fellow citizens promptly raised $1,500 by public subscription to help him buy a new car.

Although Mississippi and Oklahoma are dry, Kansas is the only one of the three states that has enlisted the aid of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in its drive against professional whisky runners.

The longest tailing job performed by federal agents in recent memory involved several truckloads of Kansas-bound liquor that originated in Peoria, Illinois, not long ago. A.T.U. agents, tipped off by the bootlegger's Number One enemy (a rival bootlegger), patiently followed the liquor caravan through Wisconsin and Minnesota, into South Dakota, thence across Nebraska, and finally into Kansas. And there the startled drivers were arrested as they crossed the state line.

Although it has had other and even greater moments of success in intercepting illegal liquor shipments, the A.T.U. works under some formidable handicaps, among them the fact that it has no appropriation for automobiles even though its job is chasing bootleggers. To keep mobile, it must use confiscated automobiles. Kansas is obviously good hunting for the car-hungry A.T.U., and at the last count it had confiscated 545 cars in the state from persons guilty of transporting liquor illegally.

In Kansas, as elsewhere, an important prerequisite to comfortable drinking is peace of mind. Until recently, the A.T.U. notwithstanding, Kansans found no very great distractions in their quest for the fermented grape. Gaudy night clubs sold liquor openly. The bootlegging racket flourished. In general it was no harder to find a drink in Kansas than to get a sunburn in a summer wheatfield.

However, about two years ago, thirsty Kansans suffered a painful self-inflicted wound. They elected Mr. Edward F. Arn attorney general.

On the face of it, this was not a particularly reckless thing to do. Arn, a husky, affable young man just past forty, was a Navy veteran of the famous Task Force 58. While a moderate, he confessed that he enjoyed an occasional nip from the old goatskin himself.

When the votes were counted, however, Kansans were treated to an astonishing spectacle. There was the Devil, leveled off in full flight, with the new attorney general in grim pursuit. What was worse, the attorney general seemed to be gaining. He resigned from the Topeka Country Club because liquor was in evidence there, and even asked his friends not to serve liquor in his presence because it compromised his principles.

He held innumerable conferences with law enforcement officials. A less determined man would have let it go at that, but Arn then did an unheard-of thing. He asked the state legislature for more investigators, inasmuch as his office was side-wheeling along with only one, a lonely gentleman who was expected singlehandedly to ferret out the bootleggers in 105 Kansas counties.

"Ed," asked one of the members of the Senate committee hearing Arn, "you gonna use these men as liquor investigators?"

"You're darn' right I am," Arn snapped.

The senators fidgeted uncomfortably. Finally, in a burst of legislative whimsey, they proposed that the investigators sought by Arn should be qualified lawyers willing to live on a salary of $2,400 a year. Arn roared like a bull at the suggestion, and the senators subsided into deep thought again. Eventually, by way of compromise, they awarded Arn two additional investigators at something approaching a living wage, thereby raising his field command to a magnificent total of three. This lonesome trio is now patrolling the 80,000 square miles that comprise Kansas, trying vainly to enforce the prohibition law.

Nevertheless, Arn's sudden onslaught has thrown Kansas into considerable confusion. While liquor is still easy to get, the night clubs have curbed their flagrant selling and one or two bootleggers are even in jail.

Two prominent churchmen, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant, have advocated that Kansas would do well to go wet and get it over with. A number of prominent businessmen, who heretofore have demonstrated an almost pathological reluctance to stand up and be counted when the liquor question was at issue, have formed the Kansas Legal Control Council to fight for repeal.

Bootleggers Like the Dry Law

On the other hand, dry leaders have complained that Arn's crusade is in danger of enforcing the dry laws right out of the books, and if this should happen, it would be a pretty kettle of fish indeed --from the standpoint of Kansas Drys. The bootleggers are also on the side of the Drys. Not long ago a purveyor of spirits across the line in Colorado was reported to have become downright panic-stricken at the thought of Kansas going legally wet. The result was that he donated $25,000 to help keep it dry.

Arn, of course, is not so witless as to assume that he and his fiddlers three are a match for Kansas bootleggers. But he is pretty sure he can make Kansans decide whether they want to abide by the law and endure an occasional dry spell or change the law and live happily ever after. Arn is appealing to their palates as well as their reason, and it is only a question of time before they react one way or another. Posterity will record the results of this sly campaign in November.

Meanwhile, the bootleggers are carrying on in the best traditions of the service.

One lady bootlegger reportedly runs a caravan of six fast cars from Colorado to Kansas on such punctual schedules that housewives set their clocks by it. One day several weeks ago a farmer out-

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side Topeka was burning some grass in a field near his house when the whole farm seemed to go up in a series of popping noises. It later developed that the fire had exploded nearly 300 pints of whisky some trusting bootlegger had hidden on his farm—to be called for later, preferably on a moonless night.

There are several bootlegging rings operating in Kansas according to strict territorial grants, and there is plenty of business for everyone. Lately, however, a syndicate from Omaha announced via the grapevine that it intended to move into the Salina district to take over the watering of Army troops at the air base there. This information immediately conjured up the prospect of a nostalgic return to the good old days when hijacking was in vogue.

There have already been some instances of hijacking on lonely back roads. About three years ago a gentleman was shot in several parts of his double-breasted suit and pushed off a bridge into the Arkansas River, as the result of what was described as a jurisdictional dispute. Slugs and all, he climbed back out of the river and proceeded to get well, much to the disgust of the parties who had been delegated to take care of him.

The devices to which Kansas bootleggers resort distress the police. Many of the bootleggers carry their merchandise strapped to their waists and operate from street corners. Others set up shop in automobiles parked outside night clubs. Still others deliver by motorcycle. At the moment, most bootleggers do not consider it prudent to set up too permanent a headquarters, what with the attorney general running wild. The favored arrangement is to post a man at a telephone somewhere to act as clearing agent. He takes all orders and passes them on to the district men when they call in. Thus, there is no liquor to be found at the nerve center of the operation.

Much of the "professional" liquor coming into Kansas comes in on trucks carrying false manifests, although fast coupés with oversize springs and a turtleback capacity of several dozen cases are used occasionally. Bootleggers have found, however, that a coupé with that much of a load in the back sags like a tired duck and is approximately as easy to catch, so the trend is away from this sort of transport.

Usually, the hot cargoes are parceled out to the local bootleggers at a rendezvous somewhere in the quiet countryside. Haulers never let local distributors know when or where they are coming, for fear the latter will suffer last-minute pangs of remorse and tip off the police. Nevertheless, police get most of their information from disgruntled bootleggers who have been victimized in price wars or have suffered other indignities at the hands of unprincipled competitors.

The information police have on bootlegging activities would fill a law-school library. And yet there are comparatively few arrests and even fewer convictions.

This naturally poses the ever-defiant question: Why?

Many Kansans, of course, are positive that the cops are in the pay of the racketeers, and there is no doubt that some racket money finds its way into strange bank accounts. The main reason, however, is even simpler: It is impossible to enforce a law if the people don't want it enforced, and at the last reading no vigilante committees had been formed by outraged citizens to run the bootleggers out of Kansas.

Court docket entries occasionally refer to a case made against an automobile or a truck when the vehicle has been abandoned with a load of liquor. The last case of this kind was brought in February when a small truck and 332 pints of whisky were named as respondents.

Generally, however, the victim—if there is a victim—is a human being, and the penalty for a first offense usually is $100 and thirty days in jail. Once in a great while, if the bootlegger has been particularly offensive, he will get the book. Not long ago, in Topeka, one gentleman was put away for thirty years as a persistent violator. This sort of thing, however, is extremely rare.

For convictions on liquor violations, county attorneys are rewarded with a fee of $25. It follows that an eager county attorney can compile a sizable bank account in the two years he is in office if he wants to put the pressure on.

A Dilemma for Prosecutors

Mere possession of liquor is against the law in Kansas and a great many adult Kansans are guilty. But there are complications working against the county attorney. The chief one is that he is inviting trouble if he goes around raiding private homes. If he wants to be re-elected to political office—and presumably he does—he will be smart and go with the political winds.

In dealing with bootleggers proof of possession of intoxicating beverages is difficult to establish. Bootleggers go to great pains to disassociate themselves from the actual whisky. Many of them subsidize otherwise innocent families and leave their whisky with them, in return for which they pay the family's rent. One Topeka bootlegger lowered his contraband down stovepipes sunk into a plot of ground next door. He sat on his back steps and laughed until his sides hurt when the police tried to prove that the liquor belonged to him.

Some time ago, also in Topeka, a photographer embarrassed city officials by snapping a picture from the mayor's window. It showed a prominent bootlegging establishment across the way from the city hall. Topeka police felt that this was not sporting since enforcement of the prohibition law is virtually impossible anywhere in Kansas. But since the mayor's dignity had been considerably impaired they set out to get their man.

It was quite a task. The bootlegger, demonstrating commendable foresight, had set up operations in a room at the top of a narrow stairway, buttressed with an iron door. The police couldn't get leverage enough to batter the door down, and every time the man opened it after repeated pounding by the police, there was the smell of disinfectant, a pile of broken bottles, and no whisky.

The battle went on for weeks with the same monotonous results. Finally, a short time ago, the bootlegger packed up and left, taking his iron door with him.

"I guess," the sheriff said later, "we just pestered him out of there. I remember another case where a bootlegger went bankrupt replacing doors I knocked in."

In any case, the view from the mayor's office in Topeka is now purged of this discommodity. It is a small step but a firm one.

THE END

TAN-TALIZING

Would you smear my shoulders, please?
And now the backs of both my knees—
A scarf for my head, so my hair won't bleach
And any old blanket for the beach.
Magazine, cigarettes, aqua-plane—
Never mind. Here comes the rain!

—Dorothy B. Griswold

ERIE . . . Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

How pure is pure water?

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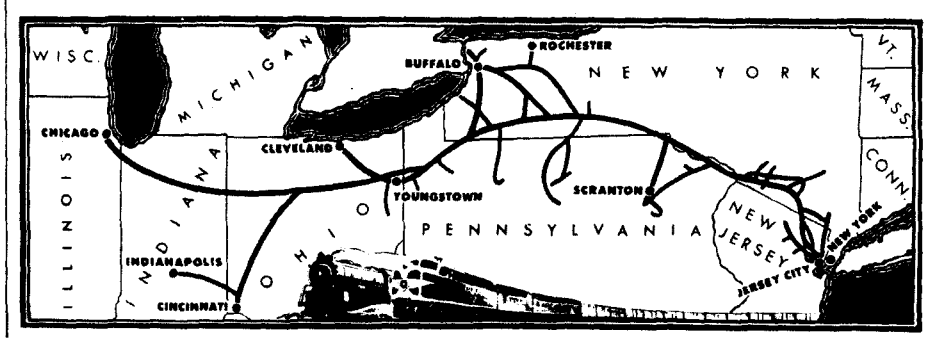

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 18

planning be started at once with a view to establishing bases for upward of 1,000 U.S. heavy bombers in the Siberian Maritime Provinces for an air offensive against Japan.

3) Requests for the exchange of information and for further preliminary planning for eventual operations against Japan. In this memorandum Roosevelt said:

Specifically, I have in mind the following items:

a. We would be glad to receive combat intelligence information concerning Japan.

b. Considering that the ports for your Far Eastern submarine and destroyer force might be threatened seriously by land or air attack, do you feel it desirable that the United States should expand base facilities sufficiently to provide for these forces in U.S. bases?

c. What direct or indirect assistance would you be able to give in the event of a U.S. attack against the northern Kuriles?

d. Could you indicate what ports, if any, our forces could use, and could you furnish data on these ports in regard to their naval use as well as port capacities for dispatch of cargo?

Stalin promised to study these documents. (He later agreed to the shuttle bombing not only from bases in the United Kingdom but from Italy as well; he explained that he must defer consideration of the requests relative to the Far East until after his return to Moscow.)

Plans for Future World Peace

Roosevelt asked Stalin if he cared to discuss the future peace of the world and Stalin said there was nothing to prevent them from discussing anything they pleased.

Roosevelt then gave Stalin an outline of his concept of an organization, based on the United Nations for the preservation of world peace. It was to consist of three main bodies:

First—an Assembly composed of all members of the United Nations which would meet in various places at stated times for the discussion of world problems and the making of recommendations for their solution. Stalin asked if this Assembly was to be world-wide in scope, or merely European, and Roosevelt said it should be world-wide.

Second—an Executive Committee which would consist of Russia, Britain, the United States and China, together with representatives of two European nations, one South American, one Middle Eastern, one Far Eastern and one British Dominion. This Executive Committee would deal with all nonmilitary questions—such as economy, food, health, etc.

Stalin asked whether this committee would have the right to make decisions which would be binding on all the nations.

Roosevelt was indecisive in his answer to that one. He did not believe that the Congress would permit the United States to be bound by the decision of such a body. He said that the committee could make recommendations for settling disputes with the hope that the nations concerned would be guided thereby.

The third body, as set forth by Roosevelt, was what he termed "The Four Policemen"—the U.S.S.R., the U.S., the United Kingdom and China. This, as its name implied, would be the enforcing agency—with power to deal immediately with any threat to the peace or any sudden emergency. He cited the Italian attack on Ethiopia in 1935 as an example of the failure of the League of Nations to deal promptly and forcibly with an act of aggression. He said that had The Four Policemen existed at that time it would have been possible to close the Suez Canal and thereby prevent Mussolini from attacking Ethiopia.

Stalin expressed the opinion that this proposal for The Four Policemen would not be favorably received by the small nations of Europe. For one thing, he did not believe that China would be very powerful when the war ended—and, even if it were, European states would resent having China as an enforcement authority for themselves. He therefore suggested, as an alternative, that there be one committee for Europe and one for the Far East—the European committee to consist of Britain, Russia, the United States and possibly one other European nation.

Roosevelt said that this suggestion was somewhat similar to one made by Mr. Churchill for regional committees, one for Europe, one for the Far East, and one for the Americas. Again the President doubted that the Congress would agree to American participation in a purely European committee which might be able to compel the involvement of American troops in a European conflict. He said that only a crisis such as the present one could make the Congress agree to such a step—that it would not have been possible to send American troops to Europe in this war had it not been for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

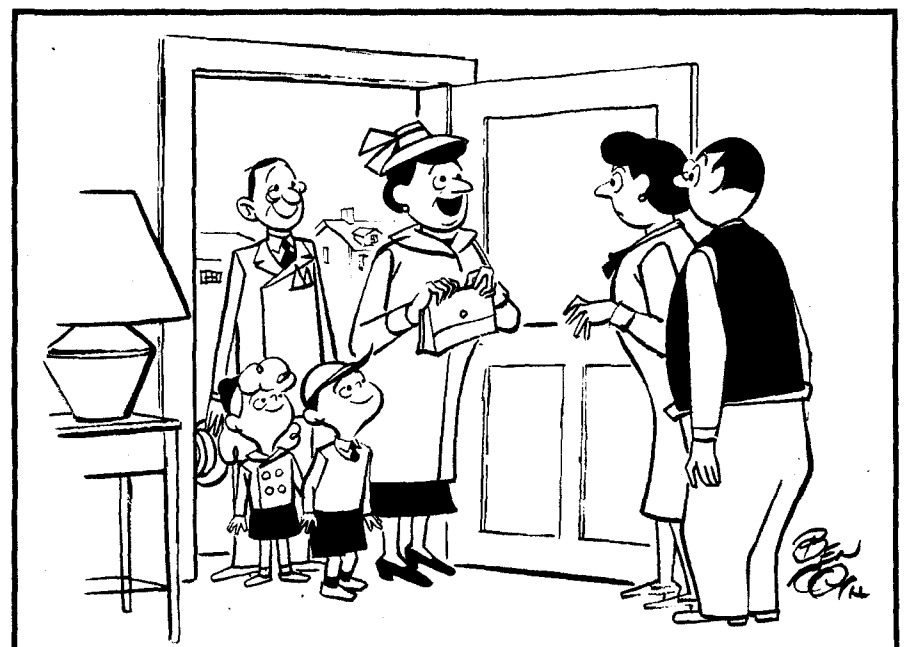
Stalin said that if the President's suggestion for a world organization were carried out—particularly The Four Policemen part of it—this might require sending American troops overseas.

Roosevelt explained that he had only foreseen the sending of American naval and air forces to Europe and that any land armies needed in the event of a future threat would have to be provided by Britain and the Soviet Union.

He saw two possible kinds of threat—one minor, and one major—to world peace. The minor threat might arise from a revolution or civil war in a small country, or the kind of border disputes that sometimes arise between small neighboring states. This could be met by application of the quarantine method, the closing of limited frontiers and the imposition of embargoes.

The major threat would be provided by a gesture of aggression on the part of a large power; in this case The Four Policemen would send an ultimatum to the threatening nation and, if the demands were not immediately met, they would subject that nation to bombardment, and if necessary, invasion. (There is no indication that Roosevelt suggested what the procedure would be in case the aggressive nation happened to be one of The Four Policemen.)

Stalin then talked of the immediate problem of the future treatment of Germany. He said that he had discussed the question on the previous day with Mr. Churchill and considered that the Prime Minister was too hopeful in assuming that Germany could not rise again. It was Stalin's belief that Germany would be able to recover its power completely within fifteen or twenty years unless forcibly prevented from doing so, and therefore there must be more certain safeguards than those provided by the type of organization which the President had proposed.



COLLIER'S — **"The children wanted to go to the zoo, but we told them they'd have just as much fun over here!"** — BEN ROTH

Stalin said that the only way to provide insurance against another career of aggression by Germany was to gain and maintain United Nations control of physical strong points within Germany and along the borders of Germany and at strategic bases outside Germany. He mentioned Dakar specifically as one of such bases. He applied the same rules to the future containment of Japan, naming the islands in the vicinity of Japan as essential bases for the prevention of further aggression.

Peace Authority Must Be Strong

Stalin said that any organization or committee that might be set up for the preservation of peace must have the power not only to make decisions in times of emergency but to have continued occupation of the necessary bases against Germany and Japan.

Roosevelt observed that his agreement with Marshal Stalin on this was one hundred per cent. He said that although he was fully cognizant of the present weakness of China, he had insisted that the Chinese must participate in the four-power declaration at Moscow because he was thinking far into the future and believed that it was better to have the 400 million people of China as friends rather than as possible enemies.

There was then some discussion of the ability of the Germans to convert apparently peaceable industries secretly to wartime purposes. Stalin said that the Germans had shown great skill in such deception, but Roosevelt believed that if the world organization were sufficiently strong and effective it could detect such tendencies and nip them in the bud.

It was now three thirty, and Stalin and Roosevelt moved over to the large conference room of the Russian embassy where Churchill, acting on behalf of King George VI, presented to the marshal the "Sword of Stalingrad."

Stalin Asks the Vital Question

Following this impressive ceremony, the 28 participants in the conference sat down at the large round table and went to work on the Second Plenary Session. It started with a review of the morning staff session by Brooke, Marshall and Voroshilov, and then Stalin fired the big question:

"Who will command OVERLORD?"

Roosevelt replied that this had not yet been decided. Stalin thereupon made it clear that until a supreme commander were named he could not believe in the reality of the operation. Roosevelt must have been sorely tempted at that moment to name General Marshall as supreme commander and have done with it, but he did not do so, for reasons known only to himself. He said that the decisions taken at this conference would affect the choice of the particular officer, and this probably meant that he would appoint Marshall only if the command involved *all* of western and southern Europe instead of OVERLORD alone.

Churchill then launched forth on a lengthy statement along familiar lines. He ranged from the Channel to southern France to Italy to Yugoslavia to Rhodes and so to Turkey, dwelling for some time on that favorite subject. He summed up the tasks before the conference as (1) to survey the whole field of the Mediterranean, and (2) how to relieve Russia, and (3) how to help OVERLORD.

Stalin said, "If we are here in order to discuss military matters, among all the military questions for discussion, we, the U.S.S.R., consider OVERLORD the most important and decisive." He said that from the Russian point of view, Turkey, Rhodes, Yugoslavia and even the capture of Rome were not important . . .

Churchill made a final and, one must say, gallant attempt in behalf of Rhodes and Turkey as strategic points, but Roosevelt said that it seemed that he and the Prime Minister and the marshal were agreed on the main directive to the Chiefs of Staff which was to go ahead on the assumption that OVERLORD was the dominating operation and, while the staffs might make recommendations for subsidiary operations in the Mediterranean area, they must be careful to consider nothing that could possibly cause a delay in OVERLORD.

Stalin thereupon said to Churchill that he would like to ask him a rather indiscreet question: Did the British really believe in OVERLORD or were they expressing their approval of it merely as a means of reassuring the Russians? It would seem that Churchill now accepted the inevitable and said that Britain would hurl every ounce of her strength across the Channel at the Germans. The atmosphere was evidently somewhat tense at this point, so Roosevelt observed that within an hour a very good dinner would be awaiting all of them, with Marshal Stalin as their host, and that he for one would have a large appetite for it. He suggested that the Combined Chiefs of Staff meet again in the morning and settle the matter of OVERLORD once and for all. The meeting then ended.

The official records of these meetings

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were written with so much circumspection that the inherent drama was largely obscured; but it was far too big to be totally disguised. One cannot read these deliberately dry and guarded accounts without the feeling that here were titans determining the future course of an entire planet.

This was indeed the Big Three. Churchill employed all the debater's arts, the brilliant locutions and circumlocutions, of which he was a master, and Stalin wielded his bludgeon with relentless indifference to all the dodges and feints of his practiced adversary; while Roosevelt sat in the middle, by common consent the moderator, arbitrator and final authority. His contributions to the conversations were infrequent and sometimes annoyingly irrelevant, but it appears time and again—at Teheran and at Yalta—that it was he who spoke the last word.

The dinner on Tuesday evening was marked by a great deal of "teasing" of Churchill by Stalin; I am not qualified to say whether it was intended or accepted in a spirit of good-humored raillery, but it was evidently unremitting throughout the evening. At one point, when the question of postwar control of strategic bases was being discussed, Churchill stated that Britain did not desire to acquire any new territory but intended to hold on to what she had and to reclaim what had been taken from her—specifically Singapore and Hong Kong—and that while she might eventually release portions of the Empire of her own free will, she could not be compelled to give up anything without a war.

Stalin commented on this that Britain had fought well in the war and that he personally favored increases in the British Empire, particularly in the area around Gibraltar which was presently the property of Franco's Spain. When Churchill asked what territorial interests Russia might have in the future, Stalin was quoted as having replied, "There is no need to speak at the present time about any Soviet desires—but when the time comes, we will speak."

Where Soviet Authority Lay

Stalin had evidently been annoyed that the afternoon conference had ended with reference of the OVERLORD problem to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, for he could not understand why the decision should not be made there and then by Roosevelt, Churchill and himself without interference by a mere "military committee." This was another evidence of the fact, noted by Hopkins on his first trip to Moscow, that there was no real authority in the Soviet Union below the top.

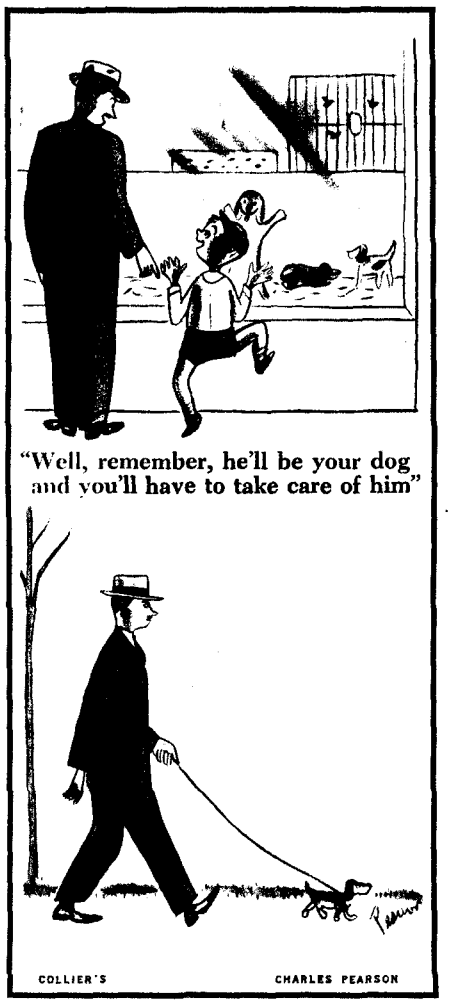
However, when the Big Three met again before lunch the next day, Wednesday, Roosevelt asked Churchill to read Stalin the results of the staff meeting and when this had been done, Stalin expressed great satisfaction with the decision and promised that the Red Army would undertake offensive operations concurrently with OVERLORD which would demonstrate the importance that the Russians attached to the opening, at last, of the second front.

But—Stalin again asked—"When will the commander in chief be named?" Roosevelt said that he would need three or four days to consider the matter and to discuss it with his staff. He said that it had been decided that morning to appoint one commander for OVERLORD, another for the Mediterranean, and probably a third to command the southern France operation temporarily during the landing phase and the advance up the Rhone Valley to the junction with the main forces in northern France. Stalin approved this as sound military doctrine—and the military discussions at Teheran were thereby ended; but Churchill had not quit yet.

Extreme amiability prevailed throughout lunch and a short plenary session in the afternoon and at dinner that evening (this was Churchill's sixty-ninth birthday party; Roosevelt's gift to him was a Kashan bowl which he had purchased that day at the local American Army PX).

During lunch the extremely important question of Russia's need for warm-water ports was brought up by Churchill, who said that his government not only recognized the legitimacy of this requirement but also hoped to see Russian fleets, both naval and merchant, on all the seas.

It was Roosevelt who mentioned the possibility that Russia might have access to the port of Dairen in Manchuria—and he did so for the first time here, at Teheran, and not at Yalta (when, according to legend, he was so enfeebled as to be *non compos mentis).* Stalin immediately expressed the opinion that the Chinese would object to this proposal, but Roosevelt said he thought they would agree to having Dairen made a free port under international guarantee.



"Well, remember, he'll be your dog and you'll have to take care of him"

It is my understanding that Roosevelt was not merely guessing about this—that he had, in fact, discussed this very point with Chiang Kai-shek in Cairo a few days previously.

While Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt were having lunch that day, Eden, Molotov and Hopkins were meeting for lunch at the British legation. The main topics of conversation were the future United Nations strategic strong points about the world.

On the subject of strategic bases, Hopkins said:

"The location of these future strong points and what they will require in the way of land, sea and air forces will have to be worked out with a view as to who would be a potential future enemy. The President feels it essential to world peace that Russia, Great Britain and the United States work out this control question in a manner that will not start each of the three powers arming against the others.

"The question of building up bases in the Pacific should not be a difficult one. We Americans do not want sovereignty over any of the islands that are freed from the Japanese. The United Nations may exercise some sort of protective influence over them. As regards the Philippines, when they gain their independence we would still consider it advisable to have naval and air bases there under United States rather than United Nations control."

At the dinner that Tuesday evening, Churchill, proposing a toast to Stalin, said that the marshal was worthy to stand with the mightiest figures of Russian history and merited the title of "Stalin the Great."

In reply Marshal Stalin said that the honors which had been paid to him really belonged to the Russian people; that it was easy to be a hero or a great leader, if one had to do with people such as the Russians . . . He said that even persons of medium courage and even cowards became heroes in Russia. Those who do not, he said, are killed.

It was at this dinner that Stalin made his frequently quoted statement that without American production, the war would have been lost.

The Prime Minister Laughed, Too

Hopkins also made an after-dinner speech at Teheran, telling the Russians that he had made a long and thorough study of the British constitution, which is unwritten, and of the War Cabinet, whose authority and composition are not specifically defined. He said that as a result of this study he had learned that "the provisions of the British constitution and the powers of the War Cabinet are just whatever Winston Churchill wants them to be at any given moment." This observation was greeted with loud laughter, particularly from the Prime Minister himself.

At lunch on Wednesday, the final day, there was long discussion of the proposed meeting with the Turkish officials. Hopkins was firm in asserting that before any such meeting there must be detailed agreement as to exactly what form of military assistance should be promised the Turks if they were to enter the war. When Churchill mentioned the requirements for landing craft for an assault on the island of Rhodes in the month of March, Hopkins was so anxious to have the record straight that he wrote out his own version of his comments for inclusion in the minutes, as follows:

"Mr. Hopkins again pointed out that the United States Chief of Staff had not given consideration to the detailed requirements of the Turkish operation . . . It should be clearly understood that the American side believes that there are no landing craft available for an attack on Rhodes—and more important still that even if the landing craft were available, no decision has been reached as to whether or not the landing craft could not be used to better advantage in some other operation. Under any circumstances it should be clearly understood that no mention can be made to President Inonu, implied or otherwise, that an amphibious landing can be made on Rhodes."

During the afternoon, Roosevelt had a private talk with Stalin and Molotov for the purposes of putting them in possession of certain essential facts concerning American politics. It was a cause of wonderment to the President that the Russian leaders appeared to be so inadequately informed as to conditions in the United States or the character of public opinion. They had their full quota of diplomatic representatives and the members of numerous wartime missions to furnish intelligence.

It could only be assumed that, as was so often the case with the most extensive intelligence systems, Moscow believed and trusted those agents who reported what Moscow most wanted to hear—whereas those who sent in objective and sometimes discouraging reports which

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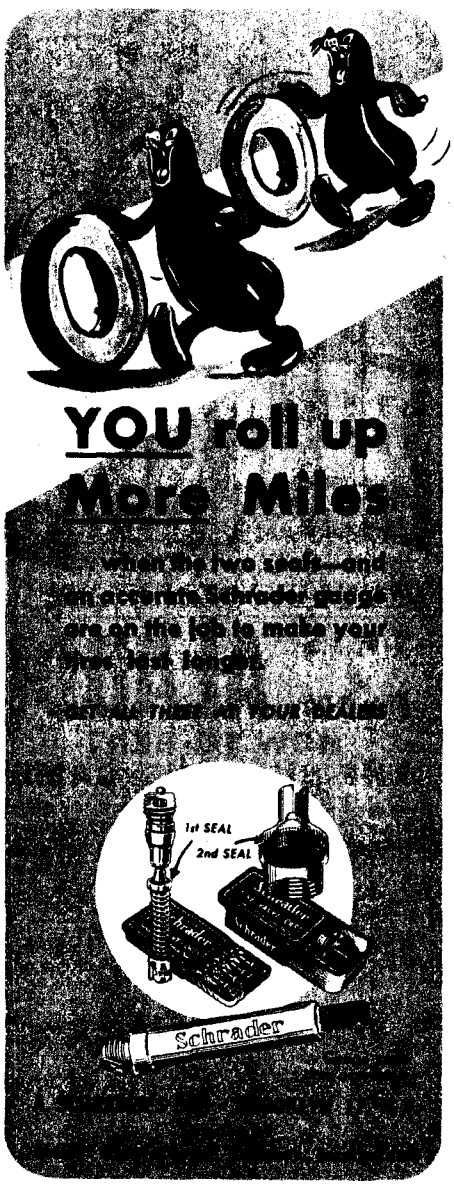

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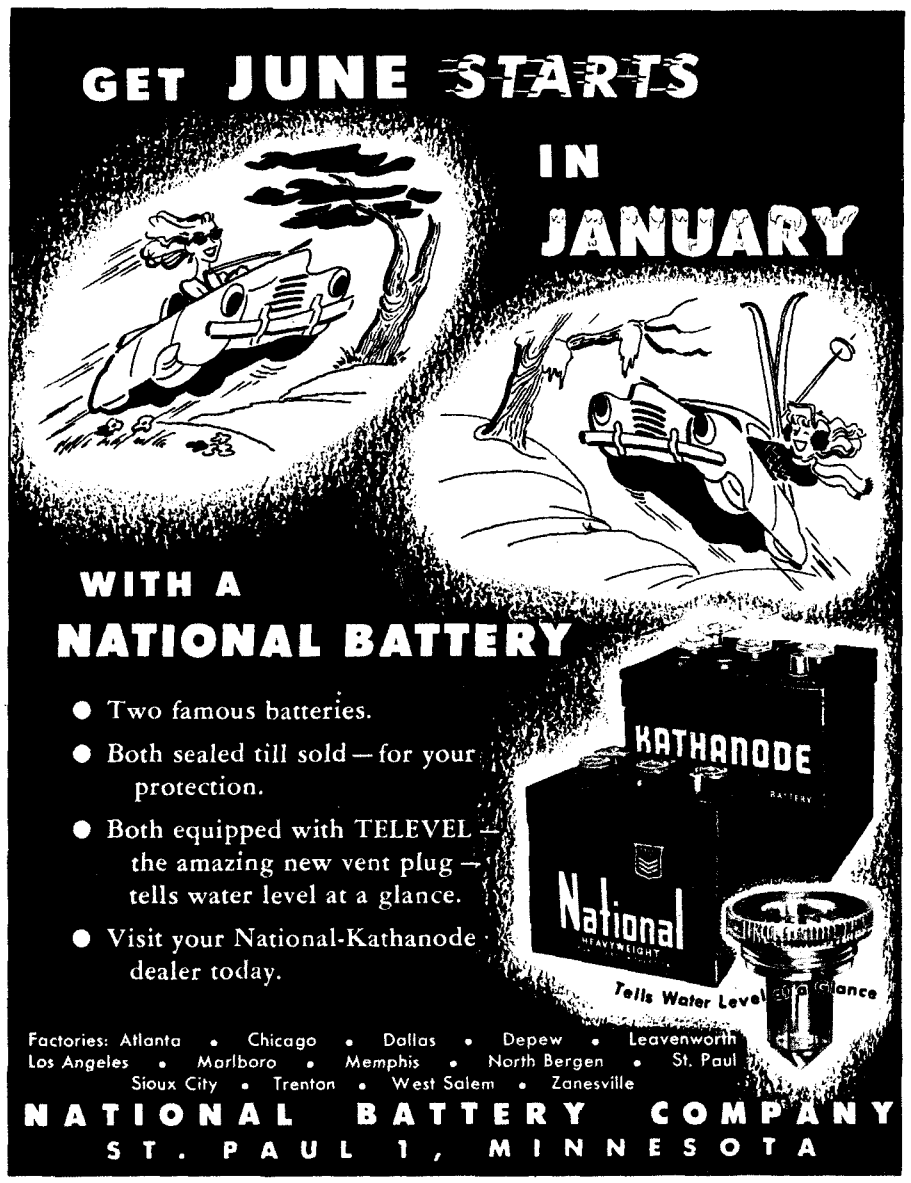

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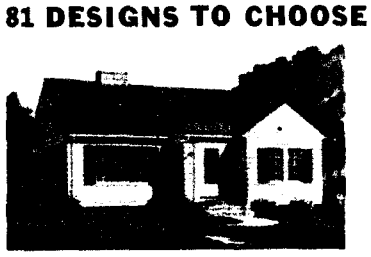

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approximated the truth were suspected of having been contaminated by their capitalistic environment and were transferred to less attractive posts. The Russians were not the only ones who erred in this respect: American representatives in Moscow whose reports were too favorable were suspected of having gone Communist, and the State Department was traditionally on the alert against any of its Foreign Service officers who displayed the slightest tendency to become pro-British.

Roosevelt felt it necessary to explain to Stalin that there were six or seven million Americans of Polish extraction, and others of Lithuanian, Latvian and Estonian origin, who had the same rights as anyone else and whose opinions must be respected. Stalin said that he understood this, but he subsequently suggested that some "propaganda work" should be done among these people.

Mapping a Dismembered Germany

Later, Churchill and Eden arrived for the final meeting. There was discussion of the division of the Italian fleet, on which agreement was immediate, and then one on the frontiers of Poland, in which Roosevelt did not take part; it ended with evolvement of a formula much like that which was eventually adopted. There was extensive discussion of the dismemberment of Germany. Roosevelt submitted a plan for five autonomous states: (1) Prussia (reduced), (2) Hannover and Northwest, (3) Saxony and Leipzig area, (4) Hesse-Darmstadt, Hesse-Cassel and the area south of the Rhine, (5) Bavaria, Baden and Württemberg—the Kiel Canal and Hamburg, and the Ruhr and the Saar, to be under United Nations control.

When Roosevelt offered this suggestion, Churchill exclaimed, "To use an American expression, the President has said a mouthful!" Churchill agreed that Prussia should be separated from the rest; he believed that the southern states should be detached to become part of a Danubian Confederation.

Stalin was not enthusiastic about either proposal, but said that of the two he preferred Roosevelt's. He felt that dismemberment meant dismemberment—that the Prussian officers and staffs should be eliminated but that otherwise he saw little difference between the people of one part of Germany and another. As to putting any parts of Germany in any confederation, he said that, whatever form it might take, if there were Germans in it they would soon dominate it and the threat of a greater Germany would be revived.

He said that there would always be a strong urge on the part of the Germans to unite and that the whole purpose of any international organization must be to neutralize this tendency by applying economic and other measures including, if necessary, force. This discussion ended up nowhere; it was decided that the subject should be considered further by the European Advisory Commission in London.

After dinner Thursday evening Roosevelt said goodby to Stalin. He believed in his heart that the final words of the Teheran Declaration—"We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose"—were more than mere words.

He had disagreed with the two men with whom he had been dealing on various important points—he had found Stalin much tougher than he had expected and at times deliberately discourteous, and Churchill's tireless advocacy of his own favorite strategic diversions while by now familiar, had been more than ever taxing to patience; but there was one fault in these two men which was gloriously conspicuous by its absence, and that fault was hypocrisy, for all that was great and all that was regrettable in both of them stood out in such unmistakably bold relief that no mask could be thick enough or pliable enough to cover it.

Roosevelt now felt sure that, to use his own term, Stalin was "get-atable," despite his bludgeoning tactics and his attitude of cynicism toward such matters as the rights of small nations, and that when Russia could be convinced that her le-

"The phone book is open . . . I drew a circle around the plumber's number . . . and wash your hands before you dial it"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

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OLDER THAN YOU THINK

BASEBALL—Credit for originating baseball is generally given to Abner Doubleday, who organized the first ball team more than a century ago. However, according to records in the New York Public Library, baseball was a popular game with children in England at least as far back as 1744. And it wasn't rounders or one old cat, either. A batter struck a ball and ran around the bases until he reached home, and the game was actually called baseball.

FOOTBALL—A London bibliophile owns a book printed in Florence, Italy, in 1580, which describes a ball-kicking game then popular. The rules given in the book closely resemble those of modern Rugby football.

BOXING—Archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania Museum uncovered a Mesopotamian temple built 5,000 years ago and discovered a stone relief of two boxers. The athletes are shown standing on their toes, slugging it out, and their hands are covered with boxing gloves.

DICE—The Chicago Natural History Museum has on exhibit several pairs of dice which their scientists took from tombs of ancient Egyptians. Made of bone or soapstone, the antique dice are almost identical with modern ones in size, form and general appearance. But the honest archaeologists were horrified to discover that they were loaded to throw twos and fives most readily!

—W. E. Farbstein

gitimate claims and requirements—such as the right of access to warm-water ports—were to be given full recognition, she would prove tractable and co-operative in maintaining the peace of the postwar world.

On Friday, Roosevelt flew from Teheran to Cairo, and on Saturday morning President Inonu and the Turkish delegation arrived, and some mad wag circulated the report that all the Turks wore hearing devices so perfectly attuned to one another that they all went out of order at the same instant whenever mention was made of the possibility of Turkey entering the war.

Roosevelt participated with Churchill in two of the meetings with the Turkish President and Foreign Minister. I see no need to attempt to give a detailed account of these lengthy conversations which ended just about where they began. Suffice it to say that during the talks Roosevelt frequently betrayed a considerable amount of sympathy for the Turkish point of view and even stated, on one occasion—and this is set forth in the solemn record—that it was quite understandable that these distinguished and amiable gentlemen should "not want to be caught with their pants down."

The Strategic Picture Changes

During the three days—Saturday, Sunday, Monday, December 4–6—that the Turks were in Cairo, conferences of tremendous importance, immediate and permanent, were being held by the President, Prime Minister and the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Roosevelt felt impelled to renege on his own promise to Chiang Kai-shek, made ten days previously, that the two powerful operations in southeast Asia would go forward: Stalin's sudden and voluntary statement at Teheran of Russia's intention to join in the war against Japan changed the whole strategic picture.

On the same Sunday that Roosevelt made this decision which exerted so considerable an effect on relations with China—and perhaps on the whole course of the war not only in the Far East but in Europe as well—he made the momentous decision concerning the supreme command for OVERLORD. He made it against the almost impassioned advice of Hopkins and Stimson, against the known preference of both Stalin and Churchill, against his own proclaimed inclination to give to George Marshall the historic opportunity which he so greatly desired and so amply deserved.

Marshall has written me of this occasion:

"Harry Hopkins came to see me Saturday night (at Cairo) before dinner and told me the President was in some concern of mind over my appointment as supreme commander. I could not tell from the Hopkins' statement just what the President's point of view was and in my reply I merely endeavored to make it clear that I would go along wholeheartedly with whatever decision the President made. He need have no fears regarding my personal reaction . . .

"The next day the President had me call at his villa . . . I recalled saying that . . . the issue was too great for any personal feeling to be considered. I did not discuss the pros and cons of the matter. If I recall, the President stated in completing our conversation, 'I feel I could not sleep at night with you out of the country.'"

Roosevelt thereupon announced his selection of Eisenhower. It was one of the most difficult and one of the loneliest decisions he ever had to make. As events proved, not only in western Europe but in the whole superb direction of the war, it was surely one of the wisest.

From Cairo, Roosevelt flew back to Tunis, and, when he was met there by Eisenhower, said, "Well, Ike—you'd better start packing." Eisenhower at first thought that this meant confirmation of his assignment to Washington as Acting Chief of Staff.

On the subsequent flight to Malta and then to Sicily, Roosevelt talked at great length to Eisenhower about the prodigious difficulties that he would confront during the next few months at his new headquarters in London, where he would be surrounded by the majesty of the British government and the powerful personality of Winston Churchill, who still believed, in Roosevelt's opinion, that only through failure of a frontal attack across the Channel into France could the United Nations lose the war.

(Next week: The campaign known as Dewey vs. Fala. British-American Crisis over Greece.)

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WHY IKE SAID NO

Continued from page 15

governors made the pilgrimage. They all said more or less the same thing: The times demanded a man of Eisenhower's great stature and popularity and he would therefore have to put aside his personal wishes and accept a draft. Eisenhower gave these callers no encouragement, pointing to what he had said in his letter.

One visitor was franker than the others. He came right out and said that he wanted the general at the head of the Democratic ticket because he knew that otherwise he would lose his own race. There was no kidding around about public duty and the call of honor.

"Thank God for one honest man," was Eisenhower's comment.

Opportunists and Idolaters

The entreaties and the pleas in behalf of duty and honor did not deceive him at all. The politicians wanted someone to come to their rescue. There were, of course, idolaters such as former Congressman Joseph E. Casey of Massachusetts who argued with the general out of deep and sincere conviction.

The earnest petitions from another source were considerably harder to answer. As Eisenhower's name crept into the political news again, thousands of veterans began to write to him. He has always believed in answering all his mail, but the volume became such that he could not cope with it. Partly, these were inspired letters from the left wing of the Democratic party which sought to use Eisenhower's name to remove Mr. Truman from consideration.

Aspects of the new Eisenhower boom were downright funny. Strong support for it came from Americans for Democratic Action, the liberal-labor group containing many of the surviving New Dealers. Labor leaders, including Philip Murray of the C.I.O., gave it their tacit support. Beside them were Southern diehards opposed to Mr. Truman because of his civil-rights program. It was surely the oddest combination that ever tried to get a band wagon in motion.

The liberal-labor crowd seemed to assume that Eisenhower's views on most subjects would coincide with their own. But when he talked about the highly controversial civil-rights program, the general made no effort to conceal his convictions. He held rather strongly to the State rights points of view. In his opinion any attempt to use the police power of the federal government to enforce an antilynch law would produce disastrous consequences. It would be an invasion of the right of the states.

There was no doubt about how Eisenhower stood on foreign policy. He believed in a responsible role in world affairs for the United States. This meant American aid for Europe. It meant an adequate military establishment with a temporary draft and universal military training. American strength, he said on several occasions, was essential to a stable and peaceful world.

As the Republican convention drew near, the consideration uppermost in the general's mind was that the convention might become deadlocked. And out of the deadlock might come victory for the nationalists and the isolationists in the party. Then he would not be able to take a detached and impartial view of the political scene. The future not merely of his own country but of western Europe and the whole concept of a free society would be threatened.

One morning he dropped in at the American Press Institute conducted by Columbia's School of Journalism. He sat silent while that veteran of so many political wars, James A. Farley, gave visiting editors his predictions of politics to come. In answer to a question from one of the editors, Farley said that in his opinion Eisenhower could not be drafted by the Democratic convention unless President Truman removed himself from consideration. That, said the general afterward, was what he believed, too.

Shortly after they moved into 60 Morningside Drive, the large and rather formidable official residence of Columbia's presidents, the Eisenhowers had a television set installed. That set got a prolonged workout during the Republican convention. All through the night of the nominating speeches the general sat in front of the flickering screen. He sat until the very end when, before an almost empty hall, a pitifully contrived "demonstration" was put on for General MacArthur.

The next day saw acceleration of the Stop Dewey drive. The faster the Dewey machine rolled, the more desperate were the efforts of those who wanted to bring it to a standstill. The trouble was that the candidates could not agree on anyone to whom their combined strength might be thrown. While it was never known to the crowds milling in the hotel lobbies nor to the thousands in the steamy convention hall, Eisenhower's name was tossed into a really smoke-filled room in which the Stop Dewey forces sought for a way out of their dilemma.

But the man in slacks and a sport shirt seated before his television set knew about it. He knew it because they had begun to make frantic efforts to get in touch with him, first by telephone and then by emissary from Philadelphia. But Eisenhower resolutely refused to talk with any Republican faction.

When Dewey had been nominated, Eisenhower waited to see whom the convention would choose for Vice-President. After Governor Warren's selection, he felt that he could go out and play golf, and he did just that. His personal choice was a Vandenberg-Stassen ticket, partly, of course, because of his admiration for and close friendship with the senator. But the Dewey-Warren slate seemed to him to be adequate.

The Message That Wasn't Written

What he would have done in the event of victory by the nationalist-isolationist wing the general had not clearly determined. But he knew that such a triumph would have made it impossible for him to stand aside from the political battle. He had contemplated a statement which might have been phrased like this: "I will join with anyone who stands for the principles of international co-operation I believe in and who will oppose those who seem determined to take our country back to isolation and unpreparedness." Such a statement issued in the crucial period between the two conventions probably would have meant the nomination of Eisenhower by the Democrats.

What almost everyone refused to believe was that he really did not want the Presidential nomination of either party. Hardly was the Republican show off the boards before a Democratic boom got going. There was nothing in the least mysterious behind the clarion calls of such oddly assorted figures as Governor William Tuck of Virginia, former Mayor Frank Hague of New Jersey and James Roosevelt of California.

On June 6th the Roper poll showed that Eisenhower was the top choice of voters in both parties over all other candidates. The general was perfectly aware of that and he laughed a little cynically about it when eager emissaries

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of the Stop Dewey movement were trying to get at him.

"They're interested in me because they think I can win for them," he said, "and I'm not going to lend myself to anything like that."

The same motivation was all too painfully apparent as unhappy Democratic politicos scurried about for some way to unload President Truman and substitute a winner. The only possible winner to be substituted at the eleventh hour was obviously Eisenhower. So the procession began to form once again. And stories started to pour out of the Washington rumor factory.

Rumor to the contrary, President Truman up to this point had done nothing to discourage any political ambitions that Eisenhower might have been harboring. Relations between the two had been cordial with considerable hero worship on Truman's part. Nor had Secretary of State George C. Marshall ever mentioned the Presidency to his protégé, Eisenhower, except in the most casual way. On one occasion Marshall said, "I shall have no difficulty with any political demands. But you, Eisenhower, (despite their close relationship he has never used any other form of address), are in for trouble."

Quickly it became apparent that the Draft Eisenhower drive might sweep the convention. On June 30th a meeting of the President's closest political advisers was held in the White House. They discussed the danger of an Eisenhower stampede, recognizing that even if the general removed himself at the eleventh hour the net result might be to repudiate Truman. With the sanction of the President it was agreed to try to get Eisenhower to declare his intentions in advance of the convention.

This mission was entrusted to George Allen, who was to be one of the old friends present at the Eisenhowers' thirty-second wedding anniversary party. It was a delicate undertaking for Allen if only because of his close relationship with both the principals.

The pulling and hauling began once again. At least once Allen telephoned Washington from New York to say that he saw no sign of any declaration from the general. But over the July 4th week end the nation-wide clamor swelled to huge proportions. By maintaining silence Ike would seem to give consent to the Stop Truman move.

Reluctantly, through Columbia's public relations office, Eisenhower again declared that he "could not accept nomination for any public office or participate in any partisan political contest." In writing his letter in January, he had debated long over whether "could not" or "would not" would be the stronger expression and he had decided finally in favor of "could not." This time, too, he sought to make his declaration as strong as possible and so he used "could not," meaning that it was impossible for him to accept.

Handicaps of a Military President

There had been no essential change in his thinking. On the positive side he hoped to use his influence entirely outside the sphere of politics. On the negative side he saw real handicaps for a military man in the White House in coming years. Tension with Russia is not likely to diminish. A military President might be inclined to lean over backward to avoid the appearance of imposing militarization. He would be under the suspicion of furthering the interests of the military. And thus he might fail to do all that was possible to keep the country in a state of preparedness.

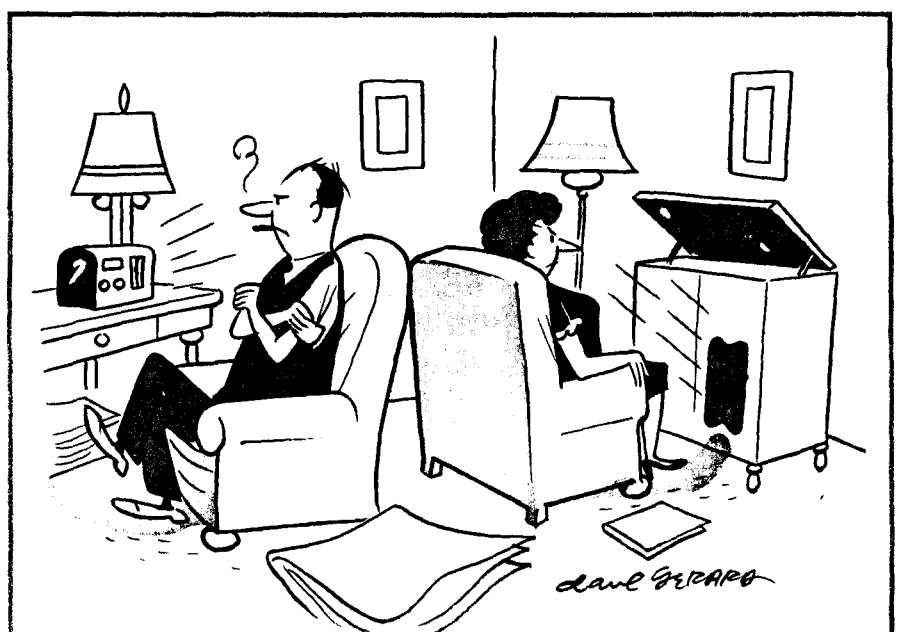
For 36 hours after the statement was issued by Columbia University's public relations office, the general was happy in the belief that, as he put it, he was completely out of the woods on the most serious personal problem he had ever been called on to face. But then from several points in the country came friendly warnings that the boom had actually not been suppressed. Eisenhower was still vulnerable; and so he sent his letter to Senator Claude Pepper, saying that this time he "would not" accept nomination to any political office.

That was final. Yet there was a last gasp and a loud one. It was the continuous bellow of "We want Eisenhower" sent up by Marty Snyder, the general's former mess sergeant, outside the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. But inside the convention hall the chastened politicians had finally stopped pursuing their phantom candidate. The name of Eisenhower was not spoken during the proceedings.

As a political manifestation, the Eisenhower boom—or series of booms—made the general definitely unhappy. It seemed to him a sign of political weakness and atrophy. The attempt to draft a military hero was a confession that civilian leadership was lacking.

"There is no magic in any man or in any name," he said. "They are looking for some way out of problems that cannot be solved by magic."

THE END



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...IN THE NEW ERA

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was never so dead as when the Democratic party deliberated, if that is the right word, at the Philadelphia Convention. The Democrats seemed to make a left turn because doubtless there was nowhere else for them to go. The cycle was completed. A new order impends.

Twenty years ago when Herbert C. Hoover routed the late Alfred E. Smith, many Democrats mourned that the Democratic party was extinct and that it could never be revived. Four years later, thanks to a dreadful depression and his own quick wits, Franklin Delano Roosevelt overwhelmed the recently triumphant Republicans. When the election returns were counted in November, 1932, longheaded observers with no stomach for any Roosevelt and few Democrats surmised that the Democrats were in to stay, for 16 to 20 years. They were prophets.

We are not now forecasting Harry S. Truman's defeat and Thomas E. Dewey's election. To publish such a judgment would be considered a partisan act. Collier's takes pride in avoiding partisanship. It is not partisanship, however, to point out that nothing that happened in either political convention at Philadelphia had much to do with anything closely associated with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is fair to say that despite frantic words and foolish boasts both parties outlined essentially conservative programs. The Democrats' great rift was over the civil-rights plank. The Republicans were out ahead with principles equally radical and at least as sincerely held. At Philadelphia, Southern opposition to President Truman's civil-rights proposals polled 263 votes. On that one principle, politically important especially in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois with votes adding up to 268, although of course not unimportant elsewhere, the Democratic majority alienated the South.

We shall not hear the last of the civil-rights issue this year. Some Southerners will vote for Governor Dewey this year because they loathe President Truman's civil-rights program. That is one of the ironies of history.

Harry S. Truman is closer to the Southern tradition than is Thomas E. Dewey but that reality has not moderated Southern hostility to his position.

Rapid progress toward political and economic equality is now being made in the South and in the North, too, for that matter. The civil-rights amendments to the Constitution were adopted 80-odd years ago in the wake of the Civil War. Not even constitutions change men's customs, habits and ways of thought instantly, as we had the chance to learn when the Eighteenth Amendment made a rather ignoble experiment of prohibition. So equality in the political field and in the economic is not wholly accomplished. But we are moving and the very Southern states most hostile to President Truman's proposals have been conspicuous in the advance.

There are no essential differences between Republicans and Democrats on foreign policies. John Foster Dulles, Governor Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs, has been a collaborator with Secretary Marshall as he was with Secretary Byrnes, Secretary Stettinius and Secretary Hull. It is a happy circumstance that there are no divisions between the two parties. We have trouble enough trying to keep the peace with Russia without the confusion of differences of opinion among ourselves.

The sharp difference between Republicans and Democrats centers in their promises to labor. The Republicans stand by the Taft-Hartley law. The Democrats promise to repeal it. Actually it is unlikely that the Democrats will repeal it if they can and it is certain that the Republicans will modify it if amendments are clearly indicated by experience. Organized labor politically is opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act but members of labor unions favor most, if not all of the provisions of the law. So when any party comes to consider revision or repeal, very strong support for the essential provisions of the law will be provided both by labor and Democrats.

The great truth is that no political party is able to foresee in just what form the problems of the next four years will appear. So we shall have to do this year what we have generally done in the past. We shall decide between men rather than between widely opposed principles. Both Democrats and Republicans are Americans first and political partisans afterward. We can be very sure, however, that the issues of 1949 and thenceforth will not be those which divided us in the 1930s or the 1940s. One era is dead and another era is beginning. We won't find our new directions by looking backward. . . .

W. L. C.

●

..."SAVING" OFTEN MAKES WASTE: Excerpts from a wise speech delivered in Boston:

The employees should strive to make the earnings of any business as large as possible. There can be no greater mistake for the workingman than to restrict the output of the individual. You must make the total earnings of the business . . . the largest possible . . . I mean the aggregate fund available for paying workingmen, capitalists and managers. Make this aggregate large and there will be plenty for all among whom it is to be divided. . . .

Any restriction upon the output of the individual reduces the fund of profits available for distribution, besides demoralizing the man who is so restricted.

It follows also that differences in efficiency between different individuals must be recognized and rewarded; and that those who can work faster and better than the others must not be retarded by the less efficient. . . .

A limitation of the production of the individual is pure waste. The business is merely rendered less profitable . . . Nor does the restriction of the output make more work for others. . . .

If you waste human effort you make the product cost more. If you raise prices without increasing incomes you have simply limited the amount that will be bought. You have not made more work for more people. You have merely given people less for their money.

It's all true, all hard-boiled economic fact—and all ignored or sought to be by-passed in many a labor organization today. And it was all said 43 years ago—in February, 1905—by the late Louis D. Brandeis, great thinker, great jurist, and one of the idols of many labor leaders and "liberals" now. Wonder how these folks ever lost sight of that particular Brandeis Boston speech.

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